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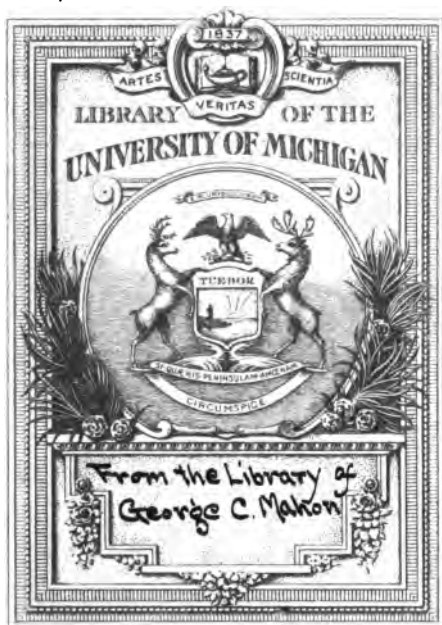
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THE

# LAST EARL OF DESMOND:

A

Historical Romance

OF

1599-1603.

"On peut tirer un fruit précieux du malheur : une personne sensible, pieuse, et réfléchie, doit nécessairement dans l'infortune perfectionner son esprit et son caractère. Cicéron a dit des hommes : 'Ils sont comme les vins ; l'âge aigrit les mauvais, et rend meilleurs les bons.'"—FRENCH ESSAY.

"Bona rerum secundarum optabilia, adversarum mirabilia."—SENECA.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

DUBLIN:

HODGES AND SMITH, 104, GRAFTON-STREET.

1854.

DUBLIN :  
PRINTED BY J. M. O'TOOLE,  
13, HAWKINS'-STREET.

TO

SIR DENHAM JEPHSON NORREYS,

BARONET, M. P.

---

DEAR SIR DENHAM NORREYS,

Having taken possession of the fine old castle in your demesne, for the purpose of introducing the first set of my *dramatis personæ* to the reader, it is fit and proper they should make their bow to the lord of the manor.

Allow me, therefore, the pleasure of dedicating to you a historical romance, the first chapters of which contain an account of some of your own ancestors, of whom honourable mention is made by the *Poet Spenser* (Vide Vol. I. p: 310, Note C.), and by the *Four Masters*, who, to say the least, had no *English* prejudices. They style Sir Henry Norreys,



who fell in battle by the side of the Earl of Essex, near Adare, "A noble knight of great name and honour." And the good Sir Thomas Norreys, the Lord President of Munster, who also received his death-wound on the field, contrasts most favourably with his successor, the scheming and politic Sir George Carew, whose chicanery is so minutely recorded in the *Pacata Hibernia*.

I believe I am correct in stating that Sir John Jephson (who married Elizabeth Norreys, the only daughter of Sir Thomas), and whom I call "Captain Jephson," did not receive his patent of knighthood till 1611. I find this statement in the MS. (containing the account of Sylvanus Spenser, the poet's son, and the disposal of the Kilcoleman property) which you were kind enough to forward to me.

A friend in Cork, on whose authority I can rely, has just written to me to say that "Edmond Spenser, the great-great-great grandson of the poet Spenser, was a resident

in the town of Mallow for many years, where he died somewhere about 1790-91." You will find the melancholy epitaph, which he is said to have left for his tomb-stone, in Note E. Vol. II. Supposing he might be interred in Mallow church-yard, I spent some time in examining the inscriptions, but found no stone with his name. Two or three persons, residents of the town, who joined me in the search, say they remember having seen the name.

I am not disposed to think there is anything in your MS.—part of which, only, I have given in a note (Vide Vol. II. p. 368)—to cast a doubt on the story of Spenser's death, as told by Ben Jonson, who says, "*He died for lake of bred*, in King's-street [London]; and refused twenty pieces sent to him by the Lord of Essex," saying, "He was sorrie he had no time to spend them." The son, Sylvanus, inherited part of the property; but the Irish having burned out the father, it was of course unproductive from the time

of the burning to the death of the poet, a period of fierce anarchy and bloodshed, during which your noble relatives, Sir Henry and Sir Thomas Norreys, were slain.\*

I have the honor to remain,  
Dear Sir Denham Norreys,  
Your most obedient humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

*Mallow, August 3rd, 1854.*

\* *Vide* ANNALS OF IRELAND, A.D. 1559.

## PREFACE.

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AN author seeking the materials of a new novel is like an astronomer looking for a new star. If the novel is to be historical, he fixes his mind upon some definite period of history, as the astronomer does his eye upon some given space in the heavens, until the object sought breaks upon his view.

The astronomer has his own wise reasons for deciding that there *should be* a new star, planet, or satellite, within the field of vision to which he points his telescope,—whether it be within or without the orbits of the earth or moon; and the writer of Historical Romance imagines that he, also, has wise and cogent reasons for deciding on the period and place most likely to produce the materials of a story.

I have chosen for the date of my story the period intervening between the years 1599 and

1603, and for the field of my mental operations or discoveries, the province of Munster, in the South of Ireland; visited, just before, and about that time, by some of the most distinguished men of Queen Elizabeth's reign; among whom we meet that gallant soldier, handsome courtier, and versatile philosopher, Sir Walter Raleigh; and his friend, that "bright particular star," Edmund Spenser, the Poet. In a word, I have confined my observations to the "*Constellation of Virgo*," which cast such lurid and malignant rays athwart this portion of the Virgin Queen's dominions.

Periods of deep historical interest seem, at first view, to furnish abundant material for works of the imagination; but the unsuitableness of the material appears, when you attempt to work it into a story. To combine fact with fiction, or weave them into the same web, is as strongly forbidden by the canons of criticism, as was the mixing of woollen and linen in the same garment, by the laws of Moses. Nor are historical events the stuff that novels are made of; they do not please the taste of the reader as much as do the finer tissues of the imagination.

They lack novelty; and the writer of historical romance, in his attempts to supply this want, is not allowed, by any literary clipping, paring, or patching, to make old facts—as mothers do old clothes—appear almost as good as new.\* The evils resulting from the dissemination of historical untruth would be too high a penalty for the pleasure of producing works of the imagination. Works of this kind, belonging to the present day, are supposed to contain a large quantity of general truth, or philosophy, if you please—but I doubt whether this is cheaply purchased by the circulation of particular falsehoods.

As the wholesome state of public feeling on this subject must considerably circumscribe the province of the writer of historical romance, the principal advantage of this kind of novel would seem to result from the historical *association* which it derives from the period, place, and characters of the story. This is something—for association not only

\* “The mother, wi’ her needle and her shears,  
Gars auld claes look amaisht as weel’s the new.”

*The Cotter’s Saturday Night.*

prepares the mind of the reader to relish the book, but it also influences and exalts the mind and style of the writer, tinges and illuminates his pages, and renders his story far more interesting to those acquainted with the circumstances whence it took its origin, than it would otherwise be.

But it requires much tact and caution to preserve all the advantages of this association, and, at the same time, to keep at a safe sailing distance from the iron-bound coast of history, that is, to take advantage of both the land and sea breezes. Knowing the danger of such navigation, and the merciless character of the wreckers on the coast, sensible, too, of my own want of skill, and being, withal, a most timid, modest man, I have resolved to follow the example of Columbus, who struck directly out to sea, and out of sight of the old world, when he went in search of a new one.

Whether I shall succeed in discovering a new world remains to be proved. So far as I have gone, I have met with nothing but sea-weed, and have seen nothing distinctly but a few barren rocks, rising amidst a wide waste of waters ; but I think

there is something like land looming a-head in the distance. It may be no more than a fog-bank, but it may be an island, or *the* continent. Who can tell? We shall see.

Those who have read my story before they have read this preface, will discover that I could not have finished my first volume at the time I wrote the foregoing paragraphs, in which I speak so heroically of following in the track of Columbus, and keeping clear of the iron-bound coast of history.

Ah! it is easy enough to plan and imagine—though no—not to imagine, for that is just where I have failed—but it is easy enough to lay down rules for the hero of your tale, and decide beforehand, that he shall not wander an inch beyond the magic circle within which you have placed him; but when he grows up, and “comes out *strong*,” he will follow his bent, and have *his* way, and not you, yours.

I had resolved, before I had finished my first volume, to confine my hero to some beautiful *terra incognita*; I therefore carried him, after writing the



first two or three chapters, into a lovely, wild mountain district; but I found it impossible to confine him to that Paradise, although I brought him a beautiful bride, to bear him company. He, being a warrior by profession, "longed to follow to the field;" and, like his war-horse, champed his bit, or pressed his bride, till she loosed the rein, and let him run into the heart of Munster, and the hottest part of the Irish Rebellion.

To drop all figures, and speak in plain terms—as a writer should do in his preface,—I find that having chosen as my hero, James Fitz-Thomas, the "*Last Earl of Desmond*," I could not do anything like justice to his character or conduct, had I removed him too far from the field of action in which he took so prominent a part; I was therefore of necessity compelled to encroach more on the province of the historian than I had at first contemplated. I am not aware that, in doing so, I have misstated any historical event, or misrepresented any historical character. I confess to having added a few years to a young lady's age; but this the young lady herself would forgive,

as it put her in her "teens," and hastened her marriage.

"Yes, but, sir author, there are some other little matters besides, some ingenious weaving of fact and fiction in the same web, which you first condemn and then practise."

Oh, I remember;—I see I have very foolishly drawn up a canon of criticism, which will now be used against myself.—I had better run my pen across that part.—No I won't.—Hang the critics! let it stand. Fire away, gentlemen.

A word remains respecting the poetry in this book. The Last Earl of Desmond had a harper, Dermot O'Dugan, mentioned in the *Pacata Hibernia* as "One Dermond Odogan, a Harper dwelling at Garryduffe, who used to harbour the Arch-rebell." This Dermot once saved the Earl's life in a wood (when hotly pursued by his enemies), by adopting what the Lord President called the "lapwing's policie." The incident is recorded in its proper place in the story. I could not pass by so interesting a character as this; neither could I think of introducing an Irish harper without

his *harp*; hence the necessity for poetry or song. But I could meet with nothing exactly to suit my purpose. In this dilemma I consulted a literary friend, who told me I must "make it."

"*Make it!*" I exclaimed, in horror.

"Yes, why not?"

I did so. The reader must decide with what success.

There is one piece (see Vol. I., pp. 115-16) which is only, in part, *original*; and in part paraphrased from Mr. Eugene Curry's translation of "THE PEARL OF THE WHITE BREAST," commencing in Irish thus:—

Áta caíln deár am éirís  
Le bliadain aórf le lá.

For Mr. Curry's correct and poetical translation of the original, I beg to refer the reader to the Prospectus of the "Society for the Preservation and Publication of the Melodies of Ireland." I believe it is Dr. Petrie who has written in the prospectus of the Society, of which he is President.

In Vol. I. p. 163, of my story, the reader will meet this mysterious line:—

"*Da nobis hæc otia fecit.*"

The proper word, as every *tiro* in Latin knows, is *Deus*. But as it was a goddess, or a woman, who gave the *otia* to the old priest, Father Caven-dish took the liberty of changing the gender, saying,

“*Dea* nobis hæc *otia* fecit.”

But, lo and behold, one of the printer’s *δαμόνια* changed the priest’s *Dea* into a *Da*. It is only fair to say that, when I asked for an explanation, I was informed I had run my pen “over the letter *e*.”

My frequent quotations from Spenser’s *Faerie Queene* may strike the eye of a cursory reader as a peculiar feature, if not an imperfection, in a historical romance. Were the preface the place for unravelling the plot, I might, in a few words, explain the fitness and propriety of introducing these passages ; but the attentive reader will see and understand all this. Suffice it here to say, that some of the most interesting incidents in the tale seem to arise out of these quotations, or to have an intimate connexion with them. They are not introduced to “fill an empty void,” nor for the sake of mere ornament.

I believe I have made a *discovery* in the *Faerie Queene*; but as I am not well read in the glossaries of this divine allegory, it becomes me to speak with caution. It is possible, perhaps *probable*, that what I think is a new discovery is as old as the book.

There is no doubt that Spenser intends to describe Sir Philip Sidney under the title of Astrophel, and that he calls Sir Walter Raleigh the "Shepherd of the Ocean;" but I have never heard it stated that he meant Sir Walter by the Knight Marinell. I believe this to be the case, and that Marinell's combat with Britomart—whom he "strokes upon the breast"—is descriptive of an *affaire de cœur* between Raleigh and the Queen. But for the further elucidation of this interesting passage of arms, I beg to refer the reader to my observations in the latter part of the second volume.

## INTRODUCTION.

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"Of their names, in heavenly records now,  
Is no memorial; blotted out, and raz'd,  
By their rebellion, from the book of life."—MILTON.

THERE were, in 'all, eighteen Anglo-Norman Earls of Desmond. They traced their descent from the Dukes of Tuscany.\* They came from Florence† to Normandy, and from Normandy to England with William the Conqueror. Maurice Fitzgerald, from whom the Earls of Desmond were descended, came to Ireland with Robert Fitzstephen, and other Anglo-Norman chiefs, in A.D. 1169, and assisted Strongbow in the reduction of Ireland. We take the following description of this noble knight from Cambrensis and Hollingshed:—"A man he was, both honest and wise; and, for truth and valour, very noble and famous; a man of his word, of constant mind, and of a certain bashfulness:

\* They were descended from Otho, an Italian Baron.—*Lodge's Peerage, Nichols, M'Geoghegan.*

† The Earl of Surrey says of his ladye-love, *Geraldine* (Lady Elizabeth, the daughter of Gerald Fitzgerald, the Ninth Earl of Kildare):—

"From Tuscane came my lady's worthy race;  
Fair *Florence* was some time their ancient seat.  
Fostered she was with milk of Irish breast;  
Her sire an earl, her dame of princes' blood."

well coloured, and of good countenance; of middle stature, and compact at all points; courteous, gentle, and moderate; a pattern of sobriety, and good behaviour; a man of few words; his speeches more full of wit and reason than of words; more wisdom he had than eloquence; in martial affairs bold, stout, and valiant, and yet not hasty to run headlong into any adventure; but, when an attempt was once taken in hand, he would strictly pursue and follow the same."

The history of this family is full of incident, and some of it of the most poetical and thrilling character, and of curious genealogical lore.

Gerald, or Garrett, the Fourth Earl, was a famous poet—I mean famous in his day; but he disappeared from the stage of life in some mysterious manner, in the year 1397. Whether he buried himself in a cave, in order to cultivate the Muses to more perfection, or that the next-of-kin buried him, in order to cultivate his inheritance, is a question which I must leave to be settled by his biographer. All I can say in explanation or elucidation of the mystery is, that Sir John, the Fifth Earl, who succeeded the poet, *was drowned* two years after, in A.D. 1399.\*

\* Macgeoghegan, in his translation of the Annals of Clonmacnois, says the poet "died penitently, after receipt of the sacraments of the holy Church, in proper form;" and the "*Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland*" (see the edition published by Hodges and Smith) state that the poet "died after the victory of penance;" so that after all there may be no truth in the statements of other learned men respecting his mysterious disappearance. But, on the other hand, we are told by a very eminent Irish scholar and antiquarian, Dr. O'Donovan, that "Tradition still vividly remembers this Garrett; and it is said his spirit appears once in seven years on Lough Gur, where he had a castle." This certainly looks suspicious.

Thomas, the Sixth Earl, died in exile in 1420. Here we have a sadly interesting tale, which I am honest enough to confess, gave me the first idea—but that is all—of the story of my book.

This young nobleman, when hunting on the banks of the River Feal, near the town of Listowel, in Kerry, strayed from his companions, and lost his way; and, being benighted, took shelter in the house of Mac Cormac, one of his dependants. Mac Cormac had a fair daughter, with whom the young Earl became suddenly enamoured. He wooed and won her heart, and married her; but his alliance with the humble maiden excited the brutal pride of his followers, who regarded the indulgence of his honourable love as an unpardonable offence; they, therefore, deserted his person and pennon, and selected his uncle as leader and chief. He, with a broken heart, fled with his beautiful bride to Rouen, in France, where he died. It is to the honour of the heroic and chivalrous Henry V. of England, who was then in France, that he expressed his admiration of the young Earl's character, conduct, and choice, by attending, as chief mourner, at his grave. Moore has immortalized the memory of the banished Earl, whom he represents as thus addressing his followers:—

“ You who call it dishonour  
To bow to this flame—  
If you've eyes—look but on her—  
And blush while you blame.  
Hath the pearl less whiteness,  
Because of its birth?  
Hath the violet less brightness,  
For growing near earth?”



James, the uncle of Thomas, and called the "*Usurper*," was the Seventh Earl. He lived longer than he deserved, and died in 1462, after a *reign*\* of forty years.

Thomas, the Eighth Earl of Desmond, was beheaded in the town of Drogheda, in 1468, by Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, who was at that time Lord Deputy of Ireland. It is said by Leland and Cox that this nobleman lost his head for calling the Queen of Edward IV. a "Tailor's wife," or widow. But his fault was far more serious than this. This Lord Thomas, Earl of Desmond,† was greatly beloved by Edward IV., who appointed him to the government of Ireland. Before the two friends parted (on the Earl's leaving England to assume the office of Irish Deputy), King Edward asked him, and entreated him to say, "whether he saw aught amiss in his conduct, or in the administration of the offices of his kingdom?" The Earl assured him he knew of nothing but his unwise marriage with the beautiful widow of Woodville, Lady Elizabeth, whom the king had clandestinely espoused; "wherefore, I think," said the Earl to his Majesty, "you would do well in divorcing the present Queen, and forming a new alliance with some powerful princess." This advice, which the King took

\* These Earls were sometimes called Kings, and were said to "*reign*."

† Dowling states that this Thomas, whom the Four Masters laud as "the most illustrious of his tribe, for his comeliness, stature, hospitality, chivalry, humanity, bounteousness in bestowing jewels and riches on the laity, clergy, and poets," was not Earl of Desmond, because his father (Garrett, the son of James) was still living. "*Vide pedegrew Desmondie quod non fuit comes, pater tum nevebat, et cetera.*" Usurping his father's title, and going to Tredaff, he [i.e. his father] "gave him his curse, and said, 'Thou shalt have an ill end.'"—*See Annals of Ireland (O'Donovan's)* A.D. 1468.

in good part, afterwards cost this Earl Thomas his head. For during some bitter altercation with his Queen, the King said to her:—"Had I hearkened to my cousin Desmond's advice, I should have humbled thy proud spirit."

"What advice?" said she.

"It matters not now," said he.

"But it does matter, and I must know it: dare that Irish rebel interfere, and make mischief betwixt man and wife, and they, too, his rightful sovereigns! What was it?"

She pressed him so hard, that he told her all, for he deemed his friend Desmond, who was then the Deputy of Ireland, safe from her hands. But in the course of time she obtained his removal, and had my Lord of Worcester—a friend of her own—appointed in his place; who, on his arrival, arraigned the Earls of Desmond and Kildare of "*alliance, fosterage, et alterage avecq les Irois enemies du Roy comme en donnant a eux chevaulx et harneis et armors et supportant eux envers les foilax sujets du Roy.*"

Finding him guilty of treason on all these counts, they brought the order for beheading him to the King, who refused to sign it; but the Queen, who hated Desmond as bitterly as Herodias did John the Baptist—and with far better reason—obtained the signet by stealth, and placed it with her own fair hand on the paper, and sent it to Worcester, who instantly acted on it, as he laid claim to some of the Earl's estates. Desmond's

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Sir Thomas, the Twelfth Earl, died in 1534. He was famous as the husband of the "Old Countess of Desmond," who lived to the age of one hundred and forty-five years. Some would make her one hundred and sixty-two, or three. "I knew the old Countess," says Sir Walter Raleigh—in his History of the World—"who lived in the year 1589, and many years since, and who was married in Edward IV.'s time; and held her jointure from all the Earls of Desmond, since then; and, that this is true, all the noblemen and gentlemen in Munster can witness."

If she was married, even at the early age of fifteen, in the last year of Edward IV.; and if she died in 1612, about two years before the publication of the History of World; she must have been no less than one hundred and forty-five years of age—that is, the same age as Old Parr.

There is a story current that she danced with Richard III. And she always affirmed that "he was the handsomest man in the room, except his brother, Edward; and he was very well made." A writer in the *Quarterly Review*,\* to whom I am indebted for most of my information respecting this old countess says, "A certain Sir Walter St. John, and a certain old Lady Dacre, were said to have conversed with our ultra-venerable Countess; and from her oral declaration to have handed down this *judicium*, in refutation of the *spretæ injuria formæ* of the

\* See a Review on "An Inquiry into the Person and Age of the Long-lived Countess of Desmond. By the Hon. Horace Walpole, Strawberry-Hill, 1758."

*also said to have been the first*

calumniated prince," the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III.

The death of this famous old lady is ascribed to an accident:—"She might have lived much longer, had she not mett with a kind of violent death, for shee must needs climb a nutt-tree, to gather nutts; soe falling down, shee hurt her thigh, which brought on fever, and that brought death."

But tradition, and merry poets, assert that it was not from a nut, but from a "*cherry-tree*" in Sir Walter Raleigh's garden in Youghal, that she fell; having been tempted, like her mother Eve, by the beautiful fruit.

"And as old  
As the Countess of Desmond, of whom I've been told  
That she lived so much more than a hundred and ten,  
And was killed by a fall from a cherry-tree then!  
What a frisky old girl!"

Mr. Herbert, of Mucross Abbey, near Killarney, has in his possession a portrait of the old Countess, stated to have been executed during her final visit to London. The following appears to have been *painted* on the *back* of the picture, the time the likeness was taken:—"Catherine, Countess of Desmond, as she appeared at ye court of our Sovereign Lord, King James, in this present year, A.D. 1614; and in ye 140th yeare of her age. Thither she came from Bristol, to seek relief, ye house of Desmond having been ruined by attainder. She was married in ye reigne of King Edward IV. and in ye course of her long pilgrimage, *renewed her teeth twice*.\* Her

\* The writer has been credibly informed of a Major Atkins, near Mallow, who renewed his teeth after he was *ninety*.

principal residence is at Inchiquin, in Munster, whither she undauntedlie proposeth (her purpose accomplished) incontinentlie to return: *LAUS DEO.*"

Sir Thomas, the husband of the old Countess, was celebrated by the bards as "The Victorious." "In nine battles he won the palm." He engaged to make war against Henry VIII. as soon as a French army should land. He promised, on his own account, to send an army of ten thousand foot, and four hundred horse into the field. In a government despatch, it is reported of him:—"Albeit his years requireth quietness and rest, yet intendeth he as much trouble as ever did any of his nation."

He commanded the horse under the Lord Lieutenant, in a battle with the Irish under O'Brien, in 1510.

In a battle at Mourne, he lost eighteen banners of *gallowlasses*,\* each standard followed by eighty men; and twenty-four banners of horse, each banner having from twenty to fifty men. He lost in all about two thousand of his best men, without reckoning his "light-armed *skip-ping kernes*." This battle was fought September, 1520. The historian of the Geraldines observes, that "this defeat was the first dimming of his glory." The same authority afterwards records it, as a subject for gratulation, that the Earl, on that occasion, slew his wife's father with his own hand. This was before he was Earl, and the man whom he slew was not the father of his "*reigning wife*," for on attaining the title in 1529, he made a grant in perpetuity of the

\* The *gallowlasses* were the heavy-armed soldiers; the *kernes*, the light-armed.

country of the Decies, to his "reigning wife's father," Sir John Fitzgerald, of Dromond.\*

In a letter to the King, dated May 5th, 1532, he excuses himself for his non-performance of his promise to send his son to the Court of Henry VIII., on the plea, "that he himself was well stricken in age, while his heir was of tender years; that he had sundry mortall enemies, and moche adowe for to kipe owr owne." He afterwards consented to send the boy, and sad were the consequences.

Thomas, called the "*Court Page*," was properly the Thirteenth Earl of Desmond. He was the grandson of Thomas, the Twelfth Earl, the husband of the old Countess. He was sent, when young, as we have seen, to the Court of Henry VIII. Hence his title of Court Page. He was sent there under the plea of being educated, but in reality as a hostage or pledge for the old man's good behaviour.

On returning home at his grandfather's death, to take possession of his estates, the grandson found that they had been all seized by an old savage grand-uncle, called Sir John Desmond, who urged, in justification of his conduct, that his grand-nephew, the Court Page, "spekes very good Ynglyshe, and keepith his hair and cap after the Ynglysh fashion."

The followers and tenants of the young Earl sat as a jury on this charge, and brought in a verdict against the young man of guilty. His estates were accordingly confiscated, and handed over to the uncle.

\* The Earl's second wife, Catherine Fitzgerald, a daughter of the Fitzgeralds of Dromona in the County of Waterford, was the "Old Countess."

The young Earl, who appears to have had some Irish cunning in his head, notwithstanding the English fashion of his cap, married an Irish wife, the daughter of the Mac Carthy Mór,\* a descendant of the Irish Earls of Desmond, or Kings of Munster. But he did not succeed in recovering either his estates or title, notwithstanding the power of his wife's family and followers.

The old grand-uncle assumed the title of the Fourteenth Earl of Desmond. This wicked old man murdered his own brother. When he was required by the Lord Deputy to go to London, and try his claim with his grand-nephew, before the King, he replied:—"What should I do in England, to meet a boy there? But give me the Yrish horson, Morac Oge, and I will go." We may conclude that he got the "Yrish horson, Morac Oge," for which he endangered life as well as "*kingdom*;"† for a State Letter, dated Waterford, 1535, reports:—"This day, came Sir John Desmond. He is an old man, and can speak very good Ynglysche," one of the charges he brought against his grand-nephew. He died in 1536.

The grand-nephew made a last attempt, just before the death of the old man, to regain his rights. He first went to London, where he had his claims fully acknowledged by the English monarch, who sent him over to take possession, providing him with ships, and a body-guard. His title was disputed and opposed by James, his cousin, the eldest son of old Sir John. If he were ever reinstated, which is doubtful, his enjoyment of his estates

\* This word is generally spelt *More*, but Mór is the Irish spelling, from *Μορον*, "big."

† "A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse."—*Shakspeare*.



and title must have been of very short duration; for we find the State Counsel reporting to the King the following year:—"Your Grace's servant, James Fitzmaurice, who claimed to be Earl of Desmond, was cruelly slain on Friday, before Palm Sunday, by Maurice Fitz John, brother of James, the Usurper of the Earldom."

James, the Fifteenth Earl of Desmond, was called the Traitor. This James was afterwards received at Hampton Court, as the Fifteenth Peer, and transmitted the title to his second son, Gerald, or Garrett, as he is more frequently called—the "Great Earl of Desmond," uncle to the hero of my tale.

Garrett, the Sixteenth Earl of Desmond, has been styled one of the greatest subjects of Europe. He held the rank of Prince Palatine, and exercised all the authority of King over his immense possessions, in the counties of Limerick, Cork, and Kerry.

The Earls of Desmond, and the whole Geraldine family, were always hard to govern. They adopted, from an early period, the language, manners, and customs of the Irish, and were said to have been *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*—"More Irish than the Irish themselves."

A Young Irishman speaks of those Old Irishmen, or Anglo-Irishmen, thus:—

"Those Geraldines, those Geraldines, not long our air they breathed,  
Not long they fed on venison, in Irish water seethed,  
Not often had their children been by Irish mothers nursed,  
When from their full and genial hearts, an Irish feeling burst.  
The English monarch strove in vain, by law, and force, and bribe,  
To win from Irish thoughts and ways, this *more* than Irish tribe;  
For still they clung to fosterage, to brehon, cloke and bard;  
What king dare say to Geraldine, your Irish wife discard?"

The Earls of Desmond were the stern opponents of the doctrine of the Reformation, the "*Maccabees*" of the Irish Church, as they have been styled by the Irish historian, the Abbe Mac Geoghegan.

During the entire reign of Queen Elizabeth, a period of forty-five years, fierce and incessant wars were waged by her Government against the Earls of Desmond, in Munster, and the O'Neills in Ulster, the Great Northern and Southern princes or potentates of Ireland, who resisted the establishment of the Reformation to the death. During the last fifteen years of the Queen's reign, the war was cruel and exterminating. It is called by O'Sullivan Beare, *Bellum Quindecim Annorum*, or "Fifteen Years' War."

It cost millions of money, and the lives of hundreds of thousands of men, besides an enormous destruction of property, of cattle, corn, castles, monasteries, and towns. It is supposed that the total expenditure of English money was about three millions, which has been estimated as equal to thirty millions of money of the present day—an enormous sum, considering the limited extent and resources of the British empire at that time. About a hundred thousand men are supposed to have fallen at each side. A number of English Generals and Lord Deputies were killed and wounded in these wars.

Garrett, the Great Earl of Desmond, was called the "*Ingens Rebellibus Exemplar*;" but he was as wily and as cunning as a fox, and preserved a fair face to the Queen and her Deputies, as long as it was possible or convenient to do so. When Sir William Drury was Go-

*It began*

*b 2*

*1556*

*Source to be found*

*in the*

vernor, he invited the Deputy to visit him at his castle at Tralee. Sir William came with only a hundred and twenty men. The Earl assembled eight hundred followers to surprise his unsuspecting guest, and instead of giving him a "*bene venu*," or welcome, into the country, endeavoured to cut him off on his way; but the small force of Sir William scattered the kerne and gallowglasses of the Earl among the woods. On riding up to the house for an explanation of such conduct, the Deputy was met by the Countess, who went on her knees to propitiate the anger of the Englishman, and declared to him that the men had assembled on a hunting party to welcome him as Lord President. "And she so wiselie and modestlie did behave himself," that Drury believed, or seemed to believe her explanation.

The Earl was known to be deeply compromised in the two landings of Spanish and Italian forces on the southwestern coast of Ireland. The first expedition was conducted by the Earl's cousin, Fitzmaurice, but it turned out a complete failure, from the circumstance of the famous Tom Stukely, called by Miss Porter, in her *Don Sebastian*, "Sir Thomas Stukely," deserting the Irish leader, and embarking his forces, with those of the Portuguese monarch, for the coast of Africa, where he fell at the battle of Alcazar. Maurice, therefore, had to return to Ireland with but three ships and one hundred men; but he landed three famous churchmen, Doctor Saunders, as Papal Nuncio, the Jesuit Allen, and O'Mulrian, Titular Bishop of Killaloe, in full canonicals, with crozier and mitre, before whom marched two friars,

bearing the Pope's standard, a banner especially consecrated for the expedition. Watch-fires blazed on the mountains, and heralds ran through the country, bearing the most exaggerated stories of the number, power, and riches of the Papal auxiliaries. Their banner had a picture of the crucifixion, and their new *slogan* or war-cry was PAPA ABOO!

Fitzmaurice attacked Tralee, put Henry Davells, Carter, and other chiefs to the sword, and dispersed the rest of the English forces. He then marched towards Connaught with a small force, to prevail on some friends there to join him; but on his way he was attacked by Theobald Burke, the son of Sir William Burke, of Castle Connell. Finding it impossible to avoid an engagement, he resolved to conquer or die. During the heat of the battle he was shot in the breast by a musket ball; the wound was mortal, but it fired him to a last effort. So, clearing a passage through the enemy's forces, he rushed up to Theobald, and with one blow of his sword clove his head in twain. Queen Elizabeth, to express her grateful sense of the services of the younger Burke, settled a yearly pension of two hundred marks on the father; she also created him a peer of the realm, under the title of Lord Baron of Castle Connell. We are told by MacGeoghegan that the old man "died through excess of joy for the new title." He must have thought it of more worth than his son's head.

The next expedition landed at Ardnacant or Smerwicke, on the coast of Kerry, in the September of 1580.

It consisted of about eight hundred Italians and Spaniards, under the command of Sebastian de St. Joseph.

To repel this force, the Deputy sent to England for aid, and told Burleigh he must "stand stoutly to the helm, for a great storm was at hand, and he could only borrow two hundred pounds in Dublin, on the security of the State." But, said he, "I will visit the guests at the adventure of my life."

Lord Arthur Grey, of Wilton, who was accompanied to this country by Sir Walter Raleigh, and by the poet Spenser, as secretary, led a force of eight hundred men against these Spaniards and Italians. They invested the fort (into which they had thrown themselves) by land and sea, and summoned the garrison to surrender. Admiral Winter, who lay with some ships off the coast, landed some of his large cannon for the assistance of the besieging party. The siege lasted forty days, for the place was bravely defended. At the end of this time, the Deputy, Lord Grey, sent a gentleman named Plunkett, with a flag of truce to the Spanish Governor. St. Joseph, the governor of the fort, accompanied Plunkett to the Deputy's camp, to treat of a surrender. The soldiers, tired of the siege, agreed to lay down their arms on condition of safety, "*sworn*" (says Mac Geoghegan) by Lord Grey; but as soon as they relinquished their arms, they were all cruelly slaughtered. "It is not without pain," says Leland, "we find a service so horrid and detestable committed to Sir Walter Raleigh." But the same historian adds, "Elizabeth expressed the utmost concern and displeasure at this barbarous execution."

They say that proofs of the Earl of Desmond's complicity in these expeditions were found on the corpse of the Jesuit Allen.

As the Earl kept himself in the back-ground, and refused to join the Queen's forces against the foreigners—for as Prince Palatine, he claimed the right of refusing to do so, “unless he listed”—his castle at Askeaton was assailed; the very tombs of his ancestors, in the adjoining abbey, were desecrated and destroyed, and he himself proclaimed a “Traitor.”

On the issuing of this proclamation, he had to flee to the woods and wild mountains and glens of Kerry for protection, where he collected around him a band of fierce followers, who were called “the Old Evil Children of the Wood.”

After he had fully committed himself by overt-acts of rebellion, the Countess, his wife, sent her only son to the English Queen, to appease her fury against her husband. In order to plead his cause more fully, she resolved to go herself to the very throne of Elizabeth; and therefore wrote to Ormond to obtain permission of Sir William Pelham, the Viceroy, adding, that “she meant to sell her kine, to provide the means of travelling.”

Her request being forwarded, Sir William replied:—  
“I considered my ladie of Desmond's letter, and I truly take it for a dream; for if my ladie can be a traitor and a true woman at her pleasure, and enjoy her husband's goods and lands, and her own liberty, as if no offence had been committed, she hath the best hap of any ladie living; therefore, I pray your Lordships stay your hand

from this her vain petition till our meeting, and answer her letter in silence, as it deserveth none other."

The Lady Desmond, to her honour be it said, continued to accompany her husband, and share all his misery among the morasses and mountains of Kerry.

Pelham writes to the Queen, dating his despatch from Desmond's castle at Askeaton:—"The Earl, without rest anywhere, fleeth from place to place, and maketh mediation for peace by the Countess, who, yesterday, I licensed to have speech of with me here, whose abundance of tears bewrayed sufficientlie the miserable state both of herself, her husband, and their followers." Again:—"The Earl is unhowsed of all his goods, and must noe tread the woods and bogs, which he will do as unwieldily as any man in the world of his age. He shrowded himself in glyns and swamps, and in the winter of 1582, kept a cold Christmas in Kilgweg Woods."

On the 4th of January, 1583, his hiding-place was discovered. He was now stricken down with palsy and ague. The hovel in which he and his lady slept was surrounded. He narrowly escaped in his shirt, and both he and she remained all night under the bank of the neighbouring river, up to their chins in water.\*

\* The Four Masters, whose authority is not always to be relied on, state, that "Even his *own married wife*, children, and friends, began to separate from him, when he had to go from one cavern of a rock, or hollow of a tree, to another." They here do a foul injustice to the memory of this noble woman, of which we have afforded the reader abundant evidence in the text. These four learned scribes do not seem to have held the Anglo-Norman Desmonds in high repute. In describing the death of the old Earl, they say, "God thought it time to suppress, close, and finish this war of the Geraldines." And again: "It was no wonder the vengeance of God should exterminate

Lurking in wild desert places, and feeding on horse-flesh and carrion, the famishing Earl sent a party of kern to seize on some cattle in the neighbourhood. The plunderers stripped the wife and children of the owner, who, obtaining the assistance of some soldiers from Castlemain Fort, went in pursuit.

After a weary chase, the military refused to proceed any further; but on being promised two beeves of the prey, they went forward. "The track was followed by day-light to Balliore, and by the moonshine to Glenayinty, under Sliavloghra, where the chasers climbed the hill above the glinne, to spy whether they might see onie fire in the wood, or hear onie stir; and when they got to the top, they saw a fire beneath them. One stole down, and saw a cabin with a number of men asleep. As day dawned, the whole party descended, and entered the cabin with a great cry. Those within rushed out, leaving an infirm old man behind." One of the soldiers, Kelly, struck at him, and almost severed his hand from his body. He again raised his sword to despatch him, when the old man cried out, "*I am the Earl of Desmond: spare my life!*" He was then carried off alive, on the backs of his captors; but the men being weary, and fearing a rescue, held a council, at which they

the Geraldines, for their opposition to their sovereign." We do not know whether most to *admire* the piety or loyalty of these men. Ah! Brother Michael O'Clery and Co., you do not speak thus loyally and piously in describing the rebellious practices of Hugh O'Neill, or your favourite hero, Hugh Roe O'Donnell. He was a "sweet-sounding trumpet," although the "vigorous, stern, irresistible destroyer of his English and Irish opposers." Be consistent in your loyalty, and impartial in your piety, gentlemen.



resolved to despatch him. Having laid him on the ground, and held him there, Kelly\* cut his head from his body, for which there was ten thousand pounds reward.

The head was taken to the Black Earl of Ormond, the Earl of Desmond's son-in-law, who had it pickled, placed in a pipkin, and forwarded, as a present, to the Queen. It was afterwards impaled on London Bridge.

When the property of the old Earl was confiscated, Raleigh and Spenser received grants of lands in the County Cork. The poet got the Castle of Kilcoleman, and about three thousand acres of rich land around it.

Here it was that he wrote his "Faery Queene;" and here he was visited by his friend, Raleigh, whom he styled the "Shepherd of the Ocean." But he did not long enjoy these grants of the old Earl's forfeited estates, for, after a very few years, his castle was attacked by the rebels, and burned to the ground, his child perishing—it is supposed—in the flames. Shortly after this, my tale commences.

\* O'Daly writes:—"It unfortunately happened that those who were sent by the Earl [of Desmond] to seize the prey, barbarously robbed a noble matron, whom they left naked on the field. When this fact came to the knowledge of her kindred, they collected a party of men, led by a foster-brother of the Earl [Owen O'Moriarty], approached his hiding-place, and a soldier, named Daniel O'Kelly, smashed the Earl's right arm with a stroke of the sword, and, by a second blow, cut off one of his ears; then dragged him out, and brutally separated the head from the body."—Vide *Four Masters*, Notes by Dr. O'Donovan, A.D., 1583; *Hooker and Cox's Hibernia Anglicana*.

# THE LAST EARL OF DESMOND.

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## CHAPTER I.

“ I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine ;  
When, in requital of my best endeavours,  
You treacherously practised to undo me,  
And seduce my only child, and steal her.”

DRYDEN.

“ He rose, and cast his garment down :  
That instant, in his cloak, I wrapt me round.”

POPE.

SHOULD any of my readers ever visit the far-famed Lakes of Killarney, they will most probably pass near the picturesque town of Mallow, which lies in the valley of the Blackwater—decidedly the most beautiful river in Ireland. Here I would invite them to halt ; and, if they have a true taste for fine scenery, and should like to catch one of the best views of that river, to walk to the end of the town, and look down the stream, from the “ Old Bridge.” I say *down*, not up, for there is no planting above the bridge ; and, I say, the *Old*, and not the new

(Railway) Bridge. The best view of all is obtained from what is called *Jephson's Rock*, in Sir Denham Norreys' demesne.

But there is no object, either viewed from the Old Bridge, or from the demesne, which strikes the eye and impresses the mind with deeper interest than the Old Castle of the "Great Earl of Desmond." As viewed from the bridge, it stands out well on a green knoll, which rises abruptly, but not ruggedly, from the dark river that flows at its side. Its walls are both high and extensive. That which looks towards the town is flanked by three square towers. The north-western tower is still complete, and is about fifty feet in height. Judging from the ruins, I should say the castle must have once covered nearly an acre of ground. The site is now overgrown with grass, and the old walls are thickly clothed, to the highest turrets, with ivy. There it stands, on a green mound, overlooking the town, like the guardian of the place ; or, looking up and down the river, and the green fields along its banks, like a tall shepherd watching his flocks. There it stands, large and strong, an emblem of the old outlawed Earl who sometimes dwelt within it, and around whose memory—notwithstanding his faults—the associations of the neighbourhood have grown as thick and green as the foliage that envelopes his

castle, and covers over more than half its weak and vulnerable points.

In the year 1599, when our story commences, this castle was occupied by Sir Thomas Norreys, the Lord President of Munster. The knight, with his daughter—a very lovely woman—and a man named John Nugent, were seated in a large room of the castle, one evening in the month of May, in the year just mentioned. John Nugent was dark and high-shouldered, with a proud and bad expression of face. It would be difficult to state what was his proper position in society, or the exact relation in which he stood to the knight : it was something between a confidential servant and an humble friend. He sat in the same room, and at the same table, with the Lord President and his daughter ; but he kept at a respectful—or *civil* distance, shall I say ? I am at a loss for the right word, for a stranger, who did not know which was the master and which the servant, might find himself at fault in arriving at a satisfactory conclusion, from the quiet bearing of the superior, and the cold hauteur of the subordinate. It would seem as if it were John Nugent who kept his master, and not the master who kept John Nugent, at a distance.

The state of feeling between the lady and Nugent appeared the very reverse of this ; for

when she deigned to notice his presence—which was but seldom—it was, as she imagined, with the most supreme contempt. But here she mistook the nature of her own feelings, for there is no such thing as supreme contempt; it is a contradiction in terms. There may be supreme hatred; and where this exists there cannot be contempt. Elizabeth Norreys hated John Nugent as she did the foul fiend; still she dared not express this in so many words, for he knew her secret—that she loved another—a young English officer, named John Jephson; of which love affair the old knight was in a state of blissful ignorance. Nugent was too old—he was over forty—too debauched, and too bad a man to feel much inconvenience from a disappointment in love; but it chagrined him to think another should pluck ripe fruit, although he was now unable to estimate the richness of its flavour.

As the clock struck ten, the lady rose, kissed her father's cheek, and retired, without deigning to notice John Nugent, who had addressed to her, during the evening, more impertinent interrogatories respecting the miscarriage of letters, and cast upon her more meaning and malignant glances than usual; which, to do her credit, she paid back with all the fierce artillery of fine eyes, mouth, and

nose, any one of which would have silenced the battery of a man who had a heart to be destroyed or burned up by it, in five minutes.

As she left the room, Nugent drew a letter from his bosom and laid it on the table before Sir Thomas.

"What is this, Nugent?" said Sir Thomas, taking up the letter.

"A letter, Sir Thomas."

"Why not give it me before?"

"I thought you might not wish to read it before Miss Norreys."

"Nonsense!" said the President, cutting the silk thread, without reading the address on the envelope.

"Why what perfumed dainty billet is this? I wonder from whom it comes. Who gave it you?"

"I found it."

"*Found it!* where?—What in the saint's name is this? '*My thrice adored Elizabeth!*' Why this letter is not for me!"

Nugent grinned with malignant pleasure, as he replied, "I thought you might, notwithstanding, wish to see it, as it is addressed to Miss Norreys."

"Miss Norreys! Who is it from?" inquired the knight, fumbling, with agitation, to make out the name.

"From Captain Jephson, if I do not mistake the writing," replied Nugent.

"Captain Jephson ! How dare he write such a letter to *my* daughter ?"

"These English officers are not deficient in boldness on occasions like this, especially if they receive encouragement from the lady."

"What ! do you mean to say that my daughter has given him any encouragement ?"

"I do."

"You do ?"

"Decidedly."

"How ? where ?"

"Here, and elsewhere ; both by word and letter."

"Here ? In this castle she met him but once or twice,—and I am not aware that they ever met out of Mallow."

"I did not say they did ; but *in* Mallow they met frequently."

"Where ?"

"In Mallow church."

"Nonsense !"

"You may think so, Sir Thomas, but it was there the courtship was conducted ; and there is no place where a pretty woman looks more interesting, or religion more lovely."

"I must inquire into this matter at once," said

the President, hastening out of the room, and sending for his daughter.

Miss Norreys having just stepped into bed, as her maid knocked at her door and called her, her father had to leave the explanation till the next day,—which was fortunate for both parties, as he had a night to cool down, and she to think over the matter.

“What could my father have wanted with me at this hour?” thought Elizabeth, as she lay awake, musing on the events of the day. “I cannot imagine the cause of John’s silence: I expected a letter to-day. There was something more than usual in the expression of Nugent’s eye this evening. Does he suspect? If I thought so, I would tell my father all: perhaps I should never have kept the secret from him; but it is not more than ten days since John made a formal declaration of his love.”

The fair daughter of Sir Thomas Norreys closed her eyes in slumber, with these thoughts flitting through her mind. By-and-by, a sweet smile played around her beautiful mouth, while indistinct but silvery whispering escaped through her half closed lips. To whom does she attempt to speak? To her lover, whom she sees in her dream, bending over her; his fair and luxuriant locks falling on her cheek, and his blue eyes reading the passion of



her soul. But why does she start? what has changed the expression of her face? The face which bends over her has changed also ; it is no longer the fair face of John Jephson, but that of John Nugent ; and its expression is dark, malignant, and fiendish.

Sir Thomas Norreys was in a calmer mood in the morning, when he sought the explanation.

"Elizabeth," said he, handing her the letter—he called her Elizabeth, on state and important occasions—"Elizabeth, I believe this letter is for you."

"You need have no doubt of that, father," said Elizabeth, who was a girl of great courage, "for I see you have cut the thread, and read it."

"Yes," said the knight, a little confused, for he was a man of very nice honour ; "I conceived it my duty to do so, as you have concealed this correspondence from me."

Elizabeth held down her head.

"Bessy, I have none but you," said the old man, softening, "and I do not think it necessary to tell you, that your happiness is as dear to me, if not dearer, than life. Tell me now, candidly, my child, do you love this young man, Captain Jephson?"

"I do, father."

"Then you shall have him ; it shall never be

said that I made my only child miserable, by opposing the object of her choice ; and I think Captain Jephson an honourable young fellow, and a good officer."

Elizabeth was melted into tears by her father's kindness; but she was not so overpowered as to suppress her curiosity to know how he procured the letter ; she therefore asked him, before she retired, " where he got it ?"

" Nugent gave it me."

" I thought so," said she ; " and I have now another favour to ask you."

" What is it, Bessy ?"

" That you will dismiss that man the castle, for I hate him."

" I shall do so, for I do not like him, lately, myself ; but you must wait till I get a fair opportunity."

" He will not be long in affording you that," replied Elizabeth.

" You never prophesied more truly, madam," said Nugent to himself, walking away from the door, where he had overheard the conversation between the knight and his daughter.

We learn from the poet Spenser, that *Furor*, or *Rage*, is always accompanied by an ugly old hag, called *Occasion*. We are told by learned divines,

that the devil never baulks us, for want of an opportunity, when we are in the humour to do his work. I know not how true this may be, but Nugent paced his room all that day, and part of the next, like the unclean spirit in the Gospels, who wandered about in dry places, seeking rest, and finding none. He thought of various modes of revenge ; one was to murder Sir Thomas, and carry off his daughter ; another, to murder Captain Jephson ; a third, to set fire to the castle ; and a fourth, to take advantage of his position, and befriend the party in rebellion, by giving them information of the President's movements. Here he followed the wise example of the unjust steward ; who, when he found he could be no longer steward, endeavoured to make friends of his lord's debtors. The last appeared the wisest and most practicable measure, at least for the present ; Nugent therefore resolved to adopt it.

Nor had he to wait long for an opportunity of shewing his willingness to serve the rebels. The President, about this time, had frequent skirmishes with the party in rebellion, and often exchanged hard blows with them—sometimes losing men and spoil, and sometimes taking both prey and prisoners. On one of these occasions he returned to Mallow, bearing with him, as a prisoner, a tall, handsome

man, of noble bearing and reserved manner, whom he confined in the south-western tower of the castle.

“A *prisoner*, and in one of my *own* castles,—while my cousin lies confined in the Tower of London! But I apprehended this; and was warned of it by my friends, as the penalty of my neutrality.” Thus mused the *Last Earl of Desmond*, as he paced the room, and now and then looked down on the dark river, which flowed at the base of the building. “It is a hard fortune,” continued he, “which forces a man into rebellion against his will and convictions, and compels him, in self-protection, to employ the sword, when he knows the hopes of success to be desperate, and the remedy worse than the disease. The conduct of the Lord President in this affair will compel me, should I ever escape from this place, to buckle it on again; and if I do so, he has nothing to expect at my hands. When I am for peace, they are for war. I have resisted, for the last three or four years, the entreaties of O'Neill and all my friends and followers to take the field—and this is my reward!”

From these musings of the imprisoned Earl of Desmond the reader may form some idea of the state of Munster at this time, and the policy of England respecting it.

He had, as he said—or soliloquised—resisted the

entreaties of his friends to take the field; but the President was not sure that he would be able to continue in this good course, and preserve a strict neutrality; and knowing that he was the ablest general in Munster, Sir Thomas Norreys acted with respect to him, as Lord Nelson did with the Danish fleet after the battle of Copenhagen, which he seized, and placed out of harm's way. The justice of this kidnapping policy, with respect to neutral fleets, was questioned in the year 1801; but the propriety of kidnapping and imprisoning Irish noblemen, in the year 1599, was never questioned: "*Catch him and keep him*" expressed the ordinary policy of the Governments and Lords President of that period.

"I think I ought to know that horseman," said the Earl, looking from the window of the tower towards the bridge, upon which a full moon cast a flood of light. "It surely is my cousin, Fitzgibbon Blanc. It surprises me he should adventure within the town. He has heard of my imprisonment, and comes, poor fellow! to plead with the President on my behalf. He approaches the gate. Fitzgibbon, I am sorry thy friendship has led thee to this rashness, for Sir Thomas will detain thee a prisoner, too."

It was near twelve o'clock, and about an hour

after the arrival of Fitzgibbon, that a man, with a lamp in his hand, the light of which was covered, quietly and cautiously approached the Earl's door, unlocked it, and walked in.

"Who comes here?" said the Earl, who could not see the face of his midnight visitor.

"A friend," said Nugent, in a low voice.

"Is it Fitzgibbon?" said the Earl.

"No," said Nugent, with a fiendish chuckle :  
"Fitzgibbon Blanc is *not* thy friend ; he is a traitor."

"Who dares to call the White Knight traitor, to his friend's face?"

"I do. And I dare more than this—to beard the lion in his den ; and not only so, but to lead him out."

"Who are you?"

"Some call me a servant of Sir Thomas Norreys ; others, his friend. I call myself, John Nugent."

"John Nugent—I have heard of thee before ;" and, to judge from the expression of the Earl's face, it would not appear that the announcement of the name had improved the impression formed of the man who bore it. "But what is this thou sayest of my cousin, Fitzgibbon Blanc, the White Knight?"

"That he is a traitor ; and now sits with the

President, arranging his submission, and that of his people, to the Queen. I left him laughing heartily, as Sir Thomas related the scheme by which he entrapped thee."

"If this be true——"

"Come, and thou shalt see, and hear for thyself. Do not hesitate ; I can conduct thee to a safe place, where thou canst see and hear all, unobserved."

The Earl hesitated, not from fear of detection, but he did not like to act the eavesdropper, even towards a foe or a treacherous friend ; still, on the other hand, if he did not adopt the only expedient which Nugent offered, he would be compelled to hold his friend false, on the word of a stranger, when he had the opportunity of forming his opinion on sufficient evidence.

"Come," said he, turning to Nugent, after satisfying himself that his conduct would not be out of square with the strict requirements of knightly honour ; "for Fitzgibbon's sake, as well as for my own satisfaction, I will hear and see of this treachery for myself."

"Stay," said Nugent, standing before him, to bar his passage ; "I have not yet arranged with thee the terms on which I grant thee thy liberty."

"Mention them," said the Earl.

"In the first place, I seek a captaincy in one of

thy troops," said he, eyeing the Earl, and pausing to see what he thought of it, before he advanced to the second proposition.

"Proceed," said the Earl.

"In the second place, I shall expect the aid of some of thy people to arrange a matter, on which I have set my heart, and which must be accomplished this night. A party of thy men can be here in two hours, for they are lying, as thou knowest, within a few miles of the castle. They can ford the river, near the '*Rock*,' and I shall admit them by the small postern."

"What is the object for which you require this force?" calmly inquired the Earl.

"It is a *petite affaire de cœur*, to accomplish which I must use a little gentle violence with the lady. I have also an account to settle with Sir Thomas; after which, I promise thee, he will give thee but little trouble."

"In plain words," said the Earl, "it is your intention to murder the Lord President, your master, and carry off his daughter."

"Yes, to speak plainly, that is my object."

"And dare you, accursed scoundrel, ask assistance from me to accomplish a diabolical murder and abduction?"

"As this is the style in which you receive my



offers of service, I shall leave you," said Nugent, moving towards the door, with the keys in his hand. Perhaps a few weeks' confinement may bring you to a calmer way of judging of my proposal."

"Ha! damned villain!" exclaimed the Earl, springing on him, and seizing him by the throat, which he gripped so closely, that Nugent was unable to call for assistance. "I will teach thee to beard the lion in his den, as thou dost call it. Art caught in thine own trap, thou cunning fox? Let go those keys!" cried he, wrenching them from his feeble grasp, for Nugent was now growing giddy and black in the face. "*There*—lie there!" he exclaimed, flinging him from him, and dashing him against the wall of the room with violence.

To seize the lamp, and lock the door on Nugent, was the work of an instant. In descending, he passed an anteroom, next to that in which the President and White Knight were seated, in social and friendly converse. Within this anteroom lay the White Knight's cloak, beaver, and sword.

"Fortune seems to favour my escape," said the Earl, as he wrapped the cloak around him, and pressed the beaver over his brow. "Ah! it's too true what the scoundrel, Nugent, said about Fitzgibbon's treachery. They seem as cordial as friends of long standing," continued he, as he heard

their friendly chat and merry laughter from the adjoining room : " the treason of such a scoundrel as *that* up stairs should not surprise us, with such examples before our eyes as *this*."

With these meditations, he descended to the courtyard, where he encountered Fitzgibbon's groom, who asked him " If he wanted his horse ?"

" This instant," replied the Earl.

The voice sounded strange on the groom's ear, and caused him to turn about, to see if he had mistaken the person of his master ; but as the White Knight and the Earl were the same height, the second look only confirmed him in his first false impression.

The groom brought out his master's horse, upon which the Earl mounted,—and then his own; and both rode through the castle gate.

The servant waited till they were clear of the town, and then drawing closer to the Earl of Desmond, said, " Did the President tell you anything of the Earl ?"

" He has escaped," said Desmond, turning full upon him.

The man almost dropped from his saddle as he caught the eagle glance of the Earl's eye. The Earl was a dark complexioned man ; the White Knight was fair, with blue eyes.

When the groom had recovered sufficient presence of mind, he attempted to turn his horse's head in flight ; but, before he could do so, the Earl seized the reins, and said to him, as he smiled at his trepidation :—

“ *This* way, if you please ; I shall give you the lead ;—and keep a steady, even pace.”

The man obeyed ; and dismounted in the midst of the rebel camp.

“ Keep this man in close custody,” said the Earl to the officer in command, “ and let no one know of his apprehension.”

“ I will, my Lord,” said the officer, bowing low, and leading off his prisoner.

The Earl and the White Knight's groom had not left the castle more than half an hour, before Fitzgibbon rose to take his departure.

“ What are you looking for ?” inquired Sir Thomas :—“ your cloak and beaver ?”

“ Yes, I left them here.”

“ I shall call Nugent.”

He called, and rang, and called again, but no Nugent answered.

“ Where can the fellow have gone ?”

The echo of the silent castle—for all the other servants were in bed—answered “ where ?”

The knights descended to the courtyard, and the

Lord President inquired of the sentry on guard,  
"If he had seen Nugent."

"No, my Lord."

"Where is the White Knight's groom?"

"He rode forth with his master about half-an-hour ago, my Lord."

"*With his master?*" exclaimed Fitzgibbon.

"Yes, sir."

"Why, fellow, *I'm his master—I'm the White Knight!*"

"I don't know, I'm sure, sir."

"Don't know? but I *am*, man!"

"I have no doubt on it, sir, as you *say* so; but the groom rode off with a gentleman, most uncommon like you,—just your hoight, I should say, to a hinch."

"What height was Nugent?" said Fitzgibbon, turning to Sir Thomas, who was only less amazed than his guest.

"About your height."

"There is treachery here; what kind of man is this Nugent?"

"A man of whom I have some suspicions; so much so, that I intended to dismiss him."

"Did he know of this?"

"I am not aware; I think not."

"He has heard it, and intends mischief; but I

cannot account for the conduct of my groom. Can you lend me a horse and cloak? I must also borrow a beaver, and sword."

"You shall have them, with pleasure."

The horse was brought out;—Fitzgibbon mounted, shook hands with the President, and rode forth, at speed.

As the President sat at breakfast with his daughter the following morning, he mused with himself, and spoke with her over the events of the past night, and the mysterious flight of Nugent with Fitzgibbon's groom. "That fellow will work some evil to somebody, beneath the White Knight's cloak: take my word for it, Bessy, he meditates mischief."

"He was always doing that, father," replied Miss Norreys.

"But he intends some master-stroke now, or he would never leave my service so suddenly, with a sum of money due to him."

One of the castle guard entered the room, as the knight and his daughter were about to rise from the breakfast table, and said that the prisoner who was confined in the fourth story of the southwestern tower was knocking violently at the door from within.

"Go and see what he wants, then," said Sir Thomas.

"We can't find the keys, my Lord."

"As I live, Nugent has stolen the keys! what a consummate scoundrel!"

"Take care he has robbed you of nothing else, sir," said the daughter.

"That's true: go, Bessy, to my room, and see if my escrutoire be plundered; there are not only money, but important papers there."

Miss Norreys did so; and returned to say that everything appeared undisturbed.

"What are we to do with the prisoner, my Lord? he is making a terrible noise at the door," said the man.

"That's true: you must force the door;—but stay, I have a master-key—here it is; go now, and let him have his breakfast: I dare say he is hungry, by this time."

"It's that, no doubt, my Lord. He wants his breakfast, for it's late now."

"Well, go; and bring me your report."

Sir Thomas was reading when the door opened.

"Well," said he, without raising his eyes, "was the Earl knocking for his breakfast?"

There was no reply.

Sir Thomas looked up, and started;—for before him stood John Nugent—pale, mangled, and bloody—with the collar torn from his vest.

"What! Nugent! where, in the name of wonder, have you come from? What carried you off last night, with Fitzgibbon's groom and horse?"

"I did not stir," replied Nugent, who looked stupid and confused.

"Who was it, then, that made away with his horse and cloak, and rode off with his groom, about one o'clock this morning?"

"I don't know."

"Where did you spend the night? Give an account of yourself."

"In the south-western tower."

"Where? in what ward?"

"In the ward where the Earl of Desmond was confined."

"What! you spent the night with the Earl? What—what—what is all this about? I don't understand you. What were you and my prisoner doing? hatching mischief together, I suppose."

"I was not with the prisoner."

"Didn't you say so this instant?"

"No: the Earl's not there."

"Not there? why, he has been thundering at his door for the last hour."

"It was I that was thundering."

"You! What need had you to thunder?"

"I was locked up."

"Locked up?"

"Yes, locked up."

"Who locked you up?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know! Have you lost your senses? You are like that old 'IGNORANCE,' in *Spenser's Faerie Queene*, who always said, '*I cannot tell.*' What's the matter with your face? It is covered with blood. Can you give any explanation of that?"

"Not much. The last thing I remember, last night, was getting a blow on the back of the head."

"Well, that is something to remember, however."

"Yes; I don't think I shall soon forget it," said Nugent, showing his strong-set teeth.

"Let me hear the whole story?"

"I heard a knocking at the prisoner's door about half-past twelve o'clock last night, and went up with the keys and a lantern to inquire the cause. The key was scarcely in the door, when I got a heavy blow on the back of the head [here shewing the place where his hair was clotted with blood]. I fell, and—I *think*—but I am *not sure*—that I struggled with a man; but my head was so confused that I cannot be certain what happened after that."



"Who was it struck you?"

"I don't know; but I think it was the White Knight."

"The White Knight? Nonsense. Besides, that would be impossible, for he never left my presence, till he departed the castle."

"Then it must have been his groom."

"His groom?"

"Yes, his groom."

"Ha!" said the President, putting his finger to his forehead, in deep thought.

"There was no one else to do it," said Nugent.

"Was he in the castle?"

"Yes."

"I see it all," said Sir Thomas. "It is as clear as day. The Earl, you say, has escaped?"

"He is not in the south-western tower."

"A deep scheme of the White Knight, this. I did not give him credit for so much daring and genius. I must keep a close eye on that man for the future. And did you hear that he carried off my best horse?"

"No:—how was that?"

"And that he borrowed my beaver, cloak, and even sword?"

"And you lent him those things? You surprise me.—Why?"

"To go in pursuit of thee."

"In pursuit of *me*?"

"Yes, man, of *thee*; we thought thou hadst fled, under the guise of the White Knight's cloak—or, more correctly, *I* thought so—for he must have known full well that it was the Earl who escaped. Cunning scoundrel! with what seeming honesty he railed, and rated, and insisted on his personal identity with the guard, telling him that '*he* was the White Knight!' It would have deceived the Father of lies himself. These Munster rebels have the wiliness of the Old Serpent."

"He did not deceive *me*," said Nugent. "I suspected him from the moment he entered the castle. I knew him to be not only the cousin, but the sworn friend of the Earl."

"And why not mention it, and put me on my guard?"

"You asked me to retire, as he entered;—and I never offer advice where it is not asked."

"More prudent than kind; but how was it, then, that, suspecting him, you allowed yourself to be entrapped? Why, man, thou wert more thoroughly duped than even I. Ha! ha! ha! Nugent, thou hast nothing to boast of in this affair, in the way of superior cunning; for if the master outwitted me, the groom bamboozled thee. He has left thee

marks thou wilt carry to the grave :—but go now, dress thy wounds, and take some refreshment, for thou must require it. We will talk over this matter again.”

As Nugent was retiring, he saw for the first time that Miss Norreys was in the room, standing in the recess of one of the windows. He bowed low to her as he passed, which she acknowledged by throwing up her head in disdain.

“Well, Bessy, what think you of the matter now?” said Sir Thomas, addressing his daughter, as soon as Nugent had retired.

“I know not what to think, sir,” replied Miss Norreys, walking up to where her father stood, “but I hold that man to be false ; however, there is a mystery about the whole affair, which I cannot unravel.”

“Mystery!—the whole affair is now as clear as day, to me ; there *was* a mystery before, but what Nugent says explains it fully.”

“You heard his *words*, but did not mark the *expression* of his face. He knew not that I was in the room ; but had you marked his countenance, when your head was down, and its sudden change when you looked up——”

“What kind of expression was it?”

“It would be hard to describe it to you, in words,

but it was one of vindictive triumph, the triumph of a man who felt he had thoroughly deceived you."

"Nonsense, child, you are deceived yourself; he *could* not deceive me. No, I am too old for that; you, it is, who deceive yourself by placing too much reliance on the testimony of a face."

"I could not be deceived in *that* face."

"What object could he have, in letting the Earl escape?"

"I cannot imagine."

"Or taking his place in his prison-room?"

"I do not know."

"Or cutting or bruising his person?"

"I cannot say; but I don't believe *his* explanation of the matter."

"Well, thou art a strange girl. Know you not, Elizabeth, that when we see a plain and natural explanation of a difficult affair, we should receive it, rather than look for far-fetched explanations? We often err in judging of motives, and looking too deeply into the heart. No one can read the heart, but God." This was expressed with great reverence of manner.

Elizabeth did not bow to this homily; but replied:—

"I have no doubt that you take the wisest view of the matter, sir; but if you saw the expression of

that man's face, as I did, when he thought no one was looking at him, you might perhaps agree with me."

"There it is again, '*expression of face*!' Why, Bessy, thou art a proficient in the art of reading countenances. Was it by thy skill in this way, thou didst manage to read John Jephson's heart?" As the knight spoke, he looked into her own fine face, with roguish humour, trying what badinage would do to silence her, as philosophy and religion had failed.

"Now, sir, if you go on that way——"

"Hear me, my love ;—I am curious to know how these things are arranged, for I was not aware that you had ever exchanged half a dozen words with John Jephson. I remember he used to sit near you in church ; and now, I think of it, I once or twice caught him throwing sly glances at——"

"For shame, sir—this is too bad ; I really cannot bear it any longer," said she, blushing up to the eyes, gathering up her knitting, and making towards the door.

"Bessy ! Bessy ! stop, come back. Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !"

"No, I won't."

"Bessy, come back, I say ; I want to speak to you ; ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! She could not bear being

laughed at. I verily believe there is some truth after all in what Nugent says, about this courtship being conducted in church !” So saying, the good Sir Thomas wiped away the tears which ran down his cheeks, from merry laughter.

As Miss Norreys left the room, a servant entered with a letter for the Lord President. It was from the Earl of Desmond to Sir Thomas Norreys.

*“ From the Camp, May, 1599.*

“ MY LORD PRESIDENT,

“ I owe your lordship but small favour for my seizure and imprisonment in my own castle at Mallow ; I therefore believe you will not doubt my sincerity in writing you this hasty letter, to place you on your guard against a confidential servant of yours, named John Nugent. He is not to be trusted ; he meditates mischief not only against your own person, but, I have reason to believe, against the honour of your daughter. *Cave canem.*

“ JAMES DESMOND.”

“ Audacious villain ! I will dismiss him this day. This is kind and noble of the Earl. I am sorry I seized him. Bessy was right, after all, in her opinion of Nugent, and I was wrong, though I laughed at her. Shall I show her this letter ? I think not—she would have the laugh against

me ; besides, its contents might distress her. I will say nothing about it, to her, for the present," he added, folding the letter and locking it up in a safe place.

Nugent entered, much improved in appearance, as the President was returning the key to his pocket; and inquired particularly for Miss Norreys.

"Nugent," said Sir Thomas, addressing him with suppressed passion, "I am sorry to have good reason for believing you to be a *black* and most *damnable traitor*."

The first part of this sentence was delivered in calm, measured terms, like the deliberate and firm tread of British soldiers, advancing, with pointed bayonets and reserved fire, to the teeth of the enemy; but the words "*black* and *damnable traitor*" were awful "*charges*" and tremendous explosions.

Nugent was staggered and driven back by them. He turned pale and hesitated, but at length rallied, and summoned sufficient courage to ask, "On whose authority, Sir Thomas, do you make these charges against me?"

"On the authority of an honourable man, and a high-minded nobleman, James Fitz-Thomas, the Earl of Desmond."

"On the word of your escaped prisoner? What says he?"

"That matters not, sir."

"But it does matter, Sir Thomas," replied Nugent, with increasing boldness; "for you have made charges against me which demand better proof than you have yet given."

"I desire no better evidence than the word of an honourable man and a high-minded nobleman."

"You did not, Sir Thomas, always speak of your informant in this high-flown style. *He* was once a rebel—a damnable traitor—and, at best, a *Sugane Earl*, or man of straw."

"Bandy not words with me, sir; for by whatever name I may have called *him*, I hold *you*, for the future, as a false friend and perjured traitor. There, I believe, is the sum I owe you for your services; take it and depart, and let me never see your face within these castle walls again."

Nugent looked at the money—fifty crowns—which the Lord President had laid upon the table, and first thought of leaving them there; but revenge was stronger within his heart than pride, and he bethought him that the money might enable him to gratify that passion: he therefore took up the fifty crowns, and walked out, muttering, as he left the room, "We shall meet *outside* the castle walls, Sir Thomas; and *when* we do——"



## CHAPTER II.

“ Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not,  
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow ?  
By their right arms the conquest must be bought.”

BYRON.

JOHN NUGENT had not left the castle more than three weeks, when Sir Thomas heard that a young man, named Thomas Burke—brother of the Baron of Castleconnell—had left the Queen’s service and joined the rebels, who were lying in force near Clanwilliam, in Tipperary. Thither Sir Thomas hastened, with an army of two thousand infantry and two hundred horse ; when he, for the first time, crossed swords with the Earl of Desmond, who drove him back, and took a number of his people prisoners. In retreating, with a force reduced to twelve hundred men, he fell into an ambush at Kiltleele, where he received his death wound. Some of the chroniclers of these Irish wars state he was “ struck by the thrust of a pike, which he received beneath the jaw-bone, by a young man, named John Burke.” There is no doubt he was wounded in the jaw by a pike ; but

he received the death blow from the hand of Nugent, who thrust his dagger into the back of his neck.

He was carried home, where he lingered in great agony for three weeks ; his daughter watching over him with tender affection, both night and day. A few days before he died, he called her to his side, and thus addressed her : “ Bessy, it seems to be the will of God, that I should die of this wound. Before I leave you, I should like to see you married.”

“ Oh, father !” said the weeping girl, “ do not think of such a thing, now.”

“ But, Bessy, my child, I should die happy if I saw you the wife of a kind and brave man, who would watch over you. I fear for you, my child, while that demon, Nugent, goes about, like a destroying spirit ; I know it was from his hand that I received my death-wound.”

“ What makes you think so, father ?”

“ It appears like a dream, for I was stunned and insensible by the fall from my horse, and weak from loss of blood ; but still I know I was *not* dreaming. As I lay upon my back on the road I could almost swear that it was he, for——”

“ Well, father ?”

“ I was almost blind, but the moon was shining as I saw his dark face bending over me. I knew

him by his large white teeth and long black hair, which seemed to touch my face. I felt his very breath upon me, as he stooped down to see if I was dead."

Elizabeth raised her hand to her eyes to shut out the horrible vision, so like her dream.

"I believe Captain Jephson is now in Limerick ; was it not there you heard from him last?" inquired the wounded knight.

"Yes."

"Well, my child, write to him at once, and tell him to come hither, without delay ; that I want to see him, on an affair of importance, before I die. Go now, and write the letter."

Captain Jephson, on receipt of the letter, hastened to the death-bed of the Lord President of Munster. Sir Thomas had only strength enough left to place his daughter's hand within that of the young soldier, and to say to him :—

"Jephson, I have left you, with this girl, all I possess in the world.\* I commit her to your care ; watch over her. Bessy, kiss me. God bless you both, my children."

He died about an hour after this, in Mallow Castle.†

The good news of Sir Thomas Norreys' death was

\* See Note A at end of volume.

† See Note B.

soon bruited through the rebel camps, and wafted over the country like the zephyrs of the South, till it reached the ears of Hugh O'Neill, the Earl of Tyrone, the great rebel of the North ; who, on hearing it, hastened to Munster, to arrange a general plan of insurrection, and adopt decided measures for giving the new Lord President a warm reception.

Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, was, at this time, esteemed the ablest general and bravest soldier in Ireland. He had, but two years before, beaten Sir John Norreys\* (brother of Sir Thomas), an English officer of tried experience ; and driven him, crest-fallen and broken-hearted, from the North to the South, where he died of his wounds and chagrin.

O'Neill's march from Ulster to Munster—notwithstanding the presence of the English Deputy, the Earl of Essex, in the country—was that of a triumphant conqueror. His army proceeded, we are told, “from one encampment to another, until he arrived at the gate of the monastery of Holy-Cross. They were not long there, when the holy cross was brought to them, to shield and protect them ; and the Irish gave large presents, alms, and many offerings, to its conservators and monks, in honour of the Almighty God ; and they protected

\* See Note C.

and respected the monastery, with its buildings, the lands appropriated for its use, and its inhabitants in general." After this he marched to the gates of Cashel, where he met the Earl of Desmond.

From hence these two distinguished generals advanced through Roche's country, in the Barony of Fermoy; thence to the neighbourhood of Cork, where they crossed the Lee, and then the Bandon River; and from the Bandon River, through the borders of Muskerry, and into Carbery, where they had appointed to meet the Southern chiefs of the rebellion.

It is not necessary, for the elucidation of my story, that I should mention the names of more than two of the rebel leaders who assembled on this occasion to meet the Earls of Tyrone and Desmond: these were, Florence M'Carthy, and Fitzgibbon, the White Knight.

Florence M'Carthy was an Irish giant, near seven feet high. He stood, as we are told by an Irish writer of the time, "like Saul, a head and shoulders above his brethren." He had a small, cunning eye, which had not an unkind expression. He was the descendant of the Kings of Munster, and possessed, at this time—with the exception of the Earl of Desmond—the largest "following" of any chieftain in the province.

He attended this meeting in order to be installed as the M'Carthy *Mor*, or *More*, or "M'Carthy the Great," which title the Queen had most inappropriately—and, as he thought, most unjustly—conferred upon a Lilliputian and illegitimate cousin, whom, he declared, "he would have had no difficulty in putting into the pocket of his doublet: yes, I could," said Florence; "and it's a damnation shame."

I must here advertise my readers, that Florence M'Carthy was in the habit of using this ugly word, "*damnation*," very frequently, and that, even when writing, he scarcely ever commenced or concluded a letter without it. Let this be borne in mind, for I do not wish to be made responsible for all his "damnable blasphemies," as Sir George Carew calls them.

The ceremony of inauguration was opened with High Mass; after which, Florence was well sprinkled with holy water; but I am sorry to say, it had no effect in driving the demon of blasphemy out of him, for when mounted on the shield, upon which twelve Irish chiefs endeavoured to raise him—and to do so, it required "a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether"—he cried out, "Damnation! boys, take care, and don't let me fall." He was dubbed "M'Carthy *More*," by the Earl of

Tyrone. He then received the homage of his tribe ; after which, he made a characteristic speech to the assembled chiefs and people. The ceremony was concluded by " Three cheers for Mac Carthy More ; three cheers for Hugh O'Neill, the Earl of Tyrone ; and three cheers for James Fitz Thomas, the Earl of Desmond." " And, damnation ! three cheers more for *Old Ireland*," called out Florence. " Hurrah, boys ! Hurrah, boys ! Hurrah, boys !"

" Now, my Lords, and fellow-countrymen," said O'Neill, who was elected president of this warlike conclave, " I have to call your attention to graver matters."

The wild cheers of the Carbery and Muskerry peasantry were speedily hushed, while ten thousand faces were directed, with calm earnestness and fixed attention, towards the platform, on which stood the warlike Earl, with the Earl of Desmond on his right, and Mac Carthy *More* on his left. Near the Earl of Desmond stood a churchman, with a calm grey eye, and a high intellectual brow. That churchman was *Archer, the Jesuit*, the "*Secret Agent*" of the Court of Rome.

Silence—a silence like a spell—seized hold of every tongue and limb of that talking, laughing, moving mass, as Hugh O'Neill stood before them.

A deep scar across the brow marked that warlike chief, the Robert Bruce of Irish history.

"My Lords, and fellow-countrymen," said Tyrone, "we are here assembled to decide, and to decide promptly, on the wisest and most effective measures for resisting our English enemies. They are now down, and we must keep them down."

"*A bas les Anglais !*" muttered Archer, between his teeth.

"I understand that, in a few weeks, a new Lord President will be sent to Munster. You must do your best to *keep* him out ; but if he gets in, you must do your utmost to *drive* him out, by making Munster too hot for him."

"*Hear him !*" cried Florence Mac Carthy.

"Or send him to a hotter place," said a man in the crowd.

"As your lordship did Sir John Norreys," said another.

"And as the Earl of Desmond and Burke did his brother Thomas," said a third.

"Thank God, we are rid of them," said a fourth.

"May the devil keep his own, now he's got them," said a fifth.

"Silence !" said a sixth, "the Earl has more to say."

"I know something," continued O'Neill, "of the



newly appointed Lord President, Sir George Carew. He is a shrewd, wily statesman, who will come to you with words of peace on his lips, but with the poison of asps under his tongue. *Hear him not.*"

"*Hear him !*" said Florence Mac Carthy.

Tyrone smiled, and continued. "Make no terms with him, good or bad."

"*Hear him !*" exclaimed Florence.

"But meet him at the point of the sword, and drive him back whence he came."

"*Hear him !*" said Florence.

"I need not say, that any assistance I can give you, you shall have with a hand and a heart ; for, to tell you the honest truth, there is nothing I like better than crossing swords with these English knights and generals ; and from intelligence I have lately received from my ambassadors in Italy and Spain, I reckon confidently on speedy and effective aid, in men and arms, from the Holy Father, and His Highness, the King of Spain."

"*Hear him !*" said Archer, the Jesuit.

"I am a soldier, and unused to make long speeches, but before I conclude, allow me to congratulate you on the unity and good feeling which exist among you. '*Divide and conquer*' is the motto of our foes ; be one, in mind and deed, and the victory will be yours."

O'Neill concluded this harangue amidst "thunders of applause."\*

The eyes of the assembled multitude were then turned to the Earl of Desmond, who was expected to speak next. Archer held him for some moments in private converse. When he rose, there was a perplexed and troubled expression on his brow.

"My Lord," said Desmond, turning to Tyrone, "I informed you of my opinions before I came to this assembly; nor can I say that your eloquent words have altered them much."

O'Neill bent his head.

"I have still my doubts of the wisdom or policy of meeting the new Lord President at the point of the sword. I should rather hear him first, and strike afterwards. If his measures be good, let us accept them; if evil, let us reject them. Let us hear, before we strike."

"*Hear him!*" said Florence Mac Carthy.

O'Neill turned, and looked at Mac Carthy.

Mac Carthy returned the look with so comical a glance that Tyrone was compelled to smile, in spite of himself.

Archer the Jesuit, who seemed fidgetty and chafaln, here whispered something in Desmond's ear.

\* See Note D.

"I am aware," continued the Earl of Desmond, "of the great and paramount importance of unity of purpose and action, on this occasion ; but as we have now met in council, to devise the best means of promoting Ireland's interest,—which I am sure we all have at heart,—I have felt it my duty to offer you this my deliberate opinion. It may not be deemed wise, but it is sincere."

"*Hear him !*" said Hugh O'Neill.

Fitzgibbon, the White Knight, rose next, and said with a great degree of sarcasm of tone and manner :—"If, my Lord, and fellow-countrymen, we had not been previously acquainted with the loyalty,—the *Irish* loyalty I mean—for this word is used in two opposite senses,—if we had not been *previously* acquainted with the loyalty of the Earl of Desmond, we might have formed an unfavourable impression of it, from the words he has just uttered ; but, no doubt, Desmond is an *honourable* man."

"*Hear him !*" said Florence Mac Carthy, in a corresponding tone.

"But I am surprised, and grieved, that one, *assuming* the title of Desmond, should speak of peace with those who have ever shown themselves our foes. I cannot account for this English *prejudice*, or imagine whence it arises."

The Earl of Desmond rose with indignant fury to reply to this insult. The Jesuit Archer attempted to dissuade him, but it was no use : he *would* speak.

"I beg to inform the White Knight," replied the Earl, with fierce and burning sarcasm on his lips and brow, "that I did not acquire my English prejudices in *Mallow Castle*."

The White Knight grew pale the instant he heard the Earl mention Mallow Castle, for he had concluded, as the matter had never been breathed before, that his visit to Sir Thomas Norreys remained an undivulged secret. The Earl proceeded :

"I was *taken*, as a prisoner, to that castle, but never *went* there, of my own accord, to arrange terms of peace, by the compromise of my country's interests and honour."

The Earl of Tyrone, and the chiefs around him, looked at each other, amazed and thunderstruck.

"The Geraldines have ever been held as *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*—more Irish than the Irish themselves. Irish in language, heart, and custom—Irish from their beaver to their brogue. And now that my cousin reminds me of an incident, which, for the sake of peace, I have struggled to forget, may I ask him whether the fashion of his *cloak* and *beaver* be English or Irish? for methinks

Sir Thomas Norreys, the late Lord President, introduced that style into Munster."

Fitzgibbon actually trembled, while the eyes of all in that vast assembly turned upon him.

"To you, my Lord," said Desmond, turning to Tyrone, "and to all in this assembly, with the exception of my friend, here,"—turning to Archer, the Jesuit,—“I speak enigmas."

"You do, indeed," said O'Neill.

"Then I must explain."

The Earl accordingly made a full *exposé* of the White Knight's treachery, and stated, in conclusion, that if he denied the facts, he was prepared to establish them, not only by the production of the servant, but by the cloak and beaver which he wore.

But Fitzgibbon denied nothing ; he knew it was in vain.

O'Neill then rose, and said, with a quiet, sarcastic smile, "*Friend*, Fitzgibbon, thou art as mute and speechless as the man in the Scriptures, '*who had not on the wedding garment.*' I wonder much thou shouldst *dare* come hither, to charge thy noble cousin with a treachery of which thou, and *thou only*, art guilty. A Latin poet says that 'Whom God intends to destroy, he first makes mad.' This would seem to be true in thy case ; but per-

haps thou didst hope, by thy zeal in accusing another, to render thyself invulnerable to accusation. Thou art caught in thine own trap. Burke, come hither," said he, addressing one of the chiefs ; " take this traitor hence, and bind him, hand and foot."

This was literally handing him over to " Satan, to torment him ;" for Redmond Burke was a demon, who put him in hand-locks, and carried him through the country, " making him lackey it by his horse's side, like a common horse-boy." After detaining him a prisoner for three months—during which period he heaped every kind of indignity upon him—he compelled him to pay two hundred pounds for his liberty. After this, as the White Knight said, " It might be well believed, I had small cause to doe favours to James Fitz-Thomas," the Earl of Desmond.

The White Knight having been removed from the assembly in the custody of Redmond Burke, the Earl of Tyrone turned to the M'Carthy More, and said, " We have not yet heard your lordship's opinion."

" Why, damnation ! my Lord," said Florence, " I am like the holy Apostle, St. Peter, '*in a strait betwixt two.*' As I heard you speak, I thought we should make no terms with the new Lord Presi-

dent of Munster, and I am much of that way of thinking still ; but then, when I heard my young friend the Earl of Desmond, I thought with him, that we should get all we could out of him first—that we should squeeze the orange before we threw it away, as they do in Spain.”

“ Well, what do you decide on doing now ? ”

“ Oh, damnation ! do you *decide*, and I'll *act*. ”

The general decision of the assembly was, that the new Lord President should be met at the point of the sword. With this understanding the war-like conclave broke up, and a few days after the Earl of Tyrone turned his footsteps to the North.

### CHAPTER III.

"More danger now from man alone we find,  
Than from the rocks, the billows, and the wind."

WALLER.

"Already we have conquered half the war,  
And the less dangerous part is left behind."

DRYDEN.

"Restless and impatient, he hunts a phantom he can never catch."—ROGERS.

SIR GEORGE CAREW, Knight, the newly-appointed Lord President of Munster, landed at Howth Harbour, from Beaumaris, on the twenty-third of February, in the year one thousand six hundred. He rode from Howth to Dublin, and was hospitably received at Dublin Castle by Lord Mountjoy, the Irish Lord Lieutenant, or rather, Deputy, as he was styled. But the state of the Province of Munster, at this time, required that the Lord President should hasten to the South.

It was on a fine morning in early spring, that Sir George Carew rode out of the yard of Dublin Castle, and took the road towards Naas, *en route* for Cork. He was followed by a guard of seven hundred foot, and one hundred horse.



He was accompanied as far as Chapelizod by his friend, Lord Mountjoy, the Lord Deputy.

"Here, Sir George, we must part," said his lordship to the knight; "and let me now commit you to the care of God and these brave men, and entreat you, for your friends' sake, and for the sake of your country and sovereign, to have a care of yourself. Let the fate of Sir Thomas Norreys, and Sir William St. Leger, warn you against adventuring too far into danger."

"Thank you, my good Lord, and kind friend, I shall be on my guard."

Sir George Carew was at this time about fifty years of age; he was a well-made and strongly-built man, with a frame more firmly knit than the joints of his mailed coat. His forehead was intellectual, and the expression of his face determined, shrewd, and somewhat sinister. He was, of course, a brave knight—for arms was his profession—but he was more *cautious* than brave. As they journeyed southward, he rode in full armour, in front of his troops, marking everything around him with the closest scrutiny. He could see a hare hiding behind a furze-bush.

The President was accompanied to the South by the Earl of Thomond and Lord Audley, who were members of his council. His groom, a low-sized

man, with very long arms and very short legs, and an immense breadth of chest, rode close behind his master.

They lodged the first night at Naas, and the next at Carlow, and advanced the following day within a few miles of Kilkenny, without any incident worthy of remark occurring. But, just as the high walls of Ormond Castle hove in view, the President turned round to his servant, and said, "Maurice Stack, dost thou observe anything in that thicket, yonder, near the river? Methinks I see something moving—it is red."

"Aye, aye, my Lord, I see it all, clear enough," said Maurice, leaping his horse across the ditch, and spurring it up to the thicket to which his master pointed. He had advanced to within twenty yards of it, when a tall and lank young man, with red hair and wild-looking eyes, sprang out of cover. Maurice gave chase, but the wild man dodged and doubled about until he got his pursuer's horse up to its belly in a bog. He then turned round, put his arms akimbo, and began to dance, and grin, and whoop, till the horseman, losing all patience, drew a pistol from his holster, and fired at him, when he wheeled round and fled with outstretched neck and arms, screeching, and skimming the margin of the lake like a wounded crane.

"D——n you," said the servant, wiping the muzzle of his pistol, as he floundered, as well as he could, out of the mire, "I think I have winged you, or hit you somewhere."

He was reproved by the knight for his haste and folly, and complimented by his companions on the success of his enterprise.

"Maurice has won a pair of mud-boots," said one, looking down on his dirty legs.

Another said, "Such an adventure should win him his spurs!"

"Maurice has a leg for a boot!" said a third, with a look of contempt at his short legs.

"I say, my companions, no more of your jibing; though I have short legs, I have long arms, so if you don't mind to measure the length on them, keep a civil tongue between your teeth—that's all."

"Peace!" said the Lord President, "here we approach the castle."

Ormond Castle was then, and is still, an immense pile of lofty buildings, commanding the city of Kilkenny. The outer walls of the castle are, for the most part, protected by the river, which makes a bend round them.

Sir George Carew was met at the gate of the castle by the Black Earl of Ormond, who was one of the Council of the Province, and the General-in-

Chief of her Majesty's forces in Ireland ; who had, on more than one occasion, distinguished himself by his zeal for his sovereign, and his cruelty to the party in rebellion.

"Welcome, my Lord President ! welcome to my poor castle of Kilkenny ! Welcome my Lord Thomond ! Welcome, my Lord Audley !"

"Thanks, my good Lord," replied Sir George, "it is some years since we met. I hope your fair lady and daughter are well ?"

"They wait to welcome you ; so follow me." Saying which, Lord Ormond led the way to the withdrawing-room.

Lady Ormond had once been a very beautiful woman ; and was beautiful still. She was, I should say—for I have no dates to refer to for the exact ages of the ladies whom I may introduce to the notice of my readers—she was, I should say, judging from the appearance of her daughter, a lovely girl, or woman, standing at her side—about forty. She looked much less than this ; but she could not be *much* under forty. She received the Lord President most cordially. He had been at one time a suitor for her fair hand, which perhaps emboldened the English knight to kiss the cheek of the daughter. It is said that the nurse, or mother, is sometimes kissed for the sake of the child : in this

case it was *vice versa*—the child for the sake of the mother.

As it is not my intention to make a heroine of either Lady Ormond or her daughter, and as I shall not often require their presence, or aid, in the development of my story, I need say no more of their age or personal appearance. It is not pleasant to lose the company of agreeable people, after making their acquaintance, or after hearing much about them. The reader must, therefore, be satisfied with this introduction, *en passant*.

“But as you *have* introduced them at all,” exclaims one of my fair readers, “be pleased to tell me the age of the young lady; you did not mention this.”

Just nineteen.

“What coloured eyes and hair had she?”

Black, like her father’s—the Black Ormond.

“Was she tall?”

Not *too* tall.

“Aquiline nose?”

No, a little cocked.

“Cocked! then she was not beautiful.”

Indeed she was, gentle reader.

“Indeed, sir, she was not.”

Well, I shall not dispute your taste; but I think I could guess to the shape of your own nose, Miss Malapert.

"Well, what shape is it? I will tell you if you are right."

*Retrroussé?*

"No."

Roman?

"No."

Grecian?

"No."

Well, I can't imagine; for I am sure it is not snubbed.

"Snubbed! No; Circassian."

"Circassian!" I never heard of Circassian noses before.

"Then you never travelled in the East, for the Circassian women are the most beautiful in the world."

What shaped noses have they?

"Straight—but not quite straight, either."

I see; I am sure the shape of your nose must be most beautiful, and only hope its sensitive powers do not equal its beautiful appearance.

"Why so?"

Because I want you to accompany me from the withdrawing-room to the stables of Ormond Castle, where I shall detain you but five or six minutes.

"Horrible! but go on; I shall keep my handkerchief to my face."

Maurice Stack was in the stable, engaged in drawing off his mud boots ; or, to speak without a figure, in scraping the mud from his legs, by the aid of a dagger, which he wiped against the door-post. As he did so, he cursed and "damned," and "confounded," all Irish men, and Irish bogs.

He had one leg scraped, and was commencing operations on the other, when he dropped his dagger in the straw, and as he stooped, and turned about, to take it up, he caught the flash of the fiery eyes of the young man, who had enticed him into the bog, peeping at him, from beneath the belly of his horse.

"You're there, you devil's limb, are you ?—I'll make you pay for it all now," said he, closing the stable door.

The wild lad could hardly have reckoned on this movement, for he roared out "murder !" when he found himself shut into the dark stable, with his short-legged and long-armed antagonist.

Almost every new move or position in life, though it should appear, at first sight, ever so much for the worse, presents some advantage, which we did not discover in the old one. Some unexpected light is almost sure to arise in the midst of darkness. Under present circumstances, the increased darkness, resulting from the closing of the stable door, was

for the young man's advantage. It was some time before Maurice, who went feeling about, with his dagger, in the dark, caught the flash of his wild eyes. When he did, he stealthily approached, but when within two yards of him, the lad made a bound, like a wild cat, to the other end of the stable.

"You shan't escape, notwithstanding," said Maurice, rushing towards the door, to see that it was bolted, as well as latched ; "come, you may as well give over, or by all the saints in your d—d Irish calendar, I'll skiver you through the liver and lights. Look at my boots, you villain."

Receiving no reply to this remark, he advanced to the centre of the stable, and stooping down, looked about under the mangers and the bellies of the horses, to catch another glimpse of the red head and wild eyes. Just above him, there was a trap-door to the loft, which he did not see ; but the young man, who was crouching behind him, *did* ; and in order to gain it, made a spring from the ground on Maurice's back, which he used as a step-ladder, and from his back, in through the trap-door, which he immediately closed. In accomplishing this feat, he drove Maurice's face against the rack with so much violence, that the fire flashed from his eyes. When he recovered, the strange being had disappeared. But where ? That was more



than Maurice could say. His impression was, that he had vanished in a flash of lightning. All he was conscious of was that of getting a heavy thump on the back, which threw him forward, and a smart blow on the face, which threw him back again.

After rubbing his eyes, and straightening his back, and looking about him in vain, he opened the stable door, and re-commenced operations on the second leg ; and as he did so, said, " Well, if that isn't funny, my name isn't Maurice Stack. Well, it's prowoking, and I havin' him so nice."

"Him would have slaine, when lo, a darksome clowd  
Upon him fell ; he no where doth appeare,  
But vanisht is. The Elfe him calls alowd,  
But answer none receives, the darknes him does  
shrowd."

## CHAPTER IV.

“He hath commanded  
To-morrow morning, to the council-board.”

SHAKESPEARE.

“Oh! how comely is the wisdom of old men, and understanding and counsel of men of honour.”—ECCLES. XXV. 5.

“Dissimulation is but a faint kind of policy, or wisdom; for it asketh a strong wit and a strong heart to know when to tell truth, and to do it: therefore it is the weaker sort of politicians that are the greatest dissemblers.”—BACON’S ESSAYS.

THE morning after the arrival of the party described in the foregoing chapter, the Lord President (Sir George Carew) and the Earl of Ormond were seated together, in a private apartment of the castle.

“My Lord Ormond,” said the President, “I was instructed by the Lord Deputy, before leaving Dublin, as also by the Secretary of State, and even by Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, on my leaving Hampton Court, to consult with you regarding the affairs of Munster—you being a nobleman most distinguished for wisdom and loyalty, and, withal, better versed in the state of the country than any

other person in this part of Her Majesty's dominions."

"I am deeply impressed, my Lord President," replied the Black Earl of Ormond, "with the high confidence reposed in me by Her Most Gracious Majesty, and for the flattering opinion of my little skill in Irish affairs held by my Lord Mountjoy, and the Secretary of State, and shall do my best to serve your lordship with my poor advice. You have heard, no doubt, in passing through Dublin, of the death of Sir William St. Leger, your deputy in Cork?"

"I did, and it distressed me sore to hear it. Will you recount the particulars of how he was slain, for reports are various?"

"It happened thus : that arch-rebel of the North, Tyrone, was lately in Munster, with his hell-hounds. Some of them were not far from Cork, of which Sir William St. Leger not being duly advertised, rode out about a mile from the city for recreation, accompanied by about sixty horsemen ; when Hugh Maguire, the Lord of Fermanagh—a commander of cavalry under Hugh O'Neill, and, withal, a daring horseman and valiant rebel—met St. Leger in a narrow pass of the road."

"What followers had Maguire?"

"Only a few men. St. Leger rode up, and dis-

charged his pistol at him, when Maguire, though mortally wounded by the shot, rushed upon St. Leger, like a lion, and cleft his head through his helmet ; of which wound he soon died."

" Well, what happened Maguire ?"

" He escaped, but died of his wound the same day."

" Made you no attempt to cut off the retreat of that most diabolical rebel, O'Neill ?" exclaimed the President.

" I did, my Lord," replied the Earl of Ormond. " I went out, with a competent force, to meet him in his retreat ; but by some accident I missed of meeting him—it being a hard matter to fight an enemy who wishes not to put anything to the hazard of the sword."

" True, and I learn that he slipped, with the same cunning, through the fingers of the Lord Deputy, who went out after him into Westmeath."

" So I learn ; he is as wily as a fox."

" What policy does your lordship recommend for the apprehending of that vile rebel of the South, James Fitz-Thomas, or the *Sugane Earl*, as he is called ?" inquired the Lord President.

" I should say, put a goodly price on his head, as we did upon his uncle's, the Great Earl ; but I doubt whether you will catch the young bird with

the same lime-twigs with which we caught the old one."

"Had your lordship, then, any hand in the capturing of the old Earl of Desmond?"

"Not exactly in capturing him. He was taken by one Kelly, an Irish soldier, in a glen near Castleisland, in the County Kerry. This Kelly cut off his head, and brought it to me, to Cork; and I had it pickled, and sent in a pipkin to Her Most Gracious Majesty, the Queen. I could shew your lordship a letter, written by Her Majesty's own hand, thanking me for it."

"I thought there was some relationship between Garrett, the Great Earl of Desmond, and your lordship?" said the President.

"He married my mother," replied the Black Earl, with a grim smile.

"The devil, he did! and you pickled the head of your stepfather, and sent it as a present to the Queen!"

"Yes," said the Black Earl, in a positive and determined sort of way, giving a threatening nod of his head, which seemed to ask, "What have you to say against it?"

"Humph!" said the knight, bending down on the handle of his sword, taking the leathern strap between his teeth, apparently in deep thought.

Perhaps he was thinking what sort of a thing an earl's head, pickled, and packed in a pipkin, might be ; or was considering whether it would make as good a dish as a wild boar's head, or be as tough as the leather in his mouth ; or was trying to imagine what sort of taste Queen Elizabeth might have, to relish such a present ; or what might be the degree of the Black Earl's affection for his stepfather. As he looked serious and wise—or tried to look so—I conclude that no thoughts less pious or profound were passing through his mind. He seemed at first, by raising one eyebrow to his forehead, and bending the other toward his chin, in the Roman style (“*Respondes altero ad frontem sublato, altero ad mentum depresso supercilio*”), to make this reply to the Norman nod of the Black Earl : “Cruelty or inhumanity is always displeasing to me, my Lord, especially unnatural cruelty, like thine, which the very Irish style *fiongail*.”\* He wished to look both wise and righteously indignant, and say all this, by looking it ; but he had cunning enough to discover that if he played off any of these airs of office in that presence, the rough old Earl would trample him and his pearls of morality, or state policy, beneath his feet, and

\* *Fiongail* is murder aggravated by relationship.

ambition, as if they always existed together, in the same mind. The objects of ambition are generally great, and often grand and noble, but there is as marked a distinction between ambition and honour as there is between the means and the object. The President, as we have seen, was an ambitious, but not an honourable man. "A soldier without ambition is like a knight without his spurs." He pressed forward to the object which lay before him, the *Pacata Hibernia*, but he was not over-scrupulous, as we shall see, about the means, and hence adopted both these mottoes, "Divide and conquer," and "Except the serpent eat the serpent there can be no dragon," with all alacrity and pleasure; and the more so, as they were in Latin, for which he had some taste.

"What may be the principal cause of contention just now?" inquired the President; "for knowing this, I may be the better able to take measures to put it down."

"Not to put *it* down, but to put *them* down; mark the distinction, for it is worth remembering."

"I understand you, and shall not forget it."

"As regards causes, you will find no difficulty in discovering them, for their name is Legion; but where one does not exist to suit your purpose—for seizing, say, one of the rebel chiefs—you can take

another, or make, or invent one. You look surprised, but of this you may rest assured, that you can never accuse them of a crime against the State which they either have not committed, or *will not* commit, if you give them the opportunity. Whenever you are able, therefore, seize them, and bind them fast, for prevention is better than cure. But, as I said before, you will always find them fighting among themselves ; for, in truth, they are never at rest, except when they are fighting."

"Are they fighting in Munster now?"

"Of course they are."

"What about?"

"God only knows—about a thousand things. If one has more ground, or a finer horse, or a prettier wife than another, they will fight about it."

"What! would they fight about each other's wives?"

"As soon as look at them."

"God bless my soul! they are worse than the Trojans," said the knight.

"You may say that. It was a dispute about a pretty woman, which first put Ireland into the hands of us English, so we cannot quarrel with them for fighting."

"I have heard something about that ; what were the particulars?"



"Dervorgilla, the wife of O'Rourke, the Prince of Brefney, was supposed to have been the most beautiful woman in Ireland. She was seduced, and carried off by Dermot Mac Murrough, the King of Leinster. Her husband, to win her back, and avenge the wrong done him, sought the aid of O'Conor, King of Connaught, who invaded Mac Murrough's territory. Mac Murrough fled to England, and threw himself at the feet of Henry II., and offered, if he helped him out of his great straits, to become his liegeman, and to hold under him as Lord Paramount."

"It was at this time your lordship's ancestors came to Ireland, if I mistake not?" said the President.

"It was so. My ancestors came to England with William Duke of Normandy. The family name was Fitz-Walter. Theobald Fitzwalter came to Ireland with Henry II., and had the office of '*Chief Butler*' conferred upon him. We derived our present family name, '*Butler*,' from our office in the royal household; as did the *Stuarts* of Scotland, under the *Bruces*. It is the privilege of our house to present the first cup of wine to the Kings of England, on their coronation."

"I suppose we may also conclude, that the Earls of Desmond have held the office of *Chief Baker*?"

"It would appear so," said the Earl of Ormond, with a smile, "for they have been most unfortunate, their heads never being safe on their shoulders."

"They came to Ireland, I believe, about the same time as your ancestors, and are also of high Norman descent?"

"There is no disputing their nobility," replied the Earl; "the first of them that came to Ireland was Maurice Fitz-Gerald, a wise and brave knight."

"The old Earl, and your lordship, have always been at variance."

"We have, though I once spared his life; but he did the same by me, on another occasion, though, in the end, I sent his head to the Queen."

"When was it that you spared his life?"

"It was at Boharma, where we met on the borders of Limerick: he fought valiantly till he received a pistol shot from my cousin, Edward Butler, which broke his thigh bone, and threw him from his horse, when we made him prisoner, and carried him to Clonmel; but though badly wounded, he never lost his courage."

"How so?" inquired the President.

"As he could not ride, my men made a litter, and carried him on their shoulders. As we were taking him along, one of the gallowglasses that were bearing him asked him with a sneer, 'Where

is the great Earl of Desmond now ? The moment he said the word, the old Earl got up on his elbow, and replied, 'He is where he ought to be, and was often before.' 'Where is that?' said the gallowglass. 'On the necks of the Ormonds,' said he, laughing, and lying down. The old Earl," continued Ormond, "was as headstrong as a wild bull ; but if report be true, his nephew, the *Sugane* Earl, now in rebellion, is as prudent as he is brave, and more beloved by his followers than was his uncle."

"It will, therefore, be the more difficult to take him," said the President.

"So I expect, my Lord President ; but I doubt not you will succeed, if only the half be true of what I hear of your policy and wisdom ; and from what I see, I may say, with the Queen of Sheba, 'that only the half has been told me.'"

The Lord President was in the act of replying to this handsome compliment, when the door of the room in which the Earl and the Knight sat was noiselessly opened, and a red head protruded forward, from which sparkled two wild eyes. But the intruder's mission requires a new chapter.

## CHAPTER V.

“ Along the winding corridors he prowls,  
And when a stranger meets him, howls.”

NOSBIG.

“ Thrice the brindled cat hath mew’d.”

SHAKSPEARE.

“ I did not for these ghastly visions send :  
Their sudden coming does some ill portend.”

DRYDEN.

“ Alack, sir, he is mad.

’Tis the time’s plague when madmen lead the blind.”

IDEM.

AFTER looking cunningly and suspiciously round the room, and fixing his eyes, first on the old Earl, whose back was towards the door, and then on Sir George Carew, whose face was half turned towards that of the intruder, the head was withdrawn, and the door noiselessly closed. A few moments after there was a wild scream, and a scuffle on the lobby, and a cry of “ Help ! help ! ” from Maurice Stack. “ Lend a hand, here, before this son of a wild cat gets off again.”

“ What’s the matter ? ” “ What was it you saw ? ” “ A wild cat, did you say ? ” “ Which way

did it run?" "What colour was it—black or white?" were a few of the questions, put by the chamber-maids and serving-men of the castle, who rushed, pell-mell, to the spot.

"*Red! red!*" said Maurice, answering the last question, for he had no time to give the genus, species, or "essential difference" of the animal, *homo*; "it ran in there."

"Where?"

"Into that room."

"What! into that room, down at the end of the corridor; why the door is shut, and that is his lordship's study. Besides, he is in there this moment with your master, the English knight."

"Well, I see him bolt in there, shut or no shut; and whatsoever you may think to the contradictory on it."

"*Him!* it was a *Tom*-cat, then?"

"*Cat!* what makes you think it was a cat?"

"You said so."

"When?"

"This moment. But what is it, if it isn't a *Tom*-cat?"

"Why, he's a wild looking hanimal, with red hair."

"Is it a man?"

"Yes, of course; what else?"

"Did you see anything at all?"

"Did I see anythink, at all? Of course I did. Do you mean to tell me that I didn't see the tall lantern-jawed chap as I chased into the bog?"

"It's something you saw before, then?"

"Of course."

"How often?"

"Twice."

"Then this is the *third* time?"

"Yes."

The interrogator shook his head, and asked, "Where did you see it first?"

"In the marches, near the castle walls, where I got my oss up to his belly, in running hafter it."

"Ah!" said the butler, as if he understood the whole mystery, "that's where the Earl's grand-uncle was murdered. Well, my man, what happened next? You ran after it, you say—did you catch it?"

"No, not hexactly, for he turned round, and began to dance, and larf at me, and so over provoked me, that I shot at it."

"I'll engage you didn't hit it though," said the butler, who was held in high repute by the rest of the servants, for wisdom and knowledge, in the interpretation of supernatural appearances.

"Why not?" asked Maurice.

"*Did* you?"

"No."

"I knew that : well, where did you see it the second time?"

"In the stable, a larfing and a grinnin' at me, most horrible, from under the belly of my oss."

"Your what?" said one of the maids.

"My oss."

"Your *ass*, is it?"

"No, my oss. Can't you hunderstand Hinglish?"

"His horse, he means," said the butler. "Well, I don't like to predictate evil, my good friend," continued the butler, looking round him with considerable importance, "but oculist demonstrators is uncontradictory evidence ; seeing is believing, my good fellow ; and what you seen is not lucky."

"Why not?" said Stack, in a peremptory, hectoring way, like one screwing up his courage to fight.

"Why? because it isn't," said the butler.

"But *why* not ? let me know that."

"Because it's not *natural*. It's not human."

"Natharal ! human ! didn't I feel it, and lay hold on it?"

"That's all the worse for you."

"That's all confounded nonsense," said Maurice, considerably chafed. "What do you want to make on it? Is it a *ghost*?"

"Something worse nor that."

"What! Worse than a ghost?"

"Yes, a *Banshee*."

"Banshee be d——d. I'm too old a bird to be caught by that chaff. I don't believe a word on it."

But he did believe a great deal of what the butler both said and hinted at; and he felt a kind of supernatural dread creeping round his heart as he marked the pale faces of the servants, who shook their heads at each other, and looked down on him as a haunted and doomed man, as one who had heard and seen the Banshee.

The apparition had rushed, as Stack said, into the Earl's room, and somewhat disturbed, if it did not startle, the two men there seated in private counsel.

"Who the devil are you; and what brought you here?" exclaimed the Black Earl, rising with a thunder scowl on his brow.

"My broder sent me to Black Ormond," said the intruder, retiring to a corner, out of reach of the Earl's arm.



"Who is your brother, you scoundrel?" asked the Earl.

"Owny Mac Rory."

"Owny Mac Rory, eh? What! Did he send you to me? There is something in the wind, then. What did he send you for?"

"Wit dis," said the young man, drawing a letter from his bosom, and holding it out, at arm's length.

The Earl took the letter, and read it with pleased attention.

"Here," said he, regardless of the presence of the lad, "here is a letter from an Irish chief, as thorough a rogue and rebel as there is in Ireland; but he writes me on a matter which may be useful to the State." The letter ran as follows:—

"RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD,

"I would long ere this be a subject, but delayed to do your lordship and the Queen a service, worthy of my being accepted, of which I wrote your lordship last autumn, and which I could never accomplish, being a loyal subject. If you meet me with a force of fifteen, or from that to twenty followers, in a place called Carronnduff, near Beanlatharghat, on the borders of the wood of Ydough, and come on us by surprise, I will not fail to ensure *to deliver the man*

*you seek* into your lordship's hand, for he will be with my company, provided that my father's lands be seized for me by your honour, till my title be established, of which you will give the bearer, my brother, a written warranty. And thus requesting your honour to accept my service and favour my right, I take my leave, this ninth day of February, 1600.

“MAC RORY O'MORE.”

“What is the service he offers?” said the President, after reading the letter.

“To deliver up an infamous Jesuit, named Archer, who has worked more mischief in this part of the country than ten rebels like Owny Mac Rory himself—and *he* has given us trouble enough.”

“Can you depend on Mac Rory O'More to do as he says? For I hear the Irish are strongly attached to their clergy; and this would be, no doubt, looked upon as black treachery.”

“For which I give this fellow full credit. Had he offered to do an honest thing, I would not have trusted him.”

“Well, you know them best. When do you go?”

“To-morrow morning.”

“ Will you permit me to accompany you ?”

“ With great pleasure ; I should have asked you to do so, had you not offered. It will give you a good specimen of our manœuvring in Munster. It is not often we have a bagged fox like this ; I think you will enjoy the sport. Here, boy, carry this to your brother.”

The boy took the letter, and hid it in his bosom. He then advanced cautiously to the door, and looked out, to see if the coast was clear, of which having assured himself, he disappeared, with a stealthy tread.

“ Your friend, Owny Mac Rory, has employed a strange messenger on a state affair,” said the knight. “ I doubt if that lad has all his senses about him.”

“ I believe he is a little *light*,” replied the Earl ; “ but he makes up in caution and cunning what he wants in intellect. He is, notwithstanding, the best messenger the brother could send. You saw how he hid the letter in his bosom. He has the faithfulness of a dog and the caution of a cat. Besides, no one would harm him. The common people believe that those who have weak minds—whom they call ‘ *innocents* ’—are under the special care of heaven.”

“ It was fortunate my groom did not catch him,

for he has no such prejudice. I am sure he was the innocent that led Maurice into the bog."

"Oh ! very likely, for they are as knowing and mischievous as Old Nick. Well, my Lord," said the Earl, breaking up the conference, "I may expect you to accompany me to-morrow."

## CHAPTER VI.

"The civilizers ! The disturbers, say ;  
The robbers, the corrupters of mankind ;—  
Proud vagabonds, who make the world their home,  
And lord it where they have no right."

PHILIP'S BRITON.

"—— I, who make the triumph of to-day,  
May, of to-morrow's pomp, one part appear,  
Bloody with wounds, or lifeless on the bier."

PRIOR.

"A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine,  
Ycladd in mightie armes, and silver shielde ;  
Wherein old dints of deepe wounds did remaine,  
The cruel markes of many a bloody field."

SPENSER.

THE cavaliers were in their saddles at seven o'clock the next morning. The party consisted of the Earl of Ormond, the Lord President, the Earl of Thomond, Lord Audley, and about twenty mounted followers.

The Lord President offered to take some of his men along with him, but to this the Black Earl objected, saying, "there was no necessity, and that it would create suspicion."

"Who is this Owny Mac Rory, or Mac Rory O'More, as he calls himself?" inquired the Presi-

dent, of Ormond, as they rode towards the place of rendezvous.

"To do him justice, he is a brave scoundrel, and has given the Queen's soldiers some trouble. I heard he distinguished himself against the Earl of Essex, at the *Battle of the Plumes*."\*

"The Battle of the Plumes! I never heard of that battle."

"I dare say not, for it is not a title that a loyalist would be likely to adopt, though one well known to the Irish."

"How did the battle gain that name?"

"From the number of English officers who were slain in the fight, and from all the plumed bonnets that were brought to the ground, or '*Wigs on the green*,' as they say in this country."

"A pretty name, the Battle of the Plumes! and it does credit to the officers of the army. But I interrupted you. You were speaking of this MacRory."

"I have nothing more to say of him, than that he is a man of abilities, and the head of a powerful clan who has, and could still give us much trouble; but the Queen's troops have so often made their depredations upon his lands, and destroyed or carried off so much of his property, and that of his people, that he would be anxious to make peace on any terms.

\* See Note E.

My Lord Mountjoy has lately destroyed more than ten thousand pounds worth of their corn, and carried away a thousand cows, five hundred garrons, and a great many sheep, and slaughtered a reasonable number of the rebels. Those who remain will find it hard to keep soul and body together till next harvest."

The morning was fine, and the part of the country through which they passed naturally fruitful, but the fields were uncultivated; for a cruel and exterminating civil war had been raging there for the last twenty years.\*

The houses of the peasants were either tenantless and going to ruin, or razed to the ground. They did not meet even one "*Fortunate† Senex*" during a distance of eight Irish miles. In the mouth of a cave, not far from the path, they saw the dead body of a female, with a living child upon her

\* Fines Moryson says, "Our captains and their common soldiers did cut down, with their swords, all the rebels' corn, to the value of £10,000 and upwards, the only means they had to live. It seemed incredible that by so barbarous inhabitants the ground should be so manured, the fields so orderly fenced, paths so well beaten, and the towns so frequently inhabited, as the Lord Deputy here found them. *The reason whereof was that the Queen's forces, during these wars, never till then came among them.*" Rather a candid admission for a man like Moryson.

† Ecloga I. 47.

bosom. The mouth of the dead woman was stained green, and a bunch of nettles, from which she had been trying to suck moisture, was in her hand. The infant was evidently dying ; for the source from which it was attempting to extract nutriment was sealed up in death.

" We had better carry the child with us," said the President to the Earl.

" What do you want with it ?" replied Lord Ormond, with a stare.

" I do not exactly *want* it," said the knight, a little nonplussed for an answer ; " but we may as well save its life."

" Remember your motto, my good Lord—'*Pacata Hibernia*,'—and leave the young viper where it is. It would only sting you, after you took the trouble of rearing it. If it were a good hound, there would be some reason in what you propose."

There was somewhat of dictation about the Earl's manner, which annoyed and nettled Sir George more than his inhumanity distressed him. He therefore answered him with a silent and supercilious bow, and rode on.

Lord Ormond, who knew that it was his *brusquerie*, and not his brutality, which had given offence, thought it wise to mistake the cause, and say, with a smile, " I fear you will take me for an Irish



ogre, my Lord ; but what can you expect from the man who pickled the head of his stepfather ? But if if I thought you would make as much by the young viper we left in that den, as I did by the head of Desmond, I should have carried it home for you myself."

"Thank you, my Lord. How much was that ?" replied the knight, whose brow began to clear."

"Ten thousand pounds."

"I thought your lordship said it was Kelly who got the money ?"

"I gave him five hundred of it."

"And you cleared, therefore, nine thousand five hundred by the transaction ?"

"I did."

"I see your lordship sets a proper value on your relatives."

"We are commanded to honour our father and mother, *that our days may be long in the land.*"

They went on chatting and joking in this heartless and profane way, till they entered the glen appointed for the meeting with O'More.

Mac Rory, who was a tall, broad-shouldered man, with black hair and small eyes, was waiting for the Earl, with a larger company than that nobleman had expected ; but as they were all footmen, and nearly all kerns, Ormond seemed to despise them.

"Where is thy friend Archer?" inquired the Earl of Mac Rory. "Thou dost not dare to parley without the advice of that counsellor."

"He will be here in less than five minutes, my Lord," said Mac Rory, shuffling about for something to say, to try and occupy the time.

"Send for him ; for I shall do nothing till he comes."

Mac Rory sent a messenger for the priest, who came forth from the wood before the five minutes had expired.

As he approached, the Earl dismounted and walked over to him, and asked him, "How he dared to show his traitor face in the country?"

"I understood," said the priest, with a smile, "that your lordship desired to see it."

"Yes, upon the spikes of my castle gate. Think you that I am ignorant of your hellish machinations with the King of Spain and the Court of Rome, against Her Majesty's throne, and the Protestant religion? I have a letter, written by thine own hand, thou black snake! Thou shalt hang for it."

"I deny nothing that I have done, proud lord, and should have no objection to lay down my life, if it could save my country, and Christ's Church, from tyrant hands like thine."

The Lord President here rode up to the Earl, and told him that more men were coming out of the wood, and that he feared they might be overpowered by numbers, if he delayed, and recommended him immediately to mount.

"Out upon thee, thou viper of hell!" continued the Earl, addressing the Jesuit, without regarding the warning of Sir George; "I would crush thee beneath my heel, if it were not for the pleasure of hanging thee."

"I do not doubt your will, if you had the power," retorted the Jesuit.

"Dost thou doubt my power?" said the Earl, with a sneer. "Come, we shall see," laying a firm hold of the broad leathern cincture which enclosed the Jesuit's waist.

"Unhand me, base man," cried Archer, looking round at Mac Rory O'More for assistance; but Rory did not move hand or foot to aid him.

"Yes, when I give thee over to the hangman," said Ormond, pulling him over to the side of the road where his party stood, mounted, and in a firm phalanx, which seemed to deter Mac Rory's kerns from attempting a rescue.

"Bring that empty saddle forward," cried the Earl, to one of his men.

"Not so, my Lord; my groom has a strong horse,

and the prisoner will be safer with him, than on a saddle by himself," said Sir George.

"Up with him, then, and let us be moving, for I see this glen is getting as crowded as a fair."

Having seen Archer mounted, and firmly strapped to Maurice's back, the Earl walked deliberately over to his own horse, put his foot in the stirrup, and was in the act of throwing the other over the saddle, when one of Mac Rory's gallowglasses pushed out a pike, upon the end of which there was a crook, which caught the Earl by the collar, and brought him on his back to the ground.

"You are my prisoner," said O'More, rushing up, and seizing the Earl by the throat, as he attempted to rise.

"Damnation !" exclaimed the Black Earl, struggling hard to free himself ; but he struggled in vain. The next moment he was surrounded by a dozen men, brandishing their skeins in his face.

"Trumpet sound !—to the rescue !—charge !" shouted Sir George, spurring his war-horse upon a crowd of kerns, who scattered themselves, and fled, leaping through the hedges, like a flock of sheep suddenly pounced upon by a large mastiff.

"To horse, my Lord ; mount !" cried the President, addressing the prostrate Earl.

"*A Desmond !—Papa aboo !*—To the rescue of

the *Soggarth!*"\* were the war-cries by which the Earl's party were now startled.

"Save yourself, my Lord ; I am wounded, and cannot rise. These are the Desmond horse ; see, they issue from the wood."

"Desmond *aboo!*—To the rescue of the *Soggarth!*—*Papa aboo!*"

These wild Irish cheers, proceeding from the throats of about two hundred horsemen, as they broke from the wood, struck such terror into the hearts of Lord Ormond's party, that they all fled, without striking a blow for the Earl's life or liberty, with the exception of the English knight, his groom, and Lord Thomond, who was wounded with a pike in the shoulder, which somewhat hastened his retreat. Sir George Carew and his servant were the last to leave the field ; but as they were left alone, the only alternative was flight or capture.

"Ride on, my Lord," said the wounded Earl ; "your capture or death would injure me more than it would serve me."

"Ride on, Maurice," said the President to his servant ; "we have now no choice but to follow the example of those poltroons before us, who make

\* *Soggarth*, a priest.

better use of the steel at their heels, than the swords at their sides."

"Maurice, who only wanted the word, broke into a gallop, as he replied, "Poltroons, indeed, my Lord!" Had he dared, he would have followed the example of his poltroon companions, and left his master, as well as the Earl, in the hands of the enemy. Feeling the priest, who was behind him in the saddle, an impediment to his flight, he asked his master if he should cut him loose.

"No, the priest must not escape."

"I could cut his throat."

"By no means; we must have man for man. He may aid in the liberation of the Earl."

"At my cost," grumbled Maurice to himself.

"Not too fast, Maurice, or you will blow your horse: I shall keep beside you. The horses of these Irish fellows are small," said the knight, looking back; "we may beat them yet. That's it; keep up that steady, even pace."

"Do you hear them, my Lord? hearken to that screech. Are they cannibals?"

"No, not, I believe, so bad as that."

"Almost, I suppose? What was that the old Earl said about pickling the child, and carrying it home for your honour? What is this fellow fumbling at behind me, your honour? Has he a

knife, or is he trying to undo the straps? Hearken to these devils again."

"I'm unused to such hard riding," said the poor priest, who, having no stirrups, was cruelly bumped on the back of the saddle.

"Are you? Are they gaining on us, my Lord?" said Maurice, after riding the first mile; "I think I hear them plainer."

"On the contrary, we are leaving them behind, with the exception of their leader—as he seems to be—a horseman with a black plume."

"Oh, is that all? we can manage one man, anyhow."

"I see another, some distance behind him," said Sir George.

"Do you see any more, my Lord?"

"No, I think not."

"Are you sure, my Lord?"

"No—yes!"

"Eh? Is it yes or no?"

"Yes—I am sure."

"That there are more than two?"

"No, that there are only two."

"Thank God! Well, no matter, we can manage two."

"Which will you take, Maurice?—the man coming up first, with the black plume? or——"

"I'll leave the black plume to you, my Lord."

"You will take the second, then?"

"What is he like, my Lord?"

"As well as I can see," said Sir George, standing by his stirrups, and looking back, "he is an outlandish looking fellow."

"Outlandish—is he? Do you think they will take us?"

"I think they will."

"Perhaps your lordship would have no objection to take the Black Plume first, and the outlandish fellow afterwards?"

"That's rather more than my share, Maurice," said the knight, with a smile; "but we shall see. Here comes the first, at any rate."

The horseman with the black plume was better mounted, caparisoned, and armed, than any of his troop, and appeared the finest man of the party. His age was about thirty-five; his face was flushed with hard riding; his hair, which was as black as the feather in his helmet, fell in heavy ringlets on his shoulders; his dark hazel eyes were flashing fire, like warriors' swords in battle, and a thunder-sowl rested on his brow, as he pressed hard after the Lord President and his groom. As his first object appeared the rescue of the priest, he rode up to the side of the servant, who feeling that a dis-



courtesy was thus done his master, drew in his rein, which brought the knight and the Irish leader abreast.

"I claim the first honour," said the English knight, pressing up to the dark horseman. "Maurice, ride forward," said he, turning to his man.

Maurice replied by a plunge of his spurs into the flanks of his horse—the Irish leader by a rapid thrust of his sword at Sir George's breast, which he barely parried. This was followed by as hearty and as able a bout of sword exercise as any two knights ever had the pleasure of being engaged in. Like two lovers, who knew they must soon part, they made the best use of their time :—

"Both stricken strike, and beaten both doe beat,  
That from their shields forth fly fire light;  
And helmets, hewen deepe, show marks of either's might."

The Irish leader would have desired to prolong the contest, but he could not think of allowing the servant in front, to carry off the priest, while he was dallying with the knight; and the English knight saw that the *tete-à-tete* would be soon rudely interrupted by the Irish horsemen in the rear. They were engaged but a few seconds, when a young man with red hair, and a wild aspect, riding a large grey mare, without a sad-

dle, rushed by, like a whirlwind. Sir George, who discovered from the Irish cheers behind, which sounded in his ears like the yelling of five hundred hungry wolves, that in two or three minutes more, the whole pack would be up and on him, drew a pistol and discharged it in the face of his antagonist, and then turned about, in pursuit of the wild horseman, whose object was evidently the same as his leader's, the liberation of the Jesuit Archer.

"Stay, false knight!" said the Irish leader, calling after him.

Maurice Stack, hearing the clatter of a single horseman, close behind him, looked back to see whether it was his master, Sir George, or the Irish leader. To his horror he beheld the wild eyes, and elf-like locks, of what he was credibly informed was either the *banshee* or the devil; and which he now believed to be something more than mortal. The next moment it was at his side. Without knowing well what he was doing, he drew his pistols from his holster, and attempted to fire them in random haste at the sprite; but both pistols flashed in the pans, to the great amusement of Mac Rory, who seemed to expect something of the kind. A moment more, and the strap which bound the priest was cut, and the Jesuit trans-

ferred from the back of Maurice's horse to the shoulders of the grey mare, with a facility that appeared magical.

"Hah ! hah ! hah !" said the wild brother of Owny O'More, as he turned down a *boreen*\* on his left.

"God be praised !" said Maurice Stack, "I shall always think the better of the Protestant religion after this. It was the priest, and not me he wanted."

"I wish you joy of your prize, man !" †

The Lord President and his servant had no difficulty in making good their escape from their pursuers, after the servant's horse had been relieved of the additional burden ; but in turning round an angle of the road, Sir George's horse shied, and nearly backed its rider over a precipice. The animal was frightened by an eagle which flapped its wings in the horse's eyes, as it rose from the mouth of the cave where the Ormond party had seen the body of the woman, and the living child, as they rode by in the morning.

"Stop, Maurice," said the knight—"dismount, and see if the child be still alive, though I fear that bird has destroyed it."

\* *Boreen*, "a narrow green lane."

† Burns.

"O L——d!" said Maurice, going to the mouth of the cave, and stooping over the bodies, "the bird has picked the eyes out!"

"Out of the child?" inquired the knight, with nervous interest.

"Out of both, my Lord."

"Is the child still alive?"

"No, my Lord."

"Dead?"

"Quite, my Lord."

"Ride on, Maurice."

We do not envy the noble knight his meditations. The blood of that innocent lay heavy on his conscience. "It was cruel in me to leave that infant to die in the way I did. God might have avenged its blood on my head," said he, looking down the fearful precipice, to the very edge of which his horse had shied. "This has turned out an unfortunate day for the Earl of Ormond." In this melancholy mood he alighted at the castle gate, where he met Lady Ormond and her daughter, inconsolable at the capture of the Earl. Here we must leave them, in the midst of their sorrow, and return to the priest and the horseman with the black plume.

## CHAPTER VII.

“ And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,  
The deare remembrance of his dying lord,  
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,  
And dead, as living, ever him ador'd ;  
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd.”

SPENSER.

“ The learned leech  
His cunning hand 'gan to his wounds to lay,  
And all things else the which his art did teach.”

IDEM.

WHEN the horseman with the black plume rode up, which he did leisurely, after the escape of the English knight, he found the priest sitting in a field, his back against a tree, with a smile of pleasure on his pale face, as he marked the various antics of the half maniac lad, who was dancing and laughing round him, like Robinson Crusoe's man Friday, when he found it was his own father he had saved from the hands of the savages.

“ Thou art a noble fellow, O'More,” said the Irish leader, “ the *Soggarth* has to thank thee, and not me, for his escape.”

“ Not so, my Lord, I thank you both; but God

sometimes employs the humblest and most despised instrumentality, for the accomplishment of his high purposes, and the salvation of his poor Church ; it was the cackling of a goose, which once aroused the soldiers of ancient Rome to protect their walls against invaders ; and, I verily believe, the wild laughter of this lad affrighted the rude soldier to whom I was bound, so that he offered no resistance to my escape."

"Thou hast ventured thy safety too far in this affair," replied the Earl of Desmond—for the horseman with the black plume was the hero of our story.

"I would willingly have given my life for the capture of that cruel Earl ; but hast thou not adventured thine own life in the same noble enterprise, which is far more valuable to the cause than mine ?"

"Yes, but not in the same way ; and the cases are quite different : I am a soldier by profession ; it is my proper business ; besides, I give as many buffets as I receive. Thou art a man of peace ; thine is a holy calling."

"My vocation," replied the priest, with calm and solemn pride, "is to suffer like my Master, who was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a dumb sheep to the shearers."

The Earl thought that, in the present instance, the Jesuit had acted more like a decoy duck, for the capture of the Earl, than an innocent lamb ; but he replied :—

“ To endure thus, I trow, demands a cooler courage than I can boast.”

“ Yes, my son, courage is of a two-fold nature, active and passive ; the former is thy province, the latter mine ; but if thou hadst been up in time, I had not been delivered to Black Ormond’s men.”

“ I the more regret it,” replied the Earl, “ inas-much as I opine that the knight with whom I crossed swords in the road below, is none other than Sir George Carew, the new Lord President of Munster.”

“ Can that be possible ?” said the priest, rising from his recumbent position, and looking along the road (by which the English party fled), in well-feigned surprise. “ How knew you it was he ?”

“ I knew him by the quarterings of his shield.”

“ Would thou hadst captured him ! though it had left me in the hands of the heretics !”

“ I did my best, but he had fire-arms.”

“ Surely, thou didst not fear them ?” said the Jesuit, with surprise.”

“ Not till I *felt* them,” replied the Earl, with a smile.

"*Felt* them! *how*? Art thou hurt—wounded? Yes, surely thou lookest pale. Why not mention this before? Here is blood."

"It is nothing to regard, father. The ball from Sir George's horse-pistol struck me on the shoulder. If I did not tell thee of it before, I was but practising the passive courage of which thou speakest."

"That is not thy province, my Lord; we, churchmen, are jealous of all our privileges; but let me see the wound; I know something of the leech's art."

"And leechery is not your province, holy father," said a merry-eyed, red-faced little man, poking his head from behind the tree. He was no less important or privileged a personage than the Earl's Harper, who had lately been elected to the office of "Surgeon-General" of the troop. "Let *me* see the wound, my Lord. Ah! we will not sing your dirge for this," said he, examining it closely. "Mac Rory, hasten to your brother's castle, and bring me, with all speed, the sheep-skin bag, with my instruments and bandages: not the large sheep-skin, mind you, boy; that has the harp."

"I think, Dermot," said the Earl, addressing the harper, "we had better go than send, especially as we have horses; the ride will not hurt my arm. You can take Father Archer behind you, or he can ride Mac Rory's grey mare."



"You spake wisely, my Lord ; it will save time ; and I fear the poor lad might bring the wrong bag, and do a mischief to the sthrings of the harp."

The Irish had two descriptions of harps—a large one, containing from twenty to fifty strings, called the "*ceannaircruit*," which was used on public occasions, and sometimes at religious services ; and a smaller one, called a "*cruit*," which was carried about, like the violin or the pipes, by itinerant musicians. It was the *cruit*, and not the *ceannaircruit*, of which the harper seemed so careful.

"I am glad to see you have not given up your old profession for your new one, Dermot ; you think more of the bag with the harp, than of that with your leech's instruments," observed the Earl of Desmond, as the party moved along the road.

"And why not, my Lord ? Isn't music the *great* instrumment for extrhacting all the ills of life, from sowl and body. But the harp is as tinder, and as asily hurt, as a young child, and would get cowl and hoarse like, if I didn't cover it up well. Sure I have it rowled in flannel all the winter."

"So I heard, indeed," said his lordship, with a significant and comical smile.

"What did your lordship hear ?" said Dermot, with a curiosity which led him to push his

pony between the Earl's and the Jesuit's horse.

"What did your lordship hear about the flannel?"

"Well, if you must know it, I was told that you stole your wife's flannel petticoat, and stitched it into a bag, for your harp."

"Your lordship is a quare man; but there's nothin' goes *beyant* flannel, for man or baste, or musical insthruments."

"So your wife seemed to think, the morning she found out the trick."

"The poor ignorant crathur! what comprehinsion could the likes of her have for musical insthruments? If that harp cotched a *severe* cowld, the d—I a dacent thune I could get out of it for a month."

"And if your wife got a cold, and lost her voice?"

"I wouldn't begrudge her, if it stopped her tongue—though, God forgive me, I wouldn't wish her harm; she's a good-natured crathur, your honour, but that one failin'. But how did your lordship hear about the flannel petticoat?"

"Oh, that is a secret I cannot divulge," said the Earl; "besides, I would not like to make mischief between a man and his wife."

"God forgive your honour; but you have as much mischief and divilment in you as any of the family; an' as for keeping sacrets, one of them never could keep their own, let alone anybody else's."

“How dare you, you scoundrel!—do you mean to say——”

“Nothing disrispictful to your lordship’s family. He’s up now ; that’s the blood—bow ! wow ! they’re as high as blazes. No one else dar’ say half that to him, but myself.—We all have our faults, your honour.”

Part of this was said to the priest, and part to the Earl ; for the harper, having managed to keep his pony between their horses, gave a nod, a wink, and a word to each, as the occasion required.

“Well, what are my faults, Dermot ? for I suppose I must hear you out.”

“If I might make bould to tell you before his rivirence, I’d say your honour was a thought too open-like, and out-spoken.”

“Too honest, you think ?” said the Earl.

“Undubitably so. I think your rivirence will agree with me, that a little more——a little more——what’s that you call it——going round about the bush, you know ?”

“Circumlocution ?” said the Jesuit.

“Circumlocution, I never heard that word before ; no it’s not *circumcolution*, but——”

“Deception ?” said the Earl.

“Yes, deception—no, not exactly deception outright either ; your rivirence knows what I mane.”

"Sophistry?" said the priest.

"No your rivrence, it's not that."

"Scheming?" said the Earl.

"No, it's not skaming; sure your lordship knows I don't approve of skaming. Is there such a word your rivrence, as dubitation?"

"Yes."

"What does that mane?"

"Doubting."

"That's not it then, but it's something like that. It's something I think, belongin' to your rivrence."

"Is it Jesuistry?" said the Earl, with a sly look at the priest.

"That's the word, your honour. I think, your rivrence, a little more Jesithry, would be very useful to his lordship, in dealing with the bloody Protestant rogues about here. Now, for eximpe, we have caught this old fox, the Earl of Ormond, in his own trap, nately I say, and thanks to your rivrence for it; and it's not to be fighting wid him, or reproachin' him about our uncle, whose head he sent to the Queen, may his sowl rest in peace! or tellin' him our mind, we ought to be; but seein' what we can make of his skin. Don't you agree with me, your rivrence?"

The Jesuit nodded.

"Dermot," said the Earl, whose blood was rising, "don't presume too far on my kindness."

"There it is again—Bow ! wow !—It's the blood of the Desmonds, your rivirence," turning to the priest,—“ your lordship is so warm.”

"Warm ! do you mean to say——Oh !—Ugh ! this shoulder ! it's getting painful."

"I mane nothing disrispictful to your honour's noble house; and I'll say nothing more to anger you, as the shoulder is tormentin' you, for a saint couldn't be expicted to be as cool and as patient as a cowcumber, whin it is peeled and sliced ; but there's the ould castle now, and I'll put a plaster on that for you, in no time."

It was thus that the witty harper turned off the attack made upon himself, by turning the tables on the Earl ; but the good old man had another object in view, to wile away his master's pain, which he did effectually by his amusing banter, which, on this occasion, was as potent as his great "chirurgical instrhument," *the harp!*

## CHAPTER VIII.

“He for that promised journey bids prepare  
The smooth-haired horses, and the rapid car.”

POPE.

“I am faint. My gashes cry for help.  
So well thy words become thee as thy wounds :  
They smack of honour, both.”

SHAKESPEARE.

THE reader has now to learn, if he has not yet discovered, that Dermot, the harper, and Archer, the Jesuit, were two of the Earl's Prime Ministers. It would not have suited a man, circumstanced like the “*Sugane*,” or “Straw Earl,” to have been over-fastidious in the choice of servants, or too imperious in the manner of treating them. Like David in the hold, he felt grateful to all who came and enlisted themselves under his banner. But the Jesuit, Archer, was no common man ; the councils of kings have been directed by inferior minds ; but he was altogether devoted to the service of Rome. Dermot was as much devoted to the Earl ; and if he used the freedom, it was because he possessed the faithfulness of a servant, who had known the

Earl from a boy, and had often carried him on his back.

"Now, your lordship," said the harper, coming to the Earl's bedside, the next morning, "me and Father Archer has been holdin' a council of state this morning, concernin' your farther movements."

"Oh ! indeed !" said the Earl. "Well, I should have thought, as my movements were the subject of discussion, you might have waited for my presence."

"Why, my Lord, your *horse is de combat*, and therefore, could not be present."

"My horse ! what's the matter with my horse ? Is he hurt ?"

"No, my Lord ; but we did not like to wake you, as you are hurt yourself, or *horse de combat*, as they say in France."

"*Hors de combat*, you mean."

"Yes, I believe that's the word."

"That is no reason I should be put *hors de conseil* ; so you will be pleased to let me hear the subject you have had, in your wisdom, under consideration."

As the harper was about to explain and apologize for his impertinence, the Jesuit entered the room, and inquired politely after the Earl's health, and then said :—

"I was asking your servant, my Lord, when you would be able to take the saddle, for I suppose it is your intention to hasten after the Lord President to the South?"

"Has he departed, then?"

"He departed early this morning. What may your lordship's purpose respecting the Earl of Ormond be?"

"To carry him with me."

"He is too badly wounded to travel, my Lord; and I understand Mac Rory O'More holds him as *his* prisoner."

"What! after sending for me. Does he think I came here to run down game for him? The Earl shall be transported with me to Kerry. Send O'More here."

"He is not here, my Lord. I understand he carried off the Earl last night to his strong castle in the glen."

"Deceived again! Every one of these scoundrels acts for himself, and on his own responsibility. O'More shall repent this trick. We can do nothing great against the Government, for want of union. My journey goes for nothing, then?"

"Not so, my Lord. Though O'More hold the Earl, he is a man lost to the Lord President, and the best man on his board."



"Yes, if he hold him fast ; but I fear the fellow only holds him to make his own terms with the Government."

"His conduct looks suspicious, but your lordship had better appear not to see it ; but write to him before you leave this, requesting him to keep the Earl in safe custody for you."

"It sore distresses me to let such scoundrels have their way ; but I believe your policy is the best."

"Will your lordship be prepared to start to-day ?"

"In one hour."

It was fully three hours after this conversation before the Earl's cavalcade of wild horsemen were mounted and prepared to march. This delay was occasioned, in the first instance, by the Earl himself, who found his shoulder sorer and stiffer when he began to dress than he expected, and, in the second place, by the want of order and subordination in the troop, which contained as many officers as men.

"We part here, for the present, my Lord," said the Jesuit, approaching the Earl of Desmond, as he was riding out of the gate of one of O'More's wild mountain holds.

"How is this ? I thought you were to accompany me."

"I think it wiser to remain, my Lord."

"How so?"

"I have not much confidence in O'More," said the Jesuit, in a whisper; "he might make his own terms with the Government, by the liberation of the Earl of Ormond; and his safe detention is the best security for your life, should you, like your uncle, be unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the President; who, if report be true, is a wily statesman and cunning soldier."

"Would it not be wiser, then, for me to take the Earl out of his hands, and carry him with me?"

"I doubt if you would be able. But it would not be wise to do so, if you were. You have enemies enough, my Lord, without making more; but I have persuaded him to allow his brother to join your troop. O'More will not be likely to attempt treachery, while this innocent lad is in your hands."

As they spoke, the chieftain's half-maniac brother rode out on his grey mare, accompanied by the harper, who had taken him under his especial protection. The "*innocent*" appeared delighted with his tawdry regimentals. He wore a yellow jacket, and a red bonnet. In the front of the bonnet he displayed a bunch of feathers, plucked from the

wing of a wild goose. He took his place, unbidden, immediately behind the Earl.

"That's not your place Mac Rory," said the captain of the troop. "Wild geese do not fly with eagles."

"Let him keep the place he has chosen," said the Earl, who seemed pleased and flattered by the partiality of the wild young man.

As this decision was in favour of an "*innocent*," it excited no jealousy among the men ; on the contrary, they all appeared to favour it.

"It was the object of the Earl to get before the Lord President, who was hastening to Cork, with a force of seven hundred foot and one hundred horse. The Irish leader hoped to concentrate his forces somewhere between Waterford and Youghal, where he expected to meet the English forces. This was the cause of his hasty movement from the neighbourhood of Kilkenny, while his wound was fresh and inflamed.

They had travelled about thirty Irish miles towards the South, when the exercise of hard riding, and the chafing of his armour, and heavy regimentals, loosened the bandages, re-opened the wound, and produced a fresh hæmorrhage.

"I fear I shall not be able to proceed, at this rate," said the Earl to the harper.

"Is that blood running down your sleeve, my Lord?"

"Yes."

"Well, see what a thing it is to be over-persuaded. I told his rivrence, you were not fit to thravel; but he said you were, and that you'd be the bettther for it. One should always hould their own way, when they are right. All the world knows there's nothing like rest for a wound. As the poet says:—

"The knight's an oaf, who, when his wounds are wide,  
In saddle gets, and issues forth to ride."

"Is that your poetry? 'An oaf,' eh?"

"A poet's license, my Lord."

"I fear I must soon leave the saddle, Dermot," said the Earl, bending forward on his horse's neck, from excessive weakness. "Father Archer would give all the blood in his body for the cause in which we are engaged; and I believe mine has nearly all ebbed forth, for I feel as weak as water. Where can I put up? The troop must push forward, with Lieutenant Lacy. Nothing need be said of my absence or wound."

"How many of the men do you wish to stay with you, my Lord?"

"No one but you, and Mac Rory."

"What does your lordship mane? We are not in a safe part of the counthry yet; your honour is

unknown to the people about here, who would betray you to the President for five pounds, or less."

"For that very reason, it is necessary we should *remain* unknown. You must seek out some quiet resting-place; and the sooner the better, for I cannot advance much farther."

Having explained his condition and his intentions to his trusty friend, Lieutenant Lacy, Lord of Bruff, and commanded him to ride forward at the head of the troop, he, Dermot, and young Mac Rory, took the first mountain pass to the right, expecting to find the shelter of a cave, or rest beneath the shadow of a rock, for not a single human abode could be seen. After ascending a hill, which commanded a green and fruitful dell, through which meandered a clear, pebbly, and rapid stream, they looked around them for a habitation, but could see nothing but an ivy-clad monastery in ruins. "Let us rest a while on this green bank," said the Earl, dismounting, "I shall be better able to proceed by-and-by."

Dermot and Mac Rory dismounted also. The latter wandered at random, and ran hither and thither, among the hills, with the thoughtless delight of a young greyhound.

"What has caught that boy's eye now? Look

at him, my Lord. He sees something more than common, from the top of that cliff, or he would not stand so. But he sees we're lookin' at him, and here he comes ; we will hear what it is. Mac, what's that you're looking at, *acushla* ?"

Mac Rory ran back with speed, approached the Earl, and said in a whisper, putting his finger on his mouth—" *Come !*"

"What is it, boy ?" said the harper, whose curiosity appeared more excited than that of his master.

"*Come !*" said Mac Rory, with a curious, and knowing expression of face.

As the distance was not far, the green sward soft beneath his feet, and as the hæmorrhage of blood had stopped, the Earl approached the spot to which he pointed, and saw immediately beneath him, seated on a bank starred with primroses and mountain daisies, as lovely a girl as the Western sun ever shone upon. "*Hush !*" said he to his companions. "Do not disturb her for the world."

She wore a straw hat, with a wide leaf, which shaded her fair neck ; the beautiful symmetry of her bust was fully developed by a close-fitting black velvet spencer. Her skirt of blue silk did not descend low enough to conceal her small foot, high instep, and well turned ankle. She was

weaving a garland of flowers for the neck of a fine Irish wolf-dog, who watched the progress of the work with the attention of a young girl taking a lesson in crochet stitch ; and with, I verily believe, a deeper and closer interest than he would have watched the mixing of a mess for his supper. He seemed to have a sort of satisfied assurance that the garland was intended to adorn his own fine person. Though a brave dog, he had some of the vanity of an Indian chief. A Spanish lute lay on the grass, by the lady's side.

The harper, though an old man, about sixty years of age, was so transfixed to the spot, in admiration of the maiden's great beauty, that the Earl had to pull him back by the skirts, from the rock which overhung the primrose bank, on which this "Flower of Flowers" was reclining. But Mac Rory, on the contrary, left the place and treasure to his companions, and went in search of something new, like the cock in the fable, who found the diamond, the value of which he did not understand.

"Isn't she beautiful?" said the harper to the Earl, drawing back with a sigh, as a greedy boy does from a show-box, when compelled to make way for a new-comer.

"Hush," said the Earl, taking the harper's place, "she's divine." Having gazed in silence on this

beautiful vision, for about five minutes, he turned to his companion, and whispered in his ear—"She has taken up the lute. Hark! she is going to sing." He was not mistaken, for immediately after they heard a reverberation of sweet sounds running along the hill sides, as if each jutting rock were a lute or harp, or "*musical stone*," or as if Orpheus himself were the performer. It was the echo, and not the direct sounds of the lady's lute and voice which struck their ears. She had chosen the spot for the sake of the magical effect, with which she seemed familiar. The Earl caught the four last lines, which ran thus :—

"Ne let the same of any be envide :  
So Orpheus did for his owne bride !  
So I unto my-selfe, alone, will sing ;  
The woods shall to me answer, and my eccho ring."

The musician then moved further from the rock on which our hero stood, out of the range of the echo, and sang in a clear, deep, and most sweet-toned voice, the following verses :—

'Midst mountains wild and lonely,  
Where shepherds tend their sheep,  
'Midst ruins grey and hoary,  
Where bones of martyrs sleep ;  
Among these wilds I wander,  
Among these ruins stray,  
And sometimes stop and wonder,  
Or kneel me down and pray.



O God ! who made the mountains,  
And spread the clouds on air,  
O God ! who made the fountains,  
And all things good and fair ;  
Above these lofty mountains,  
Or mountains e'er so high,  
The winged thought oft stretches  
To regions in the sky :

And not alone the winged thought,  
But soul and spirit wait,  
With faith and hope expecting,  
To enter Heaven's gate ;  
And 'midst the saints and angels,  
Which throng the courts above,  
To seek my long lost parents,  
For whom o'er earth I'd rove.

"Who can the maiden be?" exclaimed the Earl,  
"an orphan it would seem, from her song."

"Will I answer her on the harp?" inquired Dermot, with enthusiasm.

"Stop, perhaps she will sing again," said his master, laying his hand on his arm. "No, I believe not—she is preparing to go ; perhaps you had better. It will detain her for a moment, and startle her less, in this strange place, than our appearance, or the sound of our voices. Do."

"What will it be?"

"Anything you can think of, but make haste, for she is about to rise and depart."

“Fiash fairgi tuile trie,  
Desmond breo os Banbha blaith brie.”

“English, man—English, Dermot,” said the Earl, interrupting the harper.

The harper shook his head, and began again thus :—

“A raven of the sea of rapid flight,  
Was Desmond, bravest in the fight ;  
The fairest flower on Ireland’s stem,  
Was Erin’s shield, and Munster’s gem.”

“Hold thee, there Dermot, no more of that nonsense.”

“Nonsense, my Lord !”

“Yes, cease now, and try something else.”

“Whisht ! I have what will please you now.”

“What is it ?”

“Something I made when I was coorting myself.”

“Well, begin.”

For a year, and for a day,  
’Mong the meadows and the hay,  
A coleen fair as May,  
I strove to gain ;  
There’s no art of tongue and eye,  
Which our sex with maidens try,  
Along with tear and sigh,  
But all in vain.

She's a golden feathered dove,  
To whom I gave my love,  
And who left me in the grove,  
Alone to mourn.  
And if it's Heaven's decree,  
That mine she cannot be,  
I'll away upon the sea,  
And ne'er return.

The maiden started to her feet at the first sounds of Dermot's harp and voice, like a fawn startled by the huntsman's horn and wild halloo. It would be difficult to say whether she was more surprised or alarmed. At the first sound of the instrument, the brilliancy and protrusion of her fine eyes, and the rapid advance of her foot for flight, showed that fear was predominant. But as the minstrel proceeded, the maiden's mouth partially opened, and her head and neck were bent forward, and turned somewhat aside, to catch the words, the sudden cessation of which seemed to disappoint her. She then looked around in utter astonishment; the dog looking almost as much confounded as his mistress. She at length concluded it must be the doing of some itinerant harper, who intended to afford her an agreeable surprise. How great, therefore, was her astonishment, to see a tall, and pre-eminently handsome man, in military costume, advance to the point of the rock above her head,

doff his helmet and black feather, bow low, and thus address her :—"Lady, can you forgive a stranger, and a wounded soldier, for practising such a wile, in order to detain you, while he inquires for the nearest habitation, where he may find rest and shelter for the night?"

The dog bayed in reply to the stranger.

"Down, Brien," said the lady. "If you are a stranger, and wounded," continued she, looking up with confusion—she stopped and hesitated—"If you are *wounded*, and a *stranger*," she reiterated, laying emphasis on the words, and acquiring confidence as she spoke, "you will, I doubt not, find a friend and a skilful leech in my uncle, whose house is near. But you are not alone? You are not the musician whose harp and voice I heard just now?"

"No, most fair and beauteous vargin," said the harper, protruding his head beyond his master's elbow, "it was I who attimpted to imitate the heavenly sounds of your voice and lute ; his lor—" "lordship," he was going to say.

"What the d—l are you about, man?" said the Earl in his ear, "you know I must lie concealed in those parts."

"His honour, I mane, my master, is more skilled in all martial ixercises than in musical insthru-

ments. It is my privilege to rehearse his noble deeds, in song ; but his honour plays incomparably well himself, considerin'——”

“ Considering what, you fool? I pray you, lady, excuse the bombast of my humble friend, who thinks more of the deeds of a poor soldier, than they are worth.”

“ My uncle’s mansion,” said the fair girl, “ is near at hand ; it lies concealed beyond that ruined abbey. I shall now depart, and prepare him for your reception. Whom have I the honour of addressing ?”

“ Captain Fitzgerald, at your service, lady ; but give me the pleasure of accompanying you home. Though my right arm is wounded, my left will guard you safe. I can clamber down this rock,” said he, essaying to do so, before the lady could reply. “ Let you and Mac Rory,” turning to Dermot, “ ride round with the horses.”

“ Are you mad ?” said Dermot, attempting to seize him by the vest ; but he was too late ; the Earl was out of his reach, and standing on a lower projection of the rock. From that he leaped to a second, and then to a third, grasping the branches which grew from the fissures, with his left hand ; descending to the bottom, with more speed than prudence. The next instant he took the lady’s

hand, and kissed it before she recovered from the terror of his descent, or the apparent awkwardness of her position. The dog, who followed close upon his heel, appeared too puzzled to decide whether or not he should interfere a second time.

"It's like them," said the harper, as the Earl walked off, with the beautiful girl by his side. "Ould Nick himself wouldn't hould them back, whin once they set their mind on a thing. His uncle, the Great Earl, whin he was his age, would lep into the pit of hell after a purty woman, or an inimy, he didn't care which. Look at him now, how sthrong he walks, though half the blood is run out of his body. He's goin' to help her over the brook. Well done ! she's over before him. Be the powers, she cleared it like a filly ; and beautiful fetlocks she has of her own. He's more nor half in love wid her as it is. Well, love is a quare thing. Come, acushla, catch the horses, and let us ride round, afther his lordship ; but mind, boy, yer not to call him my Lord, for your life. Do you hear now, child ; he don't want to be known in these parts. He'd have too many friends callin' to see him. His name is Fitzgerald, Captain Fitzgerald. Do you understand me ?"

Mac Rory gave a nod, and a wink, and a significant chuckle, which showed he knew what he was

about, and the part he was to act, almost as well as Dermot, the Earl's Prime Minister. Although naturally silent, like the goose, whose feathers adorned his cap, he seemed, at least occasionally, like that bird, to think more soberly and shrewdly than he got credit for.

## CHAPTER IX.

“Home is he brought, and laid in sumptuous bed,  
Where many skilful leaches him abide,  
To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.  
In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,  
And softly gan embalme on everie side.  
And all the while most heavenly melody  
About the bed sweet musicke did divide,  
Him to beguile of grieve and agony ;  
And all the while Duessa wept full bitterly.

SPENSER.

THE house to which the lady led the Earl was large, gabled, ivy-clad, and of antique structure. The internal appearance, furniture, and economy displayed a curious union of the woodman's craft, in close juxta-position with the female refinements of that day: the labour of the bow and needle lay side by side. In one panel, the head of an Irish wolf grinned horribly at a flock of sheep and a fair shepherdess ; a rusty sword, matchlock, and skein, or Irish stabbing knife, hung, like the terrors of the law, over the two tables of the commandments, wrought by the fair fingers of the young hostess. The wolf-dog, with the garland of flowers round his neck, lay down to rest on the skin of a badger, which served as a hearth-rug.



The host, who was old and feeble, had a calm and thoughtful brow. His person, which was remarkably spare, was bent, and his cheek and eye somewhat sunk.

He received his visitor hospitably, and with kindness ; but more like one who felt it was *a duty* "to entertain strangers," than from any hope of deriving pleasure from the visit ; but when the guest removed his helmet, and revealed the noble and fine features of his face, the old man's eye lighted up with youthful fire, and his heart leaped in his bosom. It was with difficulty that he restrained himself from rushing into the soldier's arms ; but he concealed his feelings, while he said :—"Your name, sir ? I ought to know that face."

"Fitzgerald," said the Earl ; "Captain Fitzgerald."

"I'm mistaken," said the old man sadly to himself ; "the same family, but not the same branch. But the family likeness is very strong. I thought it was the boy I——"

"What boy do you refer to, sir ?" inquired the Earl, examining the features and person of the old man, with close scrutiny.

"I mean the nephew of the Great Earl of Desmond—James Fitz Thomas, who is called the *Sugane Earl*."

"You knew him then," said the Earl, endeavouring to master some strong feeling in his own bosom.

"*Knew* him ! yes, and loved him as if he were my own son ; and he was worthy of it, for when a boy, he saved my life ; though for this, perhaps, I should not thank him."

"Why not ? the giving or saving of life is considered the greatest boon which one human being can bestow upon another."

"By those to whom life is a boon, or who so esteem it ; but this is not the case with all. When the misfortunes of life outweigh its blessings, death is gain ; the rest of the quiet grave to be desired. Few men of sober thinking live to my age, who do not see the wisdom and beauty of the preacher's figures, in the Book of Ecclesiastes, where he compares the declining years of an old man to the darkening of the sun and moon:—'In the day when the keepers of the house do tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves ; and the grinders cease because they are few ; and those that look out of the windows be darkened ; and the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low ; and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low ; and when they shall be afraid of that

which is high, and fears shall be in the way ; and the almond tree shall flourish ; and the grasshopper shall be a burden ; and desire shall fail.' It is the penalty of long-living to outlive all our friends and acquaintances, until the earth becomes a place of strange faces ; and the place which knew us knows us no more. The aged are hangers on to life, like the flowers in the end of autumn, which it seems kind to pluck. But I have fallen into a melancholy strain, unmeet for the reception of a guest. Excuse me, young man ; but old and sad associations, revived by the resemblance of your face to a noble boy, whom I once tenderly loved, are the cause.

"You observed," said the young man, addressing the domestic chaplain of his uncle with tenderness—for such his host once had been—"you said, father, that he once saved your life."

"Yes, he did, the noble boy, at the hazard of his own."

"How did it happen?"

"It was in the September of the year 1580, that I returned to this country (after living on the Continent), in the expedition under the command of Sebastian de St. Joseph. The expedition was about eight hundred strong, and contained several clergymen, as the principal object of the Holy

Father, and His Highness, Philip, King of Spain, in sending the expedition into Ireland, was the propagation of the faith, and the strengthening of the hands of Christ's poor ministers in this country. We landed at Ardnacant, called by the English, Smerwick, in Kerry ; and built a fort on a small rocky island in the harbour, which is now called the Fort del Or. The fort was strong, and we brought with us ammunition and arms, to supply five thousand men. The Earl of Ormond, who was encamped at Tralee, besieged us ; but we made upon him such a successful sally as forced him to retreat to Rathkeale. This gave great encouragement to our people, and the Catholic gentry around, who visited us from all quarters. Among these came the Great Earl of Desmond, with a large company, and his young nephew, James Fitz Thomas. The child incontinently attached himself to me, and it was not till several hours after his uncle's retinue had departed, that it was discovered he had been left behind ; but believing him to be in safe hands, they delayed sending for him, till the following day. But the next day the place was blocked up by sea and land. Lord Arthur Grey led a force against it, from Dublin ; and Admiral Winter was stationed with ships on the coast, and at the harbour's mouth.

After a siege of forty days, a truce was made, and a surrender agreed on ; on condition of safety and liberty to return to Spain being sworn to by Lord Grey. But when the fort was delivered up, he gave a command to slaughter the garrison. The duty of seeing this barbarous order executed devolved on Captain Walter Raleigh, now styled Sir Walter Raleigh. When the slaughter commenced, the boy was in the upper loft of a tower of the fort, with me, and twelve men, whom I was hurriedly confessing. Captain Raleigh was the first to enter the loft. The men were on their knees, in a circle round me. Captain Raleigh, who did not seem to like the duty, said, 'I am sorry to hasten you, but my time is short ; are you ready, gentlemen ?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'the will of God be done.' 'Fall on, my men,' said Raleigh, 'but spare that child.' 'Not if you slay my friend,' said the boy, throwing himself so suddenly into my arms—while I was on my knees—as to throw me on my back, and fall upon me,—'slay us both if you like.' 'That's a brave boy,' said the Captain. 'Come away, and let them live.'"

"I remember it well," said the young Earl.

"Remember what ?" said the old clergyman.

"Remember hearing, I mean, these circumstances related before."

"Dear uncle," said the old man's niece, "you forget that your guest is wounded, and, no doubt, weary. The horn for supper has twice blown, but I did not like to interrupt you, in the midst of your story, as you were rehearsing the deeds of your favourite hero, the young Earl of Desmond."

"It is not the first time you have heard your uncle mention his name?" said the Earl to the lady, taking her hand, and leading her into the hall, where the supper was laid.

"Indeed it is not, sir, nor the hundredth time ; and my uncle is generally so eloquent in praise of both his deeds and his handsome person, that I feel quite enchanted with him, without ever having had the pleasure of seeing him ; but I can imagine, I think, from his description, the sort of man he is."

"Will you favour me," said the Earl, "with a glimpse of the picture you have formed in your imagination, for I have lately seen the Earl, and shall tell you whether I think you correct."

"Well, I should say that the Earl," looking up with a smile, "is a man about your own height and figure."

"Quite correct there. We are the same height, to a quarter of an inch."

"He is, I should say, a little older than you. According to my uncle's calculation he must be

about three and thirty. You, I should say, are about twenty-eight."

"We are both the same age, and were born the same day."

"A remarkable coincidence," said the lady.

"You have not described his features," said the Earl.

"He has splendid eyes; black as night, as the poets would say; a noble brow, Roman nose, beautiful mouth, teeth as white as pearls."

"Overdrawn, madam, quite overdrawn; the *Sugane* Earl is no more than an ordinary, commonplace man in his appearance."

"What, sir!" said the old man, breaking in—"James Fitz-Thomas, the Earl of Desmond, a plain, commonplace man, in his appearance?"\*

"Decidedly so," said the Earl.

"Your great modesty must plead your want of discernment, sir."

"What do you mean, uncle?"

"I mean, my love, that there is a marked resemblance between this gentleman and the Earl; so much so that I first mistook him for my young friend, James Fitz-Thomas, as I told him; but I find he is no more than a distant relative."

\* Cox says he was the "handsomest man of his time."—Vol. I., p. 415.

At these words the niece raised her eyes to the countenance of their guest, and scanned and scrutinized each feature with a lightning glance, and with deep and absorbing interest, and let them fall with a blushing brow, as the Earl detected her in the act.

"I fear your admiration of the hero of your imagination will decrease from henceforward," said the Earl in a low voice.

"I did not say so," said the lady. "Did my countenance express disappointment?"

"No, but I fear you felt it."

"Then my face is a hypocrite."

"By no means, but too kind to express disagreeable truths."

"I suppose I must say, with my uncle, that your modesty must atone for your want of discernment; but you are eating nothing, sir. Allow me to send you some of this venison pasty, or would you prefer that capon?"

"The capon, if you please."

"I should recommend you, Captain Fitzgerald, to try the pasty; my niece is famous for her venison pasties."

"The venison pasty, then, by all means," said the young Earl, handing his platter to the niece; and marking the contour of her fine head and shoulders, while she bent over the dish; running his eye from



the tips of her ears to the ends of her fingers, as she selected the choicest *bonnes bouches*.

"*Famous*, uncle—what mean you by that?" said the girl, whose cheeks were burning hot beneath the concentrated rays of the Earl's eyes, for she *felt* they were fixed upon her; "I am not aware that my fame has extended beyond the boundary of these hills, even for the feat of making a venison pasty."

"The finest and sweetest flowers are often found in the deepest and most retired glens and valleys," said the Earl.

"Perhaps it is best it should be so," said the old man, answering his niece, and marking for the first time, if not with jealousy, at least with uneasiness, or something like apprehension, the admiration with which his guest seemed to feast his eyes on the beautiful person of his niece. "Perhaps it's best it should be so : the fame and admiration of the world is little worth; the praise of man bringeth a snare. I believe I have enjoyed more happiness in this quiet spot, than ever I did before."

The young Earl, who possessed more of the domestic virtues than of ambition or taste for the pursuits of the rude and warlike companions by whom he was generally surrounded, sighed deeply as he said to himself—"Oh ! that I might retire from the turmoil of life, to such a spot as this, with such

a companion! Were I to consult my own feelings I should relinquish my claims on the broad lands and Earldom of Desmond, to-morrow, and make the exchange with pleasure; but destiny has decided otherwise, and prepared for me a soldier's or perhaps a traitor's grave; or to be hunted like a wolf among the mountains of Kerry, as was my poor uncle, and in the end be betrayed by some false follower or friend. It is a bitter cup, but I must drink it; the interests of Ireland, and the claims of religion, demand the sacrifice."

The old man, who marked the sudden change which came over his guest's countenance, from admiration of his niece to sober and sad thought, said to him:—"Captain Fitzgerald, you must fill your glass, and drink my toast; *you* must drink it also, Ellen. Fill my niece's glass, Captain Fitzgerald. 'James Fitz-Thomas, Earl of Desmond, and may God give him success over all his enemies.'"

"James Fitz-Thomas, Earl of Desmond, and may God give him success over all his enemies," repeated the young Earl, in rather a hesitating tone.

"I hope you are not jealous of your cousin," said the host, who marked his manner. "I thought you drank it rather coolly; but I cannot expect," continued he, "that every one should love the boy as I loved him."

"By no means," said the Earl, intending to answer the *first* part of the old man's remark. The truth was he was so anxious to discover the way in which the lady received and drank the toast, that he paid no attention to his own manner of doing it.

"By no means!" said the old man, repeating his words, and taking them as the reply to his *last* remark; "you surely know nothing to the disadvantage of the Earl of Desmond?"

"I cannot say I do."

"Can't say you do! do you not know that he is as honourable a man as lives, and the best and bravest soldier in the kingdom?"

"Well, I can't say I would go so far as that with you, sir."

"Then you cannot know the Earl, sir. I do not speak of James, the *Parliamentary Earl*, as he is called; that is, the *son* of Garrett, but the nephew."

"I know whom you mean, sir."

"Do you know him well, personally? have you ever been in the field with him?"

"Frequently."

"And you do not consider him a good soldier."

"I did not say that, sir; but I hesitated, when you called him the '*best* and bravest soldier in the kingdom.'"

"Perhaps Captain Fitzgerald considers himself

as good and brave a soldier as the Earl, uncle," said the lady, looking into their guest's face with a great deal of curious intelligence.

"I did not say so, madam. Whatever may be my opinion of the Earl, I think but humbly of my own poor abilities."—"It is no easy matter," thought he, "to act a feigned part; I fear this girl suspects who I am. She would hardly make a rude, nor, I think, an unkind remark. Men are more easily deceived than women; though why she should suspect me, I cannot imagine, for we never met before; but, as I fear she does, the sooner I retire the better. The Earl of Desmond has shewn himself, in this affair, but an indifferent soldier, or he would not have been so easily vanquished by a girl. I would tell her so, if I were sure she suspected me; but perhaps it is wisest, after a bad fight, to make as good a retreat as the circumstances admit of; and after all, suspicion is not certainty, and may be allayed."—"If you will permit me, I will now retire," said he, rising from supper; "my arm has grown more uneasy, within the last half hour, and I wish my servant to look to it before bed time."

The reader has, no doubt, been surprised at our hero's being able to sit it out so long; but what will not the society of a lovely woman enable man to

endure. In the present case, the sufferer seemed oblivious of pain, like a man under the influence of opium, or chloroform ; so much so, that the lady began to suspect the young soldier had only feigned being wounded, or had been only lightly scratched, till she heard him complain, as he rose and left the room.

To neglect or trifle with one's health is as foolish as it is heroic. A hole in the skin should be no more neglected than a hole in the coat, for—

“ A stitch in time, saves nine,  
And sometimes ninety-nine,”

as mothers often tell their romping boys, and idle lasses, who allow jackets and stockings to run too long without mending. It was in this sort of strain that the harper moralized, and argued with his master, when dressing his shoulder, which he found greatly inflamed.

“ How could your lordship think——”

“ I shall be obliged, Dermot, by your not calling me Lord. I have a reason for it.”

“ I beg your lordship's pardon, I shall be more particular for the future ; but how could you think of leaving this shoulder so long undressed? the flesh is red to your elbow, and I see the swelling runs down to your hand. Musha, bad luck to the purty

face of that lady. I lay the whole blame upon her. I must run to her now for a plaster, and see if she has the right weed to make the fermentation, for I must bathe that arm, and thry and bring down the swellin'."

The lady, who was deeply skilled in the proper treatment of wounds and bruises, and the healing properties of very many medicinal plants, speedily prepared the proper dressings and fomentations, to which she added a cooling or composing draught, which he drank like so much nectar. He thought it even more delicious than the venison pasty, for although this was made by her own hand, it was not manufactured and mixed especially *for him*.

"That seems good," said the harper, as he watched his master draining the cup. "It smells beautiful."

The Earl had often shared his last cup of wine with his faithful servant, but he could spare him none of this. He would sooner have given him so many drops of his own blood. How closely is selfishness bound up with our sweetest pleasures! In the affairs of the heart this is pre-eminently the case.

## CHAPTER X.

“ By music, minds an equal temper know ;  
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low :  
Warriors she fires with animated sounds,  
Pours balm into the bleeding lover’s wounds.”—POPE.

BUT notwithstanding the dressing, fomentations, and composing draught, the Earl awoke the next morning in a high state of fever, with his arm more inflamed than ever ; so much so, that Dermot, after consulting the lady, whom he called his “ *purty potecary*,” consented to call in the aid of her uncle, the old priest.

“ You should have shewn me this wound last night, young man,” said the host, first looking at the inflamed arm, and then at the flushed countenance of the young Earl. “ I could not have suspected this from your appearance last night, or I should not have recommended your eating that venison pasty, which was rather highly spiced, or drinking wine, which was too inflammatory for you ; but that cannot be helped now. Get me a dish,” said he, turning to the harper, “ I must take some blood\* from the

\* “ Before the time of Harvey” the circulation of the blood was known “ by several anatomists.”—*Penny Cyclopædia*.

other arm ; and ask my niece to give you my case of instruments."

"Be the powers, your rivrence, he's lost already nearly half the blood in his body."

"Get me the lancet, and a dish, sir, and make no further observations. What's that man's name?" inquired the priest of the Earl, as Dermot left the room, scratching his head, and considering whether he had acted wisely in giving up the case to a new doctor, or in other words, whether it was for the weal of his master's constitution to put the sword into the hands of a Dictator, who thought so little of the shedding of human blood, and so lightly of his, the harper's, skill.

"His name is *Dermot O'Dugan*," said the Earl; "an old and faithful servant, though a little self-willed and opinionated."

"A strange coincidence," replied the old man; "I knew a person very like him, in the old Earl of Desmond's household, named, I think, O'Dugan ; yes, of a surety, that was the name ; but he was a harper ; and now I think of it, he was much younger than this man." He forgot that seventeen or eighteen years make some difference in a man's age and appearance.

The fever, for a time, seemed to give way to the skill of the new physician, but it was only for a



time, for the next day the noble patient was delirious, raving of love and battles. He was now charging at the head of his wild dragoons, with "a Desmond aboo ! a Papa aboo ;" or a hearty cheer, or "hurra" for the victory ; and anon, discoursing most sweet and eloquent nonsense into the ears of an Irish maiden, seated by his side, as he thought, upon some flowery hillock, or beneath the shade of a spreading beech-tree. It was interesting, during his paroxysms and changes of mind, to mark the varied expressions of his face, which seemed to change more suddenly than the face of the sky, when the clouds are driven of fierce winds. When war was his theme, and he imagined himself at the head of his troops, his eye-balls flashed fire, his nostrils dilated, like those of his war horse, and the veins of his forehead swelled and twisted, like strong cords ; but when the battle was over, and the star of Venus cast its magic influence over his fatigued and throbbing brain, his eye no longer shot devouring flame ; his voice was modulated to the expression of the fondest and most delicate love, while a smile of ineffable sweetness played about his mouth.

His condition was now such as to require the most tender watchfulness and unremitting attention. One person had to sit always near him, to

prevent his injuring the wounded arm ; another to wet his lips, or bathe his fiery temples. As he appeared quite unconscious, and seemed to recognize no one, Ellen Cavendish, who before had been hovering round him, like an invisible spirit, administering to all his wants, ventured to appear before him. He fixed his eyes upon her for a moment with so much earnestness, that she stood transfixed to the floor by the gaze, like a thief detected in his chamber ; but he soon turned away his head, and seemed again unconscious of her presence.

The next night, while she and the harper were watching, the Earl, who, though still delirious, appeared somewhat better, began to sing.

“Faith,” said Dermot, “I think I’ll thry the harp. It always plased him ; it can do him no harm ; but lady, dear, if you would thry the lute, I’ll give my life it will calm him down. See, he’s gettin’ flushed agin ; and he’ll be on his high horse and in the thick of the battle, in no time. Do, dear lady ; do, *acushla-machree*, and the angels in heaven bless you.”

Ellen, who could not resist the eloquent appeals of the Earl’s poor and faithful servant, brought in her lute, and played and sung.

The effect was magical, almost miraculous : the

Earl was in full career, dashing forward to the battle on his foaming charger, as Ellen Cavendish entered with her lute; but the vibration of the first chord which her fingers touched, and the first sound of her beautiful voice, arrested his rapid progress, like a voice from heaven. He drew in his arms with a sudden jerk, like a horseman reining in his steed, and raised his head and eyes with an expression of such supreme interest and delight, that the performer, for his sake, sighed when she had sung out her piece.

The harper urged her to play a second, but she requested him to try the harp.

“I’ll do so to please you, lady; but I’m sure it won’t have the same power over him. Let me see; what will I play? It must be something cheerful. I have it; the song he made me make before he’d give me back the harp he made one of the boys stale, when I was asleep, and a little harty! It’s often he laughed at it:—

Says Jove one day,  
“A trick I’ll play  
Upon that piper, Orpheus;  
That while I sleep  
He’ll silence keep—  
Come hither, Master Morpheus.

“You see that chap,  
Is in a nap:  
Now seal up both his eyes.

*Mai*,\* you are cute,  
So steal his lute,  
And keep it as your prize."

As Orpheus woke,  
His fingers grope  
About in sad confusion ;  
He rubs his eyes,  
And then he cries,  
" By Jove! here's some delusion."

Nor did he stay,  
Till break of day,  
But ran to Jove a-moaning ;  
Beneath the sill,  
Jove got a spill  
of Irish hullogoaning.

" Get out of that,  
You noisy brat,  
Or be the powers above me——"  
" O! Jove," says he,  
" Get up and see  
My throuble, if you love me."

He made a rout,  
That brought Jove out,  
Unrobed above the middle :  
" Now state your case,  
Or be this mace——"  
" The gods have stole my fiddle."

Then Jove cried, " Hoy !  
Bring here that toy,  
And give it to this crature :  
Ah! *Mai*, my man,  
Do what you can,  
*You cannot conquer Nature.*"

\* *Mercurius*, the son of Jupiter and *Maia*, was the god or captain of thieves, as well as a professor of music and dancing.

The Earl seemed to listen for some moments with curious attention. A puzzled and comical expression first rested on his brow, which, in a few seconds, gave place to a frown; and before Dermot had finished the fourth stanza, the patient began to growl as a surly dog does at the voice of a beggar who attempts to pass him, or to curry favour with him, by a pat on the back.

"Bow! wow!" said the harper, "sure I tould you so; faix *you've* stole my harp in earnest, and spoilt my music; I fear he'll never take to it agin, after hearin' your lute, if God in his mercy spares him. There, now, I've done him more harm than good; hearken to him agin, gettin' on his high horse; may the saints in heaven bless you, and play for him agin."

Ellen again took up her lute and advanced to the foot of the bed. She was attired in a white muslin robe, with a scarf of blue silk over her shoulders. She looked, in the pale moonbeams, like the queen of night; or like a holy angel, looking from out the clouds of heaven. She sang the following hymn:—

Arrayed in robes most bright,  
Spirits of light,  
The sick and dying strengthen:  
They wipe the widow's tears,  
They hush the maiden's fears,  
The days of youth to lengthen.

Arrayed in robes of air,  
Spirits most fair,  
Beside the deathbed linger :  
Away with palms they wave,  
The fear of death and grave,  
Pointing to heaven the finger.

Arrayed in robes of white,  
The saints in light,  
Around heaven's throne assemble :  
To harps of gold they sing,  
Praises to heaven's King ;  
The souls in darkness tremble.

The dying Earl listened to the maiden's hymn with entranced interest, and looked like one who heard

"The whispering angels say,  
'Sister-spirit, come away.'"

“Hark!” cried he, starting up, raising his index finger, and fixing his dark eyes on the musician. He then fell back with a placid smile upon his brow, which was speedily followed by the pallor of death.

Dermot rushed to the bed side, peered long and fearfully into his master's face, and uttered a heart-rending wail, which aroused every soul in the house:—"O God! he's dead—the Earl is dead—my kind, good master is dead! O God! O God!"

“Is it possible?” said the priest, who was the first to enter, advancing towards the bed, and examin-

ing the face more closely. "No, he breathes—he sleeps; this is the crisis of the disease, and I hope it may turn out favourably. —What is this on the floor? Ellen! my child, is it you? Help here, Dermot; she has fainted. Your death-cry has terrified her. Ellen, my child, do you hear me?"

But Ellen heard not, and it was fully half an hour before she recovered any thing like consciousness; and when she did recover, the first words she asked were, "Is he dead? Is the Earl of Desmond dead?"

The answer, "No, but much better," which the harper whispered in her ear, had an almost instantaneous effect in bringing back the colour to her cheeks.

## CHAPTER XI.

“ And on his little winges the Dreame he bore,  
In hast unto his lord, where he him left afore,  
Who all this while, with charmes and hidden artes,  
Had made a lady of that other spright,  
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes,  
So lively and so like in all men's sight,  
That weaker sence it could have ravisht quight;  
That maker's self, for all his wondrous witt,  
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight.  
Her all in white he clad, and over it  
He cast a stole, most like to seeme for Una fit.”

SPENSER.

It was late the next day when the Earl awoke, wasted and pale in appearance, but refreshed and free from pain. “ Oh ! I have had a most delightful dream, Dermot,” said he, after opening his eyes, and looking round the chamber with curious interest, to see where he was, “ I have had a most delightful dream, if I should call it a dream, for it was more like a vision.”

“ What was it, my Lord ? did you see, or hear anything ?”

“ I thought, Dermot, I was in Paradise, sitting on a bank of flowers, and an angel descended



from heaven, with a lute, like the lady of this house ; and sang and played in the most heavenly and delightful manner. But she suddenly ceased, and disappeared ; when I heard a number of as abominable and discordant sounds as ever issued from the mouth of hell, or the throat of Cerberus."

"Bow ! wow !" said Dermot, in an under tone, "a purty complimint he pays me and my harp."

"Did you speak, Dermot ?"

"No, my Lord ; but did you hear or see anything else ?"

"Oh, yes ! I felt so pained and distressed by these horrible and hellish sounds——"

"*Milé murther !*"

"What's that you say, Dermot ?"

"Nothing, my Lord ; go on wid the vision ; you felt so pained and disthressed——"

"I felt so pained and distressed by these horrible and hellish sounds, that I prayed that the angel might be permitted to return to me again ; and would you believe it, my prayer was answered."

"What was the angel like, your honour ?"

"Like a beautiful woman. She came down in a silvery and azure cloud, and I thought beckoned me up to heaven."

"I hope your lordship is not a Mahomdant, that worships hures."

"*Houris*, you mean, Dermot. No, I believe it was my guardian angel. Perhaps it was the spirit of my mother."

"His mother! *ugh-yeh!* If Miss Ellen heard that," said the harper to himself. "Your mother! God be merciful to her soul. No, she was a fine woman, *in her time*; but it wasn't her."

"Who do you think it was, then?"

"How should I know, your honour? What could the likes of me know of heavenly visions, or dhrames, or divine sounds, a poor, ignorant harper? Ax Miss Ellen; prhaps she could tell you more about it."

"Do you think she could, Dermot?"

"Iv coorse; but your honour had best not talk too much; take a dhrink of this, and lie quiet, and get another sleep; and prhaps you may see another vision, or dhrame, who knows? God is good."

After waiting to see his master dozing, the harper stole on tiptoe from the room, hastened to Miss Cavendish, and described to her most faithfully and fully his master's vision; and to do him justice, he did not spare himself in repeating the comparison made between his and the lady's musical perfor-

mance. The lady heard him to the end, but with a blushing and confused face.

"I'm now goin' to tell your uncle how well the master is, me lady."

"Dermot," said the lady, calling him back.

"Well, me lady?"

Miss Cavendish hesitated.

"Did you call me, me lady?"

"Yes ; there is no occasion, Dermot, to repeat to my uncle what you said to me."

"Iv coorse not, me lady. Bow ! wow ! do you think I am a fool?" with a wink of the eye.

"He might think," continued the lady, "that the music had retarded your master's recovery."

"Retarded, is it ? Be the powers but you cured him. I always thought my harp the best leeches instherment in my bag, but your lute beats it hollow." So saying he made his way to the library, where the priest was reading.

"Well, Dermot, how is your master?" inquired the host of the harper, as he entered the room.

"Did he wake yet?"

"He did, your rivirence, and he seems illigint."

"Did you give him the drink ?"

"Yes your rivirence, and after takin' it, he dozed aff to sleep agin."

"That's all right," replied the clergyman. He

then gave the harper what would be called in modern days a "most knowing look," as he said, "I think, Dermot, I have seen your face before?"

"Is it me, your rivirence? Faix may be so. Where was it, your rivirence?"

"At the Old Earl's castle, at Tralee."

"Never," said the harper, with great decision.

"Don't be too sure now, for I think I am not mistaken."

"You were never more mistaken in your life, your rivirence."

"The person I mean was not only a harper, but a kind of Jack-of-all-trades; he was a bone-setter, and he sometimes acted as huntsman; he also professed to a knowledge of medicine."

"The devil crack my collar bone, if it was me, your rivirence."

The clergyman looked at him with surprise, and then said to himself—"What a consummate liar! for that was his oath, 'the devil crack my collar bone.' His name was also the same as yours, Dermot O'Dugan."

"It's my cousin you mane, your rivirence; sure we're as like as two brothers, me father's brother's son; he was a harper too."

"What relation is your master, Captain Fitzgerald

to James Fitz-Thomas, called the *Sugane* Earl?" said the priest, trying to puzzle him, and make him confess the truth.

"Is it what relation my master is to the *Sugane* Earl of Desmond, your rivirence wants to know?" said the harper, repeating the question, while he ran his mind's eye up and down the branches of the great genealogical tree of the family, to see on what limb he should engraft the *pseudo*-Captain Fitzgerald.

"Yes, that's just the question I ask you."

"Your rivirence has heard, no doubt, of Sir Thomas, the Twelfth Earl of Desmond, the husband of the Ould Countess?"

"Yes, he died in 1534."

"He knows too much intirely; it will take the ould boy to puzzle him. It's mighty hard decavin' a priest," said he to himself, scratching his head. "Well your rivirence, afther him came his grandson, Thomas the Court Page, a mighty good young man, considerin' he was brought up in the court of that bloody rogue, Henry VIII."

"Not exactly," said the priest, "he *should* have come after Thomas the Twelfth Earl, but his grand-uncle, Sir John, seized his inheritance, and took the title."

"Right agin, your rivirence. His grand-uncle

was a bad man, though I don't like sayin' anything agin the family."

"But you are not telling me all this time, what relation your master is to the *Sugane* Earl."

"I am comin' to that now, your rivirence."

"Well, make haste about it."

"Well, afther the ould man's death, that is the uncle, the Court Page ashumed the title agin, for which he was murdered by his ould uncle's son, James, the Fifteenth Earl."

"Quite correct," said the priest, "but he was, notwithstanding, received at Hampton Court as a peer of the realm, and the rightful owner of the title."

"Just so, your rivirence. Well he was the father of Gerald or Garret the Great Earl, who was the uncle of the *Sugane* Earl, that is the cousin of my master, Captain Fitzgerald."

"Then you have just come round to where you started from, for what I asked you was, *what relation is your master to the Sugane Earl?*"

"Is it what relation my master is to him?"

"Yes," said the priest, almost as much amused at the fellow's impudence, as he was pleased at hunting it out.

"Let me see ; yes, I have it now, his uncle's grandmother was half brother——"

"Half brother!"

"Half sister, I mane. His uncle's grandmother's brother was half sister to the *Sugane* Earl's grandfather."

"They were Kerry cousins, then."

"Yes, your rivirence."

"Well, you need not take the trouble of telling any more lies, for I know your master to be James Fitz-Thomas, Earl of Desmond. Now don't deny it, for I heard you confess it yesterday, when you thought he was dead; but I knew him the moment he entered the door."

"Sure if your rivirence had tould me that at first, I needn't have tould you any lies; God help me, but how could I know that your rivirence knew him?"

"And if I did not know him, was that any reason why you should deny him, and lead me astray, and tell so many falsehoods about him?"

"Iv coorse, your rivirence, when my maste'r tould me. Don't for the world," says he, "tell them who I am, or I'll be the death of ye, says he."

"Did he know, then, who we were, before he came here?"

"*Know* who ye were! Bow! wow! to be sure he did." This the reader knows to be another falsehood.

"You are quite sure of that now?"

"As sure as that the saints are in heaven. Dermot, says he, there's an ould friend of mine, says he, livin' in these parts, says he; he was an ould friend of my uncle's, says he, and I'm as fond of him as my own father, says he. Won't I give him a start, says he; but don't for your life, says he, let on who I am, says he, nor don't dar' call me, my Lord, says he. That was his very words, your riverence, if I was dyin'; and your rivirence won't let on that I tould you."

"I don't know how to believe you, Dermot," said the priest, in a hesitating, doubtful mood.

"Believe me! Do you think I'd tell your rivirence a lie? Oh! God forbid!"

"You may go, Dermot. I shall see your master, when he wakes up again; but you need not mention that I know him."

"Is it I? not for the world, your rivirence."

"I don't know what to think of this young man's visit," continued the clergyman, musing with himself, with deep thought and anxiety on his brow. "I cannot believe he intended to deceive me, but his attentions to Ellen were very marked. It would break my heart, to find that the boy whom I loved, and believed to be the soul of honour, stole into this house, like a wolf into a fold, to rob his old friend



of the lamb that lay in his bosom, and was to him as a daughter ; but I shall wait, to allow him to develope his designs, if they be evil. He shall not discover that I know him."

If we wish a secret well kept, we must keep it to ourselves. Few can do this, and the circumstances of some secrets will not admit of it. This was the case with the Earl's secret, before it became such.

The cleverest men are generally the most likely to let out a secret. Not merely from a propensity to blab, to which most of them are addicted, but from an over-acting, or over doing of the lie, if it be a lie. Owen, the "fool" the "idiot," the "innocent," and the "*omadhaun*," as Dermot called his companion, kept in what the other let out.

There is no one more likely than a clever Irishman to "let out" a secret, mystery, or deception of any kind. His genius in lying is too fertile ; it causes so many new lies to spring up around the first shoot, or parent lie, that it becomes most difficult to distinguish which is which ; and therefore to remember the lie which it is of most importance to maintain, and on which the others depend for strength and support ; for where there are such a number, it is impossible to maintain them all in force and vigour.

When the harper returned to the Earl's room, he told him, notwithstanding his promises to the contrary, that their host had discovered who he was.

"Then you, you scoundrel," said the Earl, in a passion, "must have told him."

"Is it me, your honour? no, but he knew you whin you first came to the house; but sure, in your ravin', whin you were sick, you let the cat out of the bag intirely."

"How so? What did I say?"

"Say!—sure you said you were the great Earl of Desmond—though they called you the *Sugane* Earl—that you had a property of eight millions of acres in Kerry, that you had an army of fifty thousand foot, and thirty thousand horse soldiers, and lashins of money for all that would jine you."

"You lie, you scoundrel!—I never said anything like that. I have my faults, but boasting or bombast is not among them. I never spoke in a strain like that, in or out of my senses."

"Then, be me faith! your honour, it was something like it."

"Well, what did *you* say? Confess it, of course?"

"Confess it!—no; but I swore be all the saints in the kalender, that you were nothing more nor a Kerry cousin to the *Sugane* Earl; but it was no use in life. The old priest is as cunning as a fox, and

I see him laughin' out of the corner of his eye, as much as to say, let us see what hole he'll run into now ; and at long last, afther bothering the brains out of me to explain the relationship, he told me, quiet and asy-like, that I needn't tell any more lies about it, for he knew it all."

" Well, what happened next ?"

" He axed me if you knew him, and all about him, before you came to the house."

" You, of course, told him not—told him the truth ?"

" The *truth* ! Catch me at that !—I'd like that ! Arrah, sure your honour don't take me for an *om-adhaun* outright."

" What did you tell him, then ?"

" I tould him how that your honour said to me that an ould friend of your honour's lived in these parts, and that although you were in a morthal hurry to jine your army, and give the Prisident of Munsther a batin', that you wouldn't, for all the Prisidents in Ireland, miss of seein' your ould friend."

" Well, you have told as decent a lie as you could put together, I have no doubt ; but I would rather you had told the simple truth. I shall now thank you to request our host to come to my room."

The servant did as he was commanded, and

said to the priest, "My master, the Earl, would be pleased to see your rividence."

"The Earl," said the priest, repeating the word; "then you have told him of our conversation, which I bid you not; you have acted foolishly."

"Tould him," said Dermot, scratching his head, "tould him, is it? Bad luck to me, but he got it out of me."

"My Lord," said the priest, with emphasis, as he entered the Earl's sick room, "I understand you desire to see me."

"Father," said the Earl, sitting up, and reaching out both his hands to the priest, "can you forgive me, for practising a deception upon you?"

"My son," said the priest, with a tenderness and emotion which he found it difficult to restrain, "you never gave me occasion to doubt your honour, and I must not do so now."

"Neither will you, when you hear me. My servant spoke falsely, in asserting that I was aware of your residence, and came here to see you. Had I known where to find you, I would have gone over the kingdom to make you out; but I did not, till your fair niece led me to this house. It is of her I would speak, father: I love your niece; I have loved her from the first hour I saw her, and shall love her to my last hour."

The old priest looked perplexed and confused, but he did not interrupt the Earl, whose pale cheek flushed fearfully as he spake.

"But I resolved to win her heart as Captain Fitzgerald, and not as the Earl of Desmond. This purpose was formed before I met you ; and nothing less than such a resolution could restrain my feelings of love and affection for you, or prevent my casting myself into your arms. Will you now accept my embrace?" said he, raising his arms towards the priest.

"*Will* I ? can you doubt it ? but do not interpret this embrace as an approval or reception of your suit. This, my son, can never be."

He spoke in a deaf ear, for the Earl had fainted on his shoulder, from over-exertion and excitement, which brought on a relapse.

## CHAPTER XII.

*"Tityre, tu patulæ recumbans sub tegmine fagi,  
Sylvestrem tenui Musam meditaris avena:  
Nos patriæ fines et dulcia linquimus arva;  
Nos patriam fugimus. Tu, Tityre, lentus, in umbra,  
Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida sylvas."*—VIRGIL.

THE progress from fever to convalescence is often slow. It was not so in the present instance, for the invalid had a strong constitution, but he sadly lamented the absence of those heavenly visions, which had transported his soul to the gates of Paradise.

I need not explain to my readers, that the cause of their disappearance resulted from the caution and maidenly shyness of Ellen Cavendish, who did not cross the threshold of the Earl's chamber, after his restoration to perfect consciousness. The possession of a sound mind is one of man's noblest endowments; but the young Earl thought the withdrawal of his ministering angel too high a price for the possession. There are some states of mental derangement, from which it seems cruel to relieve us. It is like awaking us too soon from some beautiful dream, to the cold realities of life,

for which I have known servants to get "more kicks than half-pence."

But we shall, in kindness to our hero's fame, draw a veil across the period of his history during which he was confined as a prisoner to his chamber, where the poor harper found it most difficult to please him. No hero is a hero with his *valet*. Dermot tried to dispel the evil spirit of discontent, by conciliation and coaxing, and as a *dernier resort*, he tried his harp; but his harp had either lost its power to charm, or his master had become like "a deaf adder, who would not be charmed," let him play "never so wisely."

But I shall pass on to the time of convalescence, when the invalid was allowed to leave his sick room, and breathe the fresh air of heaven, and tread the flowery fields, and inhale the scent of the hawthorn, and listen to the voice of birds, and the hum of bees, and the sound of running waters, and turn his cheek to the fanning of the zephyrs.

The evening was bright and mild, when the Earl awoke, refreshed, from an after-dinner nap, which his host insisted on his indulging in. He opened his eyes, and looked around for his friends, but found the room deserted, and concluded from the stillness which reigned throughout the house, that the family were abroad.

"Where have they gone? to the garden, no doubt," thought the Earl; "I shall go in search of them." In the east end of the garden was a bower, and near the bower were a number of bee-hives, the inhabitants of which were passing in and out, with the serious and important bustle of stock-brokers, brushing each other's skirts, through 'Change Alley; or London clerks, carrying gold to the Bank, or porters about the docks of the Custom House. Some were hastening out, others were more slowly returning, laden with precious burdens, while others remained within, packing the goods, and stowing the cells with liquid nectar. As the evening was warm, the "work glowed," for their motto seemed to be, "Make your hay while the sun shines."

The occupation and bustle about the bee-hive appeared, for a moment, to reproach the Earl for his inactivity, and caused him to make more rapid strides up and down the garden walk; but of this he soon tired. He therefore sat down in the alcove, and began to mark, with more calmness, the quiet growth and progress of inanimate nature around him—the flowers opening their leaves to the sun, the certain, but imperceptible increase of the rich fruits on the branches above his head, the crops, waving and glistening on the side of a neighbouring



hill—everything appeared full of life and labour ; but the operation was quiet ; there was no buzz or bustle, like that made by the busy bees. He then reflected on the character of his aged host, full of years and good fruits ; and then he thought of the old man's fair niece, so like a rose, opening into full bloom and fragrancy. These thoughts turned the whole current of his feelings in the opposite direction, and caused his heart and soul to yearn for the quiet and holy happiness enjoyed by the inmates of the mansion, from which he was too soon to hasten.

“ Behold, O man, that toilesome paines doest take,  
The flowrs, the fieldes, and all that pleasant growes,  
How they themselves doe thine ensample make,  
Whiles nothing envious Nature them forth throwes  
Out of her fruitful lap : how, no man knowes,  
They spring, they bud, they blossome freshe and faire,  
And decke the world with their rich pompous showes ;  
Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,  
Yet no man to them can his carefull paines compare.  
But thou dost waste thy houres in needless paine,  
Seeking for danger and adventures vaine.”

These yearnings for a less active, but, as he thought, a better life, were strong within him, as he turned down a side walk, and came upon his host, who was reading his missal beneath a beech tree.

“ *Fortunate senex, sed  
Non equidem invideo ; miror magis ; undique totis  
Usque adeo turbatur agris.*”

"None of us have the regulation of our own lot in life," replied the priest. "Had I my own will, I should not have spent so many of my latter years in retirement and inactivity, when the condition of Christ's poor and persecuted Church demanded I should have been attending to its interest in other parts of the country ; but a dying sister made me promise to live on this property, and perform a father's part by her child ; and to her I owe it that I am not a wandering, homeless outcast, like so many of my brethren.

" ' *Da nobis hæc otia fecit ;*

But I do not, I assure you, esteem it an *otium cum dignitate* ; for I feel that for it—perhaps I should say for *her*—I have made a sacrifice of one of the highest dignities bestowed by the head of the Church upon her ministers ; but it is vanity in me to speak thus."

"I know it, father. I heard my uncle, before his death, speak of your high merits, and your great interest at the court of Rome, in his time ; and I could never account for the dark cloud which afterwards fell upon your bright prospects ; and then, your disappearance from the stage of public events—I knew not what to make of it ; it has ever been a mystery to me."

The old man groaned heavily.

"I shall not presume," continued the Earl, "to compare an Earl's coronet to a Bishop's mitre; the heavenly glory of the one as much outshines the earthly brightness of the other, as does the glory of the sun outshine the brightness of this sun-flower; but I should willingly lay down my coronet, and relinquish my hopes of the possession of my uncle's large estates, for a life of retirement in this sweet Paradise, were I to have, for a companion, the angel who has cheered your declining years."

"It must not be thought of, my son—it must not be thought of. No, my Lord: the interests of your country, and of the Catholic Church, forbid the sacrifice; for I verily believe that such a marriage would destroy your hopes of succession."

"But to me, father, it would be no sacrifice; I should feel myself a gainer, if even I lost my inheritance."

"I do not say that the coronet of a countess would be too great an honour for Ellen's brow; I should speak falsely if I said so; but it must not be, it cannot be, my son."

"*Why not*, father?" said the young Earl with deep feeling, taking the old man's hand, and pressing it between both of his. "Why not? I have told you how much I love her. How could our union interfere with the interests of religion?"

"There are reasons, my son—there are reasons, my Lord, which I would rather you would not press me to mention, which forbid such a union. God knows that I could not desire my child a greater happiness ; but it must not be."

"Father, I must press you for your reasons, be they what they may."

"Well, in one word, *she is a Protestant.*"

"*A Protestant!*" said the young man, starting back with far more surprise than that of a soldier at whose feet a bomb has descended. Had a star fallen from heaven before him, he could not have looked more thunderstruck. "A Protestant!" said he, repeating the words, after a little musing, in somewhat softer accents. "Father, *what is* a Protestant?—I mean, in what consists the great and leading distinctions between the two religions? for I have not much knowledge of these things."

"The distinctions are numerous and serious ; but if they were less numerous or important, the circumstance of her being such, would prove an effectual barrier to your union."

"Why so, father?" said the young Earl advancing up to the barrier, and approaching the objection as a brave soldier does a bomb, expecting to twist off the fusee, with his finger and thumb, before

it explodes,—“why so? she may have no objection to change her religion.”

The old man shook his head.

“May I reckon on your consent to our union, if I am able to remove this objection?”

“I think I may venture to make a promise on these conditions,” replied the old man, with a pale smile, “for there is far more probability of her converting you to her way of thinking, than of your bringing her to a right belief of the doctrines of our Church.”

“In what way does her Protestantism shew itself?” said the Earl, as if it were some mental derangement, of which he was curious to know the development.

“In a refusal to attend mass and confession,” said the priest, with a sigh.

“Humph!” said the Earl. He then thought to himself, “If that be one of the marks of the disease, I fear I am half a Protestant myself. Let me see, when was I at mass? Not since the Christmas before last; and as for confession, I never made more than one in my life. What else have you remarked peculiar, father?”

“A regular and constant perusal of the Scriptures.”

“Ah! that is a sin,” mused the Earl, “of which I

am guiltless ; for of Scripture knowledge I am ignorant, *innocent*, I suppose, I should say."

"It is the Protestant Scriptures she reads," said the priest.

"Is there much difference between the Catholic and the Protestant Bible? I have heard learned divines of our Church say there was not."

"Very little, indeed ; but our Church forbids the private *interpretation* of the Scriptures."

"She is as great a rebel as I am myself. Is this all?"

"That is all ; in every other respect she is all that a daughter could be, so that I find it hard to oppose her in these things. My conduct in her regard, and in the case of my sister, who was also a Protestant, has been considered lukewarm, and wanting in zeal for religion ; and has, I have reason to believe, been so represented at the Court of Rome : hence, the black cloud which has fallen upon my character, and bright prospects of advancement in the Church ; but I cannot persuade myself that I should act otherwise than I have done."

"Well, father," said the Earl, "you will promise to unite us in holy wedlock, if I am able to convert this fair heretic, and persuade her to accept the offer of my hand?"

"I have promised to do so, my Lord, but cannot promise you success."

"Leave that to me," said the young Earl, moving off, with rapid footsteps, towards the ivied walls of the ruined abbey, where he caught a glimpse of Ellen's white robe and blue ribbon.

But to this interview we must devote a new chapter.

## CHAPTER XIII.

“Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes,  
In whose orbs a shadow lies,  
Like the dusk in evening skies.

“Thou whose locks outshine the sun,  
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,  
As the braided streamlets run.

“Standing with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet.

“Gazing with a timid glance  
On the brooklet’s swift advance,  
On the river’s broad expanse.

“Deep and still, that gliding stream,  
Beautiful, to thee must seem,  
As the river of a dream.

“Then why pause with indecision,  
When bright angels in thy vision  
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?”

LONGFELLOW.

THOSE who imagine that the first or principal object of the Earl in this interview was the conversion of Ellen Cavendish from “the errors of her way,” give our hero credit for more missionary zeal than he possessed. There can be no doubt



that he was startled and amazed, but not shocked, to hear that the fair vision of his dreams was a heretic ; but the effect of this information, after a very few seconds, was not to make him think a whit less favourably of her, but far more favourably of Protestantism. He was confirmed in this way of thinking, by the charitable spirit of his old friend, the priest, who spoke of her heresy with a mildness which surprised him. His conduct in this affair had evidently brought him into disrepute, for a want of zeal, which he shewed by allowing his sister, who was possessed of property, to secede from the Church of her fathers, and bring up this girl in the same faith. Hence, the blasting of his prospects.

The Earl, therefore, resolved to say nothing on the subject of religion, till after he had made a declaration of his love. If the lady raised the objection, he should meet it as well as he could. If he succeeded in the love affair, he had no doubt that the objection on the score of religion could be evaded, or compromised in some way ; rather than that it should remain a barrier to the consummation of his bliss, he would become a Protestant himself. He was in that state of mental or moral blindness, or amorous derangement, during which men would willingly sell their souls, to gain the object of

their affection ; a state, during which the sins and imperfections of their mistresses are transmuted into virtues and charms. In this way the heresy of Ellen gave a new fascination to her character, and a piquancy to his love ; while the obstacles which it raised in his path seemed to increase rather than diminish his desire of success. It was forbidden fruit ; he must therefore taste it.

Had Ellen been a heathen priestess, instead of a mild, enlightened, high-souled Protestant maiden, the moment she turned her face, radiant with smiles, upon the Earl, who approached her unperceived, as she was reading near the eastern window of the abbey, with the evening sun casting his golden rays upon the pages of a New Testament which she was perusing, he must have loved, almost worshipped her ; for the purity and bliss of heaven appeared to rest upon her.

" Ellen," said the Earl, bending his knee reverently before her, taking her hand, and clasping it above the sacred volume she was reading ; " Ellen, permit me, within these holy walls, and with our hands clasped upon this divine book, to say how sincerely I love, how much I adore you."

" Are you aware," said Ellen, after recovering from the confusion of this sudden and serious avowal of love, " that this is a Protestant Testament,

and that I am——” Here she hesitated. What was the cause? We shall not too closely analyze her feelings.

Her lover, who marked her hesitation, replied, “And that you are a Protestant. I know it all; your uncle has told me all.”

“And is it with his sanction that you make this declaration of your love?”

“Yes, partially,” said the Earl; and as he uttered the words, he saw the shadow of a man’s head and shoulders, on the opposite wall; but as the shadow disappeared the moment he changed his position, he concluded it must have been his own.

“My Lord,” said Ellen, who did not see the shadow, “you do me high honour, an honour to which I can lay no claim; but if I could even hope my religion would prove no objection, I feel that such a union would mar your prospects through life. No, my Lord, you must make alliance with some noble family, and powerful clan, like your own, and not with a lonely maiden like me, whose only follower is an aged man, deprived of influence, and denied advancement, for his kindness and devotion to a heretic. One of the members of your noble house lost his inheritance by making a *mésalliance*.”

“To whom do you refer?” said the Earl, sadly,

as he marked the calm resolve in the maiden's eye and tone.

"To the young Earl of Desmond, who married the fair daughter of Mac Cormac."

"You have heard that story, then?"

"I have, and have always felt deeply interested in it."

"It was the apprehension of such an objection that caused me to conceal my name and title; for I resolved, if able, to win and wed you before I revealed my name. But let me hear you tell the story, and also the argument you are disposed to draw from it."

"The story, as I have been told it, is more than a hundred years old. It describes one of the young Earls of Desmond as having lost his way at a stag hunt, near the Lakes of Killarney. The night was dark, without a star in heaven to lighten it. After wandering long among rocks and glens, he found shelter in the house of one of his own people, named Mac Cormac, of whose fair daughter he became suddenly enamoured. He married her; at which his whole family and clan felt such high and hot indignation that they refused to follow him as leader, or acknowledge him as chief or Earl. He was therefore compelled to leave the country, and take refuge in France, where he died."

"Did you hear that his family and clan offered to forgive the offence, and restore to him his property and title, on condition of his divorcing his fair bride?"

"I did."

"And that he refused?"

"Yes."

"What conclusion did you draw from such conduct?"

"That he was a man of honour."

"Of course; and——"

"That he loved her better than his title or estates."

"Just so. Did you hear that Henry V., the most heroic monarch that ever sat on the English throne, who was at Rouen when he died, expressed his admiration of his conduct by attending as one of the chief mourners at his funeral, and that his queen invited his widow to the English Court?"

"I heard that Henry V. attended his funeral, but I did not hear that his queen invited the widow to the English Court."

"Are you aware that the story of this noble young Earl has been celebrated in song, and sang at the firesides of the descendants of those who drove him as an outcast from their shores? If their fathers refused him a home, or a grave, in Ireland,

their children made some atonement by embalming his memory in the poetry of their country."

"I know the lines well."

"Will you sing them?"

"With pleasure."

She sang the Desmond song in the Irish language.\*

"You admire the hero of that song?" said the Earl to Ellen, who sang it with a feeling bordering on enthusiasm.

"Greatly," said the girl.

"But you would forbid me to venture on the same path."

"You have chosen your path, my Lord; I have often admired your heroic deeds, as they have been related to me by my uncle."

"But here, recorded in this song, you must confess—you cannot deny it, for I marked your estimation of it by the enthusiasm with which you sang—here, recorded in this song, is a higher order of heroism than mine—a moral heroism, displayed in the relinquishment of titles and estates, which is of a far nobler kind than the courage necessary for winning or holding them."

"True, my Lord; I shall not deny that you have expressed my sentiments. But could the winning

\* For the English version, I beg to refer my readers to "*Moore's Melodies*."

of my hand, at the sacrifice of your inheritance and your country's interests, be styled heroism, at all?"

"What mean you by my country's interests?"

"Its freedom from a stranger's yoke and religion *you*, of course, esteem as such."

"I ask you not, lady, what *I esteem* as such, but what *you* deem most conducive to its interests. I ask you, Ellen, can you, as a Protestant, wish success to me, who am esteemed the champion of the Church of Rome?"

"No, I cannot; but my opinions or wishes are not to regulate your conduct."

"But suppose I should prefer a change of mistresses—to enlist myself beneath your banner—what would you say then?"

"That you were like the *Red-cross Knight*."

"Who was he?"

"Have you never read the poet, Edmund Spenser?"

"No."

"Well, I suppose I must describe to you the Red-cross Knight, as well as I can, for I have not the book at hand. He was most noble and brave, but somewhat fickle."

"In what respect do I resemble him?—in his fickleness, of course, for which you despise me?"

"I said not so. No one, I imagine, could despise either him or you."

"How did he display his fickle nature?"

"He went forth first to fight at the command of *Queen Gloriana*."

"Who was she?"

"She was a *Faerie Queene*, the patroness of honour and chivalry, under whose banner all true knights were supposed to enlist; and for whose smiles and favour they contended."

"I think I understand what the poet means now."

"Queen Gloriana sent forth the Red-cross Knight in support of a most lovely woman, named *Una*, whose hand was to be his, should he succeed in slaying a dreadful dragon, which destroyed the kingdom and inhabitants of *Una's* father, for *Una* was the daughter of a king. I think I can repeat some of the verses:—

"Upon a great adventure he was bond,  
That greatest Gloriana to him gave  
(That greatest glorious Queene of Faerie lande)  
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,  
Which of all earthly things he most did crave.  
And ever as he rode his hart did yearne  
To prove his puissance in battell brave  
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;  
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stearne.

"A lovelie ladie rode him faire beside,  
Upon a lowly asse, more white than snow;  
Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide



Under a vele, that wimpled was full low ;  
And over all a blacke stole shee did throw,  
As one that inly mourned, so was she sad,  
And heavie sat upon her palfrey slow ;  
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had ;  
And by her in a line a milke-white lambe she lad.

“ So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,  
She was in life and every vertuous lore,  
And by descent from royall lynage came,  
Of ancient kinges and queenes, that had of yore  
Their scepters stretcht from east to western shore,  
And all the world in their subjection held ;  
Till that infernal feende with foul uprore  
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld ;  
Whom to avenge, she had this Knight from far compeld.”

“ Will you now explain to me who this lady  
called *Una* was?”

“ She represented *Truth*, or perhaps I should say  
the true Church.”

“ I begin to understand your beautiful allegory.  
Well, what happened next?”

“ The story is long, so that I can only rehearse  
for you the principal incidents. The knight  
first led the lady into a dark wood, the ‘*Wood  
of Error*,’ where they lost their way; and he  
must needs, in his bravery, enter the mouth of  
a dark cave, against which the lady warned him  
thus:—

“ ‘ Yea, but,’ quoth she, ‘ the perill of this place  
I better wot then you : Though nowe too late

To wishe you backe, returne with foule disgrace,  
Yet wisdom warnes, whiles foote is in the gate,  
To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.  
This is the Wandring wood, this Errour's Den,  
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate :  
Therefore I read beware.' 'Fly, fly,' quoth then  
The fearfull dwarfe; 'this is no place for living men.'

"But, full of ire and greedy hardiment  
The youthfull knight could not for ought be staide;  
But forth unto the darksome hole he went,  
And looked in: his glistring armor made  
A little glooming light, much like a shade;  
By which he saw the ugly monster plaine;  
Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide."

"Was this the great dragon he was to destroy?"

"No, he was not called to contend with this  
monster; but did it of his own will, with his own  
weapons, and in his own strength, and was there-  
fore almost destroyed of it; as you may learn by  
the following lines:—

"She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle  
Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe;  
For light she hated as the deadly bake  
Ay wont in desert darknes to remaine,  
Where plaine none might her see, nor she see any plaine.

"Which when the valiant Elfe perceiv'd, he lept  
As lyon fierce upon the flying pray,  
And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept  
From turning backe, and forced her to stay:  
Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,  
And turning fierce her speckled taile advaunst,  
Threatning her angry sting, him to dismay;

Who, nought aghast, his mightie hand enhaunst;  
The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder glaunst.

“Much daunted with that dint her sence was dazd;  
Yet kindling rage herselfe she gathered round,  
And all attonce her beastlie bodie raizd  
With doubled forces high above the ground:  
And, wrapping up her wrathed sterne around,  
Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine  
All suddenly about his body wound,  
That hand or foot to stirr he strove in vaine.  
God help the man so wrapt in Errours endlesse traine!

“His lady, sad to see his sore constraint,  
Cried out, ‘Now, now, Sir Knight, show what ye bee;  
Add faith unto your force, and be not faint;  
Strangle her, els she sure will strangle thee.’  
That when he heard in great perplexitie,  
His gall did grate for grieve and high disdain;  
And, knitting all his force, got one hand free,  
Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so much paine  
That soone to loose her wicked bands did her constraine.”

“What happened after this?”

“After they escaped from the wood, they met a great magician, named Archimago, a great sorcerer or enchanter, with whom they lodged, who changed a harlot into the image of Una, so that the knight being deceived respecting the lady, and believing her false, left her to wander in the wilderness, and went forth in defence of *Duessa*, who called herself *Fidessa*.”

“He was deceived, then, and not fickle?”

“Had he looked more closely, and loved more faithfully, he would not have been deceived.”

"Lady," said the Earl, "I understand thy kind reproof. Thou wouldst not have me desert the Church, whose champion I am, without just cause. Is it not so?"

"Yes."

"Well, thou must tell me what befel the lady and the knight."

"He learned, in the end, of the deception practised upon him, and gave allegiance to his first love, Una, who brought him to the House of Holiness, where he was instructed and nourished by Dame *Cælia*, and her three daughters *Fidelia*, *Speranza*, and *Charissa* :—

"Una saw

That this her knight was feeble, and too faint ;  
And all his sinewes waxen weak and raw,  
Through long emprisonment, and hard constraint,  
Which he endured in his late restraint,  
That yet he was unfit for bloody fight.  
Therefore to cherish him with diets daint  
She cast to bring him, where he chearen might,  
Till he recovered had his late decayed plight."

"After this the Red-cross knight went forth with Una, and slew the dragon, and received, as his reward, the lady's hand."

"And what labour, Ellen, dost thou demand of me, as the price of thine?" exclaimed the Earl, again seizing the fair hand of Ellen, and pressing

it to his lips. "Can you think unkindly of me, for thinking more favourably of thy faith, since I have marked its influence on thy mind and life?"

"If I thought——If I thought——" said she, hesitating a second time, and as she hesitated she raised her eyes, and saw the shadow of a stoled priest, on the eastern wall of the abbey, which caused her to start forwards towards her lover's bosom for protection :—

"As the dove, with startled eye,  
Sees the falcon's shadow fly."

"See you that shadow?" said she, in a whisper, to the Earl; but before he could look up, the shadow had disappeared.

"Was it your uncle's shadow?" said the Earl, who thought the shadow which he saw, a short time before, resembled the old priest.

"It was like it," replied she, "but I thought I marked a difference; yet its outline was not altogether strange to me. Whose could it be?"

"It must have been his."

• "Did you not tell me that my uncle approved of your proposal?"

"Yes, certainly, but conditionally."

"What were the conditions?"

"That religion would be no objection to our union."

"I was not aware that *this* was the condition; the objection cannot be to your religion, but to mine. You must have understood this. I must now leave you, my Lord."

"Without an answer, Ellen?"

"You surely will not press me now, my Lord; give me, at least, time to inquire, and to think."

"But of your love—of this there is no doubt?" said the Earl, detaining her hand.

"My Lord, you urge me sore. It is not fair."

"Ellen, you are an angel," said the Earl, embracing her.

After she had escaped from him,—with blushing cheek and palpitating heart,—he turned his steps to the abbey, blessing his stars for his success.

## CHAPTER XIV.

“ When they talk of him they shake their heads,  
And whisper one another in the ear.”

SHAKSPEARE.

As he walked up and down one of the aisles, with a firm step and compressed lips, defying earth and hell to separate him from the lovely being on whom he had set his heart, his quick ear caught the sound of a human voice, in an adjoining department of the old abbey, as if in conversation with a second person. Concluding the speaker must be the same that had acted eavesdropper on him, while making a declaration of his love to Miss Cavendish, he had no hesitation or delicacy in approaching the part of the ruins from which the voice proceeded, which he did with all coolness and caution ; and when within a good hearing distance, he laid his shoulder to the wall, and his ear to a window, the aperture of which was nearly covered with ivy, with all the quiet *nonchalance* of a modern Bow-street detective. “ It is my turn to hear secrets now,” said he to himself, as he folded his arms, and turned his ear to the ivied window. Oh ! that all sermons

and homilies were heard with the same quiet attention !

The first expression of his face, as he stood listening at the aperture, was that of surprise, the surprise of one who had made an unexpected discovery ; but the surprise seemed to be mingled with indignation, as if the discovery was anything but pleasing ; there was next an expression of intense curiosity and perplexity, as if only the half of the mystery had been made out.

But we must keep our readers no longer nudging at our elbow, and asking “ Who is it ? What are they talking about ? Speak.”

A little patience, gentle reader, and you shall hear all. The first voice which he heard was that of the Jesuit, Archer, who seemed to be the chief speaker ; and was at this time developing his tactics respecting our hero, and laying down the law to his companion, as it regarded the person whom the Earl should or should not marry. His companion seemed to be giving a silent assent to what he heard, but he made no reply whatever.

As Archer's companion had not as yet spoken—at least in the Earl's hearing, he was waiting with deep anxiety to catch the tones of his voice. “ Who can he be ? My friend and host ? Impossible, for no friend of mine would hearken to the damnable



villainy, with which he expects to get the girl to refuse my hand. And he her uncle! No. It is impossible. But he speaks again: let me hearken."

"If," said the Jesuit to his silent companion, "if what you tell me, of her fainting in his chamber, be correct, and of her pale cheek, and languid eye, while he kept his room, there can be no doubt of her loving him; and such a union with a Protestant would mar all our prospects. He would be deserted by his followers, if he did not desert the cause himself; which, with such a wife, would be most likely. You heard the strain in which he addressed her. That man would sell his soul, as well as his Church and country, to possess that woman. It is surprising what an influence the sex have over some men. I know but of one way," continued Archer, after a long pause, "I know but of one way of preventing this match."

"What is that?" said his companion, in a whisper, almost inaudible.

"Did you ever hear of the affair between the Earl and his cousin, Lady Margaret?"

There was, I suppose, an affirmative nod, but there was no reply.

"Well, if that story is wisely told to this girl—do you understand me, *wisely told*?—she will herself,

even without the advice of her foolish old uncle, refuse his hand."

Archer here whispered something in his companion's ear, which whisper produced in his companion's throat a low suppressed laugh or chuckle.

The Earl who heard the laugh, and thought himself familiar with the sound, started with surprise, for it produced in his mind curious and contradictory associations ; but the more he reasoned about the whos, and the whens, and the wheres, the farther did he seem to wander from the right track. He therefore gave up guessing or reasoning, and resolved that his eyes should correct the mistake of his ears ; that he would watch the men as they went out of the abbey. Here again he was at fault, for they remained among the ruins until it was dark, and then glided off by the sepulchres of the dead, as noiselessly as wandering ghosts returning to their coffins.

But our readers expect that we should enlighten *their* minds respecting Archer's companion, although we leave the young Earl in ignorance. The Jesuit's companion was no less distinguished a person than Mac Rory, the fool or "*innocent*" as we have called him, but who was in reality a spy upon the conduct of this young nobleman.

Our hero had heard enough to lead him to

suspect the integrity and friendship of Archer ; and it may probably lead our readers to review his conduct, from his first appearance on our pages, or at least from the capture of the Earl of Ormond, more closely than they would be otherwise disposed to do.

As the authors of romance are supposed to know more of the motives and springs of action in the bosoms of the characters whom they bring before their readers, than the readers themselves, I shall take the liberty of offering them my explanation of the Jesuit's policy.

Archer was well acquainted with the character of James Fitz-Thomas, the *Sugane* Earl. It was an open book, and was not hard to read. He was kind and faithful, high, honourable, impulsive, and brave to a fault ; but when under the influence of no false impulse—and his impulses were generally true and faithful—he displayed great good sense and considerable circumspection. Zeal for his religion was one of the strongest impulses of his nature, and when fanned and fed by such men as Archer, it blazed like a bael-fire, and burned up all before it in the protection of his persecuted Church ; his falchion was like the flaming sword of the cherubim “ which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life.”

But the Earl's patriotism was perhaps a broader, though not so fierce a passion. It was therefore one which gave more scope for the exercise of reason, and left him more free to calculate the consequences of his conduct, and the probability of success or failure.

At the time that our story opens, no hopes of a successful rebellion could be entertained by any reasonable man. A civil war with English rulers and English colonists, which had raged with more or less fury during the entire reign of Elizabeth, had desolated the whole kingdom. Hugh O'Neill, the great Rebel of the North, who had cajoled and baffled the brave and unsuspecting Earl of Essex, and gained a signal victory over Sir John Norreys, at the battle of the Yellow Ford, had to fall back into the fastnesses of the north, before the approach of the Deputy, Mountjoy, where his people had to hide their heads like foxes, and die like famished wolves. The head of the Southern power had been long before bruised by the destruction of Garret, the great Earl of Desmond, and the incarceration of his son, in the Tower of London. This decreased the followers and friends of the nephew, our hero, who was now in the field, and caused him sometimes to hesitate regarding, not only the wisdom, but patriotism of continuing a hopeless struggle, the

convulsive throes of which were wearing out the vital energies of the country which he loved, and for which he would have cheerfully shed his best blood.

Sir George Carew, the President of Munster, who was a man of wisdom and experience, had come to this country with the fixed determination of trying mild measures with the rebels, before he resorted to the sword.

Archer, who feared the effect of the President's influence on the noble and patriotic mind of the young Earl, resolved to seize on the first occasion that might present itself of bringing these foemen together, to measure swords, and thus to widen the breach between them ; and if an occasion did not soon occur, to create it.

The reader has been already informed of the way in which the Jesuit accomplished his purpose. He first employed his friend, a young man of the same religious order as himself, under the guise of an "*innocent*," to watch the approach of the President and find out the exact amount of force by which he was accompanied. This young man, who was possessed of unbounded courage and cunning, and of great personal strength and agility, notwithstanding his lank figure, managed to get within the walls of Ormond castle, and lurk about the

stables, the stairs, and the most private apartments, and when detected, to conceal his object and character, and protect his person, by acting the fool. After delivering the letter to the Earl of Ormond, and getting his reply, he hastened back to Archer, and gave him the information on which he acted and arranged Ormond's capture.

Archer, as well as his young friend, whom we shall still call Mac Rory, endangered their lives in this affair, but these men held their lives cheap, in comparison to the object before them, the redemption of their country from English rule, and from the Protestant religion.

To accomplish this, they mainly depended on the *Sugane Earl*. He was the only member of the Desmond family that had a "following," or an influence over the wild people of Cork and Kerry ; they must, therefore, see to it, that he took no step likely to decrease that influence.

Mac Rory, the young Jesuit spy, was not long in the old priest's house, before he discovered not only the state of the Earl's feelings, in regard to Miss Cavendish, but also the feelings of that lady herself, and therefore shrewdly concluding, even without the advantage of Archer's counsel, that such a marriage might prove prejudicial to the good cause, he took advantage of the first dark

night, to put the saddle on the back of his famous grey mare, and make his report to Archer of all that had occurred since they had parted.

## CHAPTER XV.

"Some men leave truth to such as love it. They are resolved to be cunning, let others run the hazard of being sincere."—SOUTH.

THE Earl did not go directly from the abbey to his friend's mansion, but made a circuit round the demesne. He did so for two reasons ; first, to give himself time for thought, for maturing his line of conduct, and for allowing his feelings towards Archer—whom he thought it probable he should meet at the house—to cool down ; and secondly, to convey the impression to those about the place—for he knew not whom he was to suspect as the spy upon his movements—that he had come from an opposite direction, and not from the abbey.

The passions of some men, when suddenly roused by what they consider faithless or base conduct, produce explosions which burn up all friendly compacts. They sometimes fire the mines by which they seek to counteract the treachery of their enemies, before their own mining and boring is completed. This produces an explosion on the



surface, which informs their enemies of their intentions and mode of operations, without injuring them.

Now the Earl was not only a man of truthful impulses, he was also a skilful general, and a man of the world; and, what was better than all this, his love for Miss Cavendish was stronger than his detestation of Archer's wiles. The former was the master-passion of his soul, and kept the other in proper subjection, and gave his intellect time to work, to meet his enemy with his own weapons, those of secrecy and deception. He felt the more confidence in doing so, for in starting, fortune, or accident, had favoured him, by making him acquainted with one of his secret foes; and, to some extent, with his mode of attack; if he might judge from the mention of his cousin, Lady Margaret's name, at which the silent man in the abbey seemed to chuckle with malicious pleasure.

He met Mac Rory near the door of the mansion, who said to him, with much of apparently foolish and natural glee, "Daddy Archer is in! Daddy Archer in there!"

"Father Archer!" said the Earl, with well-feigned surprise, "Dost say so!—when came he?"

"This is indeed a pleasure," said the bland Jesuit, extending his arms with a smile to the Earl, as he

entered; "I am delighted to see your lordship looking so well. How is the wound?"

"A thousand thanks, kind father," said the Earl, returning the salutation, "the wound is nearly healed. This is an unexpected pleasure."

"You did not expect to find me at the house, then?" replied Archer, watching the expression of the Earl's face. He first thought the Earl had accompanied Miss Cavendish home, but, when he came to the house, and found he had not been there, the suspicion flashed across his mind, that he might have returned to the abbey, and overheard his conversation with Mac Rory.

"I have but this moment learned of your being here," replied the Earl with ease.

"Are you used to walk so late, after sunset, or have your meditations led you to the old abbey?"

The Earl smiled.

"If so, perhaps like the founder of our order,\* who was a wounded soldier like yourself, you may think of joining the ranks of the Church militant."

The cheeks of Miss Cavendish became suffused with blushes, as the Jesuit spoke of the "old abbey"; but the Earl, who knew that the churchman intended the remark for him, and not for his

\* *Ignatius Loyola.*

fair companion, replied :—"I possess, Father, neither the mental nor the moral qualities for so high an honour ; I was in the abbey to-day, before sunset."

The replies of the *Sugane Earl* were so simple and unembarrassed, and his manner so devoid of suspicion, as to lead the churchman to conclude, that he had nothing to apprehend, and that his dialogue with the spy had not been overheard ; but he determined to be more on his guard for the future.

Mac Rory, on this occasion, had displayed more caution and cunning than Archer, for he never spoke above his breath.

The mind of Archer was of a far higher order than that of his companion, and engaged itself more about the weightier matters of Church and State, and gave less attention to those smaller details of examining corners and crannies, before speaking aloud, at which Mac Rory was *au fait*. Perhaps he felt this, and therefore chose for a confidant and companion a young man, possessing, to perfection, the close-scenting and sharp prying powers, in which he was deficient. But he imagined he could read the heart of man, and look into all its corners and crannies, and turn it inside-out, with the ease a lady could a kid glove ; and hence concluded, that he could not be deceived by so fair and out

spoken a young man as James Fitz-Thomas, the *Sugane Earl*. But neither was the human heart his *forte* ; nor was it his pianoforte. I pray you, gentle reader, excuse this horrid pun, but really I could not resist it. I mean it was not his instrument ; one upon which he could play with the greatest ability : his was an intellect, better versed in the working of civil and ecclesiastical constitutions, or better acquainted with mind in the mass, than with individual minds ; or with the operation of individual minds, when working on a mass of mind, than with mind engaged with its own affections. He, therefore, could read the mind of the young Earl far easier, when engaged in the councils of war, than when making war on the heart of Miss Cavendish. He could rule a nation, and govern a Church, with far more ability than he could have ruled his wife, or governed his own children, had he been fortunate enough to possess these treasures. He was scarcely the man, although a Jesuit, to forbid the banns between two such sincere and loving hearts as those of the young Earl and the fair niece of the old priest. He was something like Themistocles, who said, "he could not play the fiddle, but he could make a small town a great city." Vespasian once asked Appollonius "what was the

cause of Nero's overthrow?" when Appollonius replied, "Nero could teach and tune the harp well, but in government, sometimes he used to wind the pins too high, and sometimes to let them down too low." Read *heart*, instead of "harp" here, and the converse of this will be true of Archer.

## CHAPTER XVI.

“ And Nathan said unto David, ‘Thou art the man.’ ”

2 SAMUEL, xii. 7.

“ You were, no doubt, greatly surprised, my Lord,” said Archer to the Earl, as they sate together, in a private apartment of the old house—“ you were, no doubt, greatly surprised to find me here ? ”

“ Greatly surprised, indeed,” replied the Earl, deliberately and demurely—for he expected a *dénouement*, and an attack upon himself, which he determined to meet with spirit ; “ but I was even more surprised that you were able to find out my place of retreat ; for I was not aware of any means of communication between the members of this family and yourself.”

“ You are not aware, then, that Father Cavendish and I are very old friends ? ”

“ It was Father Cavendish, then, that communicated to you that I was beneath his roof ? ” replied the Earl, displaying more indignation in his tones and gestures than he had intended ; for he thought the old priest had betrayed confidence in this affair—“ I must speak to Father Cavendish.”

“ By no means,” said the Jesuit. “ But if he

had, surely that would not displease you? I had hoped, my Lord, I was more in your confidence; nor was I aware that my presence would have so distressed you."

"*Distressed* me!—no," replied Desmond; "but you have not yet informed me from whom you received your information regarding my place of concealment; I gave positive orders to my followers to keep the secret from——"

"From *me!*" said Archer; "I did not think I was such a bugbear that your lordship need run to hide from me."

"Neither are you, sir," replied the Earl, looking indignantly upon him. "I gave directions to my people to keep the secret from *all*; but I know not by what means you discovered it."

"You have no cause to suspect your friends or followers, my Lord," answered the Jesuit; "if you had not interrupted me, you would have learned all before now. The explanation is simple enough. Father Cavendish and I, as I before stated, are very old friends; I was also aware that he was an old friend of yours." Archer heard this from Mac Rory. "I heard of your illness, and your leaving your troop, and of the place where you left it, from one of your own men, and therefore concluded you had taken up your residence in this neighbourhood,

in the house of our mutual friend. To what other conclusion could I come?"

This seemed natural enough, and plausible, nay even probable; the Earl, therefore, believed it, and his brow became less clouded.

"So Father Cavendish has *not* betrayed my confidence. But who could that have been with whom this man was speaking, in the old abbey? there is a traitor somewhere in the camp," mused he.

"You have not asked me," continued Archer, "respecting the *purport* of my visit."

"No," said the Earl, whose brow a second time began to gather clouds, while his lips closed with firm resolve. "I wait to hear it.—*Now then*," said he, between his close-set teeth.—"But how dare he interfere with my private affairs!—Proceed," said he, addressing the Jesuit.

"Ah," said Archer, relaxing from his usual calm austerity, and assuming an easy and familiar mood, as he marked the decision in the Earl's eye—"Ah, I now regret, when it is too late, I did not follow your advice."

"In what affair?" inquired Desmond, with some curiosity.

"Regarding the Earl of Ormond. We should not have left him in the hands of O'More."

"So I thought."



"He is, I fear, about to play the traitor with his country and religion."

"Traitor!—how?"

"By taking Ormond's daughter to wife," replied the Jesuit, with calm emphasis, looking up into Desmond's face, with his clear grey eyes, until that face flushed with something very like shame.

Desmond, "*Thou art the man!*" The prophet Nathan would have made a first rate Jesuit, if we may judge from that story he told David about the poor man's lamb. What say you, Desmond?—*Peccavi?*

"I think, sir," replied the Earl, with dignity, regaining all his presence of mind, "you have given too strong a term to this transaction, in calling our friend, O'More, a traitor to his country and religion."

"What!—not a traitor, to unite himself, at such a crisis of our affairs as this, to a *Protestant*, and she the daughter of our greatest enemy!"

"The daughter of an Ormond, it is true, can scarcely prove a friend," mused Fitz-Thomas, as he thought of his uncle's fate; "this is certainly an objection—she is a *Butler!*"

"But not the greatest," replied the Jesuit. "No, her *religion* is the great objection. Ormond's house is noble; and if he were not so violently set against us, the connexion would be desirable; but even his noble name would be no counterpoise against her religion."

"Could it be possible," thought the Earl,—still musing to himself,—“that *this* was the marriage of which Archer was speaking in the old abbey this evening ; and that he knows nothing, after all, of my engagement with Ellen ?” His countenance lighted up once more with pleasure.

“What do you propose ?” asked Archer, who had been quietly marking its changes of expression, like an astrologer watching the heavens.

“I know not what to advise,” replied Desmond, with a sigh—who did not now feel the same indignant power in opposing the Jesuit, that animated and inflamed his bosom, while he believed he was darkly and foully plotting against him. If Archer were innocent, Desmond could not hurl back the epithet “traitor” in his teeth, and defy him to his beard, as he had been prepared to do when he entered that private room with him. He now, for the first time, felt his weakness in contending with this accomplished churchman. His passion had proved his strength, and his suspicion of treachery had fed his passion. But when he thought of Ellen, of her piety and beauty, and her love for him—which had already imparted so much of heavenly peace to his chafed mind—the fire rekindled within his soul, and he asked himself, “Is it treason to God or man to love and

cherish her?—shall churchmen tell me so?—They may ; but shall I *believe* them ?

“Curse on their perjured arts, dissembling, smooth !  
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled?”

“You know not what to advise ?” said Archer, who had been again reading his countenance, “is that what you say ?”

“No, I know not what to advise ; but you have not told me the particulars.”

“O'More has made the daughter's hand the price of the father's liberty.”

“And does the father consent ? I should say no.”

“I fear he may,” replied Archer ; “liberty is sweet, and he knows that even his life is not safe in O'More's hands.”

“What do you propose ?” inquired the Earl.

“That you should take charge of Ormond's person ; and keep him, as you first said, a prisoner in one of your strongholds in Kerry.”

“You objected to this, in the first instance,” replied the Earl, “lest it should create a breach between me and O'More. The affair might *then* have been arranged, without a misunderstanding ; but if he has set his heart upon this girl, he would not be likely to give her up now, without a struggle ; and my forces are at a distance.”

"We must arrange this affair without blows. Your troops will not be needed here. Will you come with me to O'More's castle?"

"What! back to Kilkenny, and leave——"

He was going to say "Ellen here alone," but he hesitated.

"Leave whom?" inquired the priest, who marked his hesitation.

"Leave my troops."

"You have left them already; and this matter can be arranged in two or three days, for indeed the sooner you join your forces the better; you have been in this neighbourhood too long already."

"That is my own affair, sir," replied the Earl, who began again to suspect treachery; for he now called to mind, names, and parts of sentences, which he had overheard in the abbey, that could apply, he thought, to his case, and his only; for example, the name of his cousin, *Lady Margaret*. "O'More has no such cousin, that I ever heard of," said the Earl to himself, "and who could he refer to as fainting in a sick room, but Ellen? He is a traitor, and I have a mind to tell him so; but no, I'll fight him with his own Jesuitical weapons."

Having thus decided, his brow again cleared up.

"Well, my Lord, I wait your reply; will you give me your aid in the arrangement of this affair?"

"It would be useless ; you must excuse me," said the Earl, rising. "I must now leave you, for the night is far advanced."

"I'm sorry for your decision," replied Archer ; "perhaps you will think better of it to-morrow."

"My mind is made up."

"Not to come?"

"Not to go."

"When, therefore, do you leave this neighbourhood, to join your troops?"

"I have before stated that is my own affair."

"I beg your lordship's pardon. *Au revoir.*"

The Jesuit left the field a vanquished man. He must bethink himself of some other scheme. We shall, therefore, leave him to mature his measures, during the darkness of the night.

## CHAPTER XVII.

“ A falconer Henry is, when Emma hawks ;  
With her of tassels and of lures he talks.”

PRIOR.

THE Earl, on reflection, felt dissatisfied with the very lucid and satisfactory explanation given by Archer of the manner in which he had discovered his place of retreat. The explanation was, if anything, *too* smooth and satisfactory ; and when this is the case, we suspect invention and forethought. Smooth and well rounded periods, or very satisfactory explanations, like other works of Art, are always manufactured ; the productions of Nature are rough and angular. The perfection of Art is to copy Nature ; but as Nature herself is not always perfect, the artist who would draw her true picture must copy her *imperfections* ; but minds possessed of great acumen and refinement can admit of no imperfection in their works. It was so with Archer.

If the strong love of a warm heart be fearfully suspicious, its intuitions are often clearer than the calculations of a cold intellect. The more the Earl pondered that night over the conversation he had

overheard in the abbey, the more confident did he feel, that he and Ellen had been the subjects of that conversation, and not O'More and Lord Ormond's daughter. "I see it now," said he, "Archer suspected me of overhearing him ; I knew this by his questions, when I entered the house ; and he told me the story of O'More—which may, or may not be true—to throw me off my guard ; but with whom could he have been speaking ? I must know more of this to-morrow."

He rose early the next morning, and seized the first opportunity which presented itself, of a private interview with Ellen Cavendish. After telling her of the conversation he had overheard, he asked her if she thought the second speaker could be her uncle.

"No," replied Ellen, "he was in the house when I returned."

"Who, then, could it possibly have been ? Do you know of any one living in this neighbourhood, or have you seen any stranger about this place ?"

"Never more than one person ; but I have seen him often of late."

"What ! since I came ?"

"No, but just before."

"What is he like ?"

"He has the bearing of a noble cavalier ; he is

about your height, with blue eyes, and fair hair ; and about your age."

"A noble cavalier, about my height and age, with blue eyes and fair hair," replied the Earl, musing to himself ; "this description suits my cousin Fitzgibbon ; and he is now at liberty, and some of his property lies in this neighbourhood. Could it be possible !" exclaimed the Earl, with darkening brow. "Did he ever address you ?" inquired he, looking intently into Ellen's face.

"Yes, but only once, for I did not return his salutation ; he has not, therefore, attempted it again."

"You did not, perhaps, like the freedom of his address ?"

"No."

"The scoundrel ! to presume. Was he alone ?"

"He is always alone."

"On foot, or horseback ?"

"Both, but he often rides out with a hawk on his wrist."

"The villain ! he is flying his hawk at a higher quarry. Ellen, you should be on your guard, and not walk alone in this neighbourhood."

"I never venture far from the house, and I am always accompanied by my trusty friend Brien, who would see no discourtesy done me, as you may



conclude, from the reception he was disposed to give you, at our first interview."

"Was it fear of this man which caused you to start, and prepare for flight, on that occasion?"

"It was."

"Well, the danger is now, I hope, over; but this, I think, explains the whole mystery. This stranger, you say, has not shewn his face in this neighbourhood since I came here?"

"Never that I saw; but I have been very little abroad of late."

"Just as I thought! Ellen, the stranger you saw is Fitzgibbon, the White Knight; he is my cousin and my sworn foe. It was he who informed Archer of my being in this neighbourhood; and he was no doubt, the man with whom Archer held the conversation in the old abbey last night. This is base of that cunning churchman. He was displeased with me for denouncing Fitzgibbon before O'Neill, and exposing his treason before the assembled chiefs."

"I do not know to what you refer," replied Ellen, "but you may be, possibly, mistaken."

"No, no, I see it all clear enough now; Fitzgibbon is Archer's spy."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

"A man he was, harmless and faithful."

HAYWARD.

"Something in his soul,  
On which his melancholy sits and broods ;  
And I doubt not but the hatch and the disclose  
Will be some danger."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE same day, after breakfast, the Jesuit, and the priest, his host, were seated in the library of the old house. The priest looked sober and sedate ; the Jesuit as mild and bland as a May morning, and seemed disposed to chat on a number of small matters, such as the weather, the crops, and even to gossip about the Earl and his servants ; and, in the end, to joke the old man about the probability of a match between the Earl and his niece, Miss Cavendish.

"But, by the bye, I believe I should not call the young lady your niece. She is no relation, I understand, to you."

"None whatever," said the old man with deliberate emphasis.

The Jesuit gave his friend time to proceed, but his host was silent.

"Humph," said the Jesuit, "no relation whatever."

"None whatever."

"It is impossible, therefore, for you to say who her parents were?"

"I cannot imagine."

"They may have been some common hinds,—the peasantry of the country—for aught you know?"

"I don't think that likely."

"Why not?"

"It would be only necessary to look at the girl herself to conclude she came of gentle blood; but——"

"Gentle blood! I wonder at you, father, speaking thus. You know that those distinctions are produced by education: but I interrupted you; you were going to give other reasons, if I mistake not."

"I was," replied the priest; "the child's dress bore evidence of the respectability of her parentage, at least that she was no hind's child; and the woman beside whose dead body she was standing, whom she called nurse, was dressed like the domestic of a respectable family; then, the Protestant Testament, which was wrapped up with

some other small articles of value, was clasped with gold."

"*Ah! that Protestant Testament!*" replied the Jesuit with an emphatic sigh. "That Testament has worked you and your family some mischief."

"And who may I thank for that?" said the priest, turning on his Jesuit guest a reproachful frown.

"Who are you to thank?" said the Jesuit, with apparent surprise at the question. "*Yourself*, of course, for allowing your sister, in the first instance, to peruse it; and most assuredly, in the second case, for rearing this child in the Protestant faith."

"I never did so."

"But she *is*, notwithstanding, a Protestant."

"Not from my teaching."

"But from the teaching of that book."

"I did not give her the book."

"But you left it with her."

"I promised my dying sister not to take it from her."

"The Jesuit turned up the whites of his eyes, and shrugged his shoulders, as he repeated the word "*promised*."

"Yes, *promised*," replied the old man, whose blood seemed to boil with indignation.

"Well, I am sorry for it, as you deemed it bind-

ing ; but I imagined you would have esteemed the interests of your Church, and the salvation of the child's soul, of far more importance than the obligation of a promise extorted under such circumstances."

"But I do not think that the interests of the Church, or the salvation of souls, are promoted by deception, or breaches of faith."

"If I mistake not," said the Jesuit, turning the conversation, "the Earl appears to be smitten by this fair girl. He has been here now—since when?"

"Since the end of last month."

"It is quite time he should be moving towards the South, where his men are lying inactive for want of a leader, while the President of Munster is active in sowing dissensions among his friends and allies. I may depend on your assistance to hasten his departure, may I not?"

"You may, so far as accords with the requirements of hospitality, the rules of which you cannot expect me to overstep."

"Of course not; but I think it right, for your niece's sake—I call her niece as I know you love her as such—I think it right, for her sake, you should hasten his departure from this neighbourhood."

"Why so?"

"I thought you said the Earl admired her?"

"You said so."

"Was that it? You did not contradict me then: that must have been the way."

"But *if* he admires her, what then?" said the old priest, trying to look resolute.

"Only that he could never marry her."

"No, I suppose not," said the old man, musing to himself, sadly.

"What! *marry a Protestant!* It would be madness, profanity, treachery to the cause; but——"

"You were going to speak," said the priest.

"I was going to say what, perhaps, I should leave unsaid, and that is, that his heart is otherwise engaged; and could never make her happy."

"How so? You surprise me. With whom?"

"With his fair cousin, Lady Margaret."

"Lady Margaret! Is she not married to his friend, O'Connor?"

"That is true; but did you never hear of a lady being married to one man, and loving another?"

"Are you sure this is the case?"

"Perfectly."

"And is the Earl the man to seduce the wife of his friend?"

"He is somewhat gallant, and a general favour-

ite with the fair sex, as you may suppose,—for which he owes something to his handsome person.”

“He has, no doubt, a fine person; but I thought it inferior to the excellence of his mind. I knew him well, some years ago, and find it hard to believe ill of him.”

“Then we shall say no more about the matter,” said Archer, who had made the impression he desired; “for I would not wish to lessen your esteem for the Earl; but we must make allowance for men of his age. The question for both of us to consider now, both for this young lady’s sake, and for the sake of the cause in which we are all embarked, is, how we may best expedite his departure, without revealing our suspicions of his intimacy with your niece, which has gone rather far, I suspect. Has he made any proposal for her hand?”

This question took the old man so much by surprise, as to cause him, for a moment, to hesitate in his reply; but, seeing there was no use in prevaricating with so wily an opponent, he answered, “Yes.”

“And what did you say?” inquired the Jesuit.

“I refused.”

“And he, no doubt, continued to urge his suit, and ask for your objections?”

“Yes.”

"What said you, in reply?"

"That it was impossible, as she was a Protestant."

"Thank you, thank you, father, for this : I shall not fail to have it stated, to your advantage, at the Court of Rome."

"Trouble not yourself to do so, I beg of you."

"*Trouble!* my dear friend."

"But I must beg of you not; I do not desire it. The time has past, and with it, my ambition: allow me to end my days in this quiet retreat. I am too long out of the world, to fill an important position in it. It would be a trouble and a weariness to me."

"I am sorry, my dear friend, to hear you speak thus ; but we must not allow you to rust out any longer : the cobwebs which have gathered around your mental energies must be brushed away ; at the next onset of our enemies, and the enemies of our Church, you will break them as Samson did the green withs, when the Philistines were upon him."

This eloquent flattery was pleasing to the old man, although he knew it was not sincere. He was wise enough to feel his own inaptitude for public life. Perhaps he felt that success, as a public man, demanded, at this time, a compromise or sacrifice of truth and virtue, which he could not



afford to make, even for the sake of mother Church. He felt his inability to cope with such men as Archer, who were prepared not only to sacrifice life, but to strip themselves of every moral virtue, in order to support and adorn their great *Alma Mater* at Rome.

The old priest, therefore, shook his head and smiled, as he replied :—"The time is past, and I am not sorry for it. Ten or fifteen years ago, I might have felt and thought otherwise. I have now but one object that gives me an interest in life, or renders my life of any interest to myself—the dear child of whom we have been speaking."

"Yes; you answered the Earl that it would be impossible, as she was a Protestant. What said he to that?"

"He was surprised to hear it, as he did then for the first time; but he made me promise——"

"Promise what?" said the Jesuit, with some impatience.

"He made me promise that, on condition of his inducing her to become a Catholic, I would not oppose their union."

"And did you promise your consent on this condition?"

"Yes."

"Madness!"

"How so? I thought this the great objection."

"It is a great objection, but not the greatest. He must ally himself in marriage to some powerful Irish family. His followers of late are much lessened; and unless means be taken to strengthen them, he will lose the leadership, and we shall have endless contentions to find another, and never shall find another around whom so many will unite. But, should he think of marrying this humble maiden, his followers will desert him, as they did Thomas, the Sixth Earl."

"I did not think of this before," said the old priest, with whom the religious difficulty appeared paramount.

"And now that you *have* thought of it?"

"I shall speak to the Earl, and point out——"

"No, not to him: he is resolved: he has, no doubt, thought of it before now. But speak to the girl. She appears to have a noble, disinterested mind. Point out to her the injury it would do to him, and I think she will refuse his offer. But, if you find her otherwise disposed, you can mention the other matter; but do not mention your authority."

"To what do you refer by the other matter?"

"To the case of Lady Margaret."

"No, no, you must excuse me, sir," said the old

man, drawing himself up. He was too much the gentleman to retail a slander against any one, and possessed too much Christian charity to believe half the slander which assailed his ears. When he saw the use which Archer intended to make of this evil report, he was almost confirmed in the suspicion that it had been invented for the purpose of breaking off the match. He knew that the Jesuits were as skilful in the fabrication of falsehoods—when they had an object to accomplish—as are housebreakers and thieves in the manufacture of false keys, and a variety of sharp and cunning instruments belonging to their profession :—"No," thought he, "as I suspect the instrument is of his own making, *he* may use it ; but I am resolved to employ no such Jesuit machinery for opening or wounding the heart of my beloved child."

"Well, you know the girl best ; I shall, therefore, leave the affair to your management and wisdom," replied Archer ; "and to give you an opportunity of speaking with your young friend, I shall leave you for the present."

## CHAPTER XIX.

“ Since secret spite hath sworn my foe,  
And I am driven by destiny  
Against my will, God knows, to go  
From place of gallant company,  
And, in the stead of sweet delight,  
To reap the fruits of foul despite.

“ As it hath been a custom long,  
To bid farewell when men depart,  
So will I sing this solemn song,  
Farewell to some, with all my heart:  
But those my friends :—but to my foes,  
I wish a nettle in their nose.”

“ *YOUNG friend !*” said the old man, walking up and down the room, repeating the words of the Jesuit, “ young friend. He wishes to remind me that she is neither kith nor kin of mine ; but God knows I could not love her more were she my own flesh and blood. Young friend ! yes, *she is a friend*, which is more than I can say of him. But I must do as he requires ; I believe he is right, but it will sorely grieve this dear girl ; but the sooner it is done the better,” continued he, opening the door, and calling her to him.

“ Sit down, my child,” said he leading Ellen to a

seat ; but as he marked, first her heightened colour, and immediately after, the paleness of her cheek, he thought she looked so like a fair culprit, about to receive the awful sentence of death at his hands, that his heart and tongue failed him, and he hesitated and got confused.

The figure of a culprit at the bar, no doubt, describes the condition and feelings of the party pretty accurately ; but not in the way the old man thought, for *he* was the real culprit, and she was the judge ; and no austere judge, with frowning brow and black cap, ever cowed culprit more than did the beauteous and innocent face of that maiden—now flushed with modest hope, now pale with trembling fear—the venerable priest who stood before her ; and he more than once asked himself, “ what will *she* think of me ? and what will *she* say after my promise to the Earl ? ” He felt none of this hesitation or shame in the presence of the Jesuit, for there he was sensible of his own moral superiority. I believe every man has a sort of intuitive impression or conviction of his moral and intellectual status ; and that he knows as well when he “ meets his match,” or his superior or inferior, in morality and intellect, as he does, when he meets a man who is taller, or shorter, or stronger, or better-looking than himself. In the presence of

this pure and noble-minded girl, the old priest found himself at fault ; that here, he was the Jesuit, and she was his judge ; and though about to receive a sentence more cruel than death from his lips, that she was an innocent victim of his guile, a lamb which he was about to sacrifice on the altar of political and church expediency. Hence, his hesitation and his awkwardness in the use of his weapon. Like Pilate, his conscience condemned him.

"My dear Ellen," said he, "I suppose the Earl has told you that I promised to unite you together, provided the difficulty in the way of religion could be removed. He has told you this, I suppose ?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Am I to understand, that you have agreed to join the Catholic Church ?"

"Oh ! no, uncle ; I am sure you did not expect that. I am sure you know me better than that. If gratitude to you, who are a minister of that Church—for all your love and kindness to me, never moved me, think you that any other human motive could ? Surely you would not recommend me such a course ?"

"By no means, my child. So the Earl is aware of your decision, and does not press the match."

"He did not say my union with the Catholic

Church was a necessary condition ; but when I mentioned my religion, he said you had promised to give your consent, provided that religion was no objection ; and as *he* made no objection, on religious grounds, I did not persevere in mine ; and in doing so, I believed I was acting according to your wishes."

"Hem!" said the priest. "The Earl must have misunderstood me.—I suppose I judge correctly, my child, in concluding that your affections are engaged in this affair?"

The trickling of large tears down her cheeks gave the reply to the priest, who looked up into the face of the silent girl for an answer to his question.

"Ah! I see how it is," said he to himself, blowing his nose louder than usual ; "it is most unfortunate. I have no doubt he would make her an excellent husband,—if there be no truth in what that designing Jesuit says of his cousin, Lady Margaret. God forgive me, but I don't know what to think about it."

"Have you, my dear, thought of any other objection, but that of religion?"

"Oh! yes, that of my parentage or birth."

"Did you, therefore, give him an explanation?"

"No, I thought you had told him all this."

"Not a word of it. But from what I know of his character, I should conclude it would be no objection with him ; but when you consider the influence that a union with some powerful and distinguished family would be likely to have on his prospects, as the head and leader of the Irish party, do you not think that his marriage with you—an unknown maiden—would mar these prospects ?"

"I know it uncle ; I know it, and mentioned these things to him ; but he reasoned them away. But I feel I was right. Your opinion confirms me in it. Oh ! uncle, I shall give up the foolish and ambitious thought ; I will try and banish it, like a wild dream ; I will never leave you, dear uncle," said she falling on her knees before the old man, bedewing his wrinkled hands with tears.

This speedy surrender, and self-sacrifice of her dearest hopes, took the old man by surprise. He hardly expected she would thus meet him, more than half way. He felt like Jephtha, when his daughter met him as he returned from battle, and therefore replied to her in Jephtha's words :—"Alas ! my daughter, thou hast brought me very low. I have opened my mouth, and I cannot go back."

"My father," replied the fair girl, looking first



in the face of the aged priest, and then up to heaven, and taking up the words of the heroic Jewish maiden,—“My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do to me according to that which has proceeded out of thy mouth.”

“I did not say it was *to the Lord*, my child, that I opened my mouth. Indeed I do not know what to say of the whole matter. God help me ! I am no politician myself, and I do not see why the happiness of my dear child should be sacrificed to political purposes. I do not like those sort of marriages, where there is no affection between the parties, and I am sure no good ever comes of them. I have no doubt he would be far happier with you, than with any one that could be chosen for him.”

“Oh ! uncle, let us not think of it any more ; it cannot be.”

“I don’t know that, my love.”

“I thought you told me just now that you had opened your mouth to the Lord, and could not draw back ?”

“I thought I told you before, my love, that it was *not* to the Lord.”

“And to whom, then, uncle ?”

“To the *devil*, I believe.”

“Uncle !”

"God forgive me, my child, but I believe that man has more to do with the Prince of Darkness than with the Father of Light."

"Of whom do you speak uncle, for I am quite in the dark? Surely not of the Earl?"

"Of the Earl,—by no means; but of Archer, the Jesuit."

"Is it of the clergyman down stairs?"

"Yes, of that man;—of a wolf in sheep's clothing, who has acted as my enemy through life, misrepresenting all my actions at the Court of Rome. He is the man, who, by false and malicious reports, prevented my advancement, and who would now persuade me that this marriage bodes ill to you as well as to the Earl; and in order to accomplish his foul ends, endeavours to blacken the character of——But it is no matter."

This outburst of old spleen, and long-buried ecclesiastical ambition overturned the tables upon Archer, and rather hastened than retarded the suit of the lovers: the old man now resolved to forward the marriage, about which he had had so much of previous misgiving and fear.

"How, therefore, do you wish me to act, uncle? for in this affair I shall be guided by your counsel."

"Well, my dear," said the old man, after cooling down and wiping his brow, "we must act with

wisdom and discretion. I must meet this man with his own weapons, and let him know as little as possible of my feelings and plans, which it is difficult to conceal from him, for he seems to read one's thoughts ; and when he cannot do so, he has no delicacy in the number or kind of questions he puts to you ; and he does it in such a natural,—and to do him credit,—gentlemanlike way, that it is impossible to avoid answering them."

"But you have not told me how I should act when I see the Earl, for he has requested me to meet him at three o'clock to-day."

"Give him an account of all you know of your parentage, or explain to him, I should rather say, your ignorance on that subject. Mention to him, again, as you have told me you did before, the sacrifices which such a match would be likely to entail ; and if he, after weighing all these disadvantages, still insists on pressing his suit,—as, I am sure, being an honourable man, he will do,—I shall make no objection."

"Thank you, dear uncle," said the girl, kissing him, and hastening, with light heart and fairy tread, out of the room, to meet her lover ; but, as she did so, she thought she saw the shadow of a man disappearing through the open door of the

Jesuit's room. But it did not look like Archer's shadow : it seemed more lank and tall. "It looked like the shadow of the fool," said she, pressing her hand on her heart, as she proceeded in a somewhat more sober mood—"but what could he want listening?" Important secrets, especially those of the heart, make us fearful and suspicious. "Perhaps it was my own shadow ; but no, it darkened the open door of Father Archer's room."

## CHAPTER XX.

“The goddess long had marked the child’s distress,  
And long had sought her sufferings to redress :  
She prays the gods to take the foundling’s part.”

GRAY.

“They spoiled many parts, and fired the houses of those  
they esteemed not their friends.”—HAYWARD.

As the lovers had but lately discovered that old abbey walls and private chambers were no safe places for confidential speaking, they chose, on the present occasion, the open air ; and when they entered a grove of trees, they looked around them with suspicion, as if they feared that “the bird of the air should carry the voice, and that which had wings should tell the matter.”

They walked on in silence for some time, communing in thought too blissful for expression, but, at the same time, in search of some soft and sunny bank, where they might open and unburthen their full hearts, like two birds in search of a nest in which to deposit their golden eggs. They at length found what they sought :—

“The thickest shade,  
Lest love’s dear secret be betrayed.”

Having fixed on a spot which would not admit

of the approach of a third party, unseen, the Earl persuaded his fair companion to be seated. Persuaded I say—yes, I believe this is the proper word—for she hesitated to sit down until he pressed her, although they had both been in search of such a seat for the last half hour. The Earl persuaded Miss Cavendish to sit down, and when she was seated, he took up a position at her feet. I conclude that, being a general, he thought this the best position for carrying on the war.

“Ellen,” said he, “taking her hand, I believe you have mentioned my proposal to your uncle; you were for some time in his study to-day?”

“I have:—was it then your shadow that I saw flitting along the corridor, as I left my uncle’s room?—but no, you would not act the eavesdropper, even to discover a secret in which you felt the deepest interest.”

The Earl felt a little confused at this compliment, as he had acted the eavesdropper, rather cleverly, the evening before, in the abbey; but he could, on this occasion, deny the charge with all truth and sincerity, which he did, inquiring very particularly whom the shadow was like.

“Well, I thought it like the fool’s; but the person, whoever he was, went into Father Archer’s room.”

“Mac Rory’s!—why it was his laugh I heard in the abbey. It is very mysterious; but let us banish the vision from our minds, for the present, while you tell me of your interview with your uncle. Does he consent to our union?”

“I thought you told me that the good priest, whom I call uncle, had informed you of all—I mean about my humble history.”

“Anything concerning you must be interesting to me; but permit me to say that a Cavendish may rank with the first nobles of the land.”

“But I am *not* a Cavendish.”

“What!—not the niece of Father Cavendish!”

“No.”

“Of whom, then?”

“I know not. I am a foundling.”

“A foundling!”

“Yes.”

“Well, so was the goddess, Venus; she was born of the foam of the sea, and was brought to shore, I believe, like a pearl in an oyster-shell; and now that I hear you are without father or mother, I shall certainly begin to suspect you have something of divinity about you. I thought so the first moment I saw you.”

“Cease your heroics, my Lord, and hear me out.

You surely cannot now think, after learning these circumstances, of allying yourself in marriage to one like me?"

"Why not, fair goddess and idol of my soul? I could this moment fall down and worship you. Here I am at your feet; refuse not my prayer, but accept the offer of this poor hand and heart."

"My Lord, I believe you are mad."

"May heaven keep me so."

"And I suppose you expect me to say amen."

"You have said that word so prettily, that I verily conclude you must have acted as clerk to your good uncle; and the next time you go to mass, I must be there to see."

"You forget that I am a Protestant."

"That is true; and now that you have told me more of your history, will you tell me how it was you left the Catholic Church; for I am sure you never took such a step without good reasons for doing so. Pray how was it? Tell me all."

"You remember I was reading the New Testament when you spoke to me yesterday, in the abbey."

"Yes; I thought you looked like a holy angel."

"To that book I owe my belief."

"Where got you that book?"

"Here it is," said she, handing it to him.



"Ah, these clasps are gold. I see it is the Protestant version ; it is dedicated to the Queen."

"It was discovered, with some other articles of value, when I was found, and I conclude from this book that my parents were Protestants."

"Where were you found?"

"In a wood near the Abbey of Buttevant."

"Tell me more about it. How was it?—Who found you?"

"I was in a wood, standing by the dead body of my nurse, and was brought by a farmer's wife to the nunnery of——, over which Madam Cavendish, the sister of my uncle, as I call him, presided. She took me in, and acted a mother's part to me, while she lived, and, at her death, commended me to the care of her good brother, who has been a father to me ever since."

"And did she rear you in the Protestant religion?"

"She taught me this book, and she read it herself ; and before she died enjoined her brother to read it."

"I see—I understand. His sister, I heard, became a Protestant. This explains all. Perhaps, if the whole truth were known, he is half a Protestant himself. This must be a wonderful little book. Will you allow me to read it, after its having done so much mischief?"

"With pleasure."

"Well, take it, you little heretic, and keep it safe, and some other time I will look at it. The time and place where you were found remind me of a curious coincidence."

"To what do you refer?"

"To the burning of one of my uncle's castles, held by Protestants, in that neighbourhood, in which a child perished in the flames, with which burning I had something to do."

"What castle was it? for the marks of fire were found on my clothes, and on the body and clothes of my nurse."

"Kilcoleman Castle; it was held by one Edmund Spenser, an English poet and *undertaker*."\*

"*He was my father!*—See, the initials in this book are E. S. Oh, it *must* be so."

"Let me see—E. S. It would seem so, by all that's wonderful; but the child perished in the flames."

"*He was my father*: I feel it. Oh! with what pleasure have I read his verses!—Yes, it must be so. *Am I the child of Edmund Spenser? Does he live?*"

"Alas, no," replied the Earl.

"And it was your hand, that harried and burnt him out," said she, drawing back reproachfully from him.

\* Those who *undertook* to plant or colonize lands of which they received grants from the Crown.

“No, lady, no ; but I, notwithstanding, feel as if I were responsible for the consequences. But if you be really his child, as seems most probable from the time and place, and book, your existence removes much of the sting, for I had been led to believe, on good authority, that his child had perished in the flames.”

“Say to me again, it was not your hand fired the pile.”

“No, lady, no ; I would rather have burned off this right hand than have done so ; but sit you down, and you shall hear, for if you be the child of the poet Spenser, the story principally concerns yourself ; and peradventure you may remember somewhat of it. But no, you were too young.”

The maiden, after hearing this exordium, sate and listened with absorbed interest to the following narration :—

“The poet, as I said, was an English undertaker. He came to Ireland, as Secretary in the suite of Lord Grey. He, with his friend, Sir Walter Raleigh, and others, received large portions of my uncle’s property. Kilcoleman Castle, and the grounds around it, were much prized by me, of which my uncle having knowledge, gave them me, when a boy, telling me I must win them back with my sword.

In the year 15—, I visited the neighbourhood of Kilcoleman Castle with a strong force. I was in pursuit of the President, who came to the forest of Arlough. I followed him as far as Buttevant, and drove him into *Moyallo*\* [Mallow] for protection. The desire of seeing Kilcoleman Castle seized upon me, and I resolved to visit it, accompanied by a few of my followers. When within a short distance of the place, I saw the family were making holy-day on the green. I afterwards learned they were celebrating the birth-day of the poet's child. The poet's people were dressed in their bravest attire ; some were shooting at a mark with long bows, others were hurling, some were wrestling and running, and others dancing. The child, which was very beautiful, was dressed in white ; the nurse wore a sky blue boddice, and a red petticoat—of which she appeared vastly proud—if I might judge from the flaunting way she crossed and re-crossed the green. The poet himself, a man of fine mien, and his lady—God bless me, but I think I now see a striking likeness between her features and thine—but you have the poet's eyes. The merry-making was at its height, when a vicious bull, that was

\* *Magh-Ealla* : i.e., the plain of the river Ealla or Allo.

tethered in a pasture, on the other side of the *Mulla*\*—a river, of which the poet has made mention in his songs—either breaking or eating off the *suganes* or hay-ropes, with which he was spanceled, crossed the water, where the bank was thickly planted with willows, and stood on the opposite side, before any one had notice of his approach. The roar which preceded his onset, so startled the whole party, that they fled like a flock of sheep before a mastiff. The bull charged after them; and then singled out the nurse with the red petticoat, who ran screeching, with the child in her hand, towards a large ash tree, behind which I stood concealed. The father, wild with anguish and fear for his child's life, followed—with a long arrow in his hand—hard after the bull. The tree, behind which I stood, was forked about seven feet from the ground. There was not a moment to lose: I rushed forth, caught up the child from the nurse, and placed it within the forks. This was the work of an instant; but, fearing it might fall out through fright, and suspecting it was the nurse's red petticoat which had attracted the animal, I lifted up the poor woman after the child; but, in doing so, I overreached myself, and fell on my back; and before I could catch up my sword,

\* Now called the *Obeg*, or *Awbeg*.

which lay at my feet, the bull was upon me. I kept him back for a few seconds with my boot, but he would have overpowered, and perhaps slain me, if the poet had not come up to the rescue, and thrust the long arrow, with which he was armed, deep into his flanks, where it broke. The wounded bull now turned with fury upon his new assailant, who escaped by turning smartly round the trunk, with the broken staff in his hand. This gave me time to rise and seize my sword, which the fierce animal seeing, rushed after me ; but with the tree between us, I was, with the poet's assistance, who thrust at him with the broken lance, more than his match. We wounded him twice or thrice in the face and neck, but seeing the blood made him more furious ; and I doubt whether we should have overcome him, had not a noble looking cavalier come up, and attacked him behind, with his sword. 'Now, young man,' said the stranger to me, as he ran round the trunk for protection, 'give him a nick on the other leg, and we have him safe and sound ; if you were in South America, you would see how these gentlemen are managed.' 'I think,' said I, 'as he is lamed, we had better leave the tree, and take the open field.' 'I believe you are right ; we ought to be able, on two legs, to run as fast as a mad bull on three, and the fellow

guards his heart too well with his head, as he goes round the tree thus. Take care, Spenser, you only enrage him with that stick. Come,' said he, rushing out on the green, 'will you have his head or his tail?' 'His head, by all means,' said I, following. 'As you have hamstrung one leg, I will not divide the honour with you.' 'Come along, then, as you are the youngest, you shall have the post of honour : do you take his head and horns, and I'll take his tail and hind legs.' But the bull decided otherwise, by charging after *Sir Walter Raleigh*,—for the handsome cavalier was so named, —and at a more rapid and furious rate than he expected, so that Sir Walter had to seek shelter a second time behind the tree, when I found an opportunity of slaying the beast."

"Thank God ! How ?"

"By plunging my sword up to the hilt in his heart; but the rush he made against me was such as to stun and stupefy me ; and in this state I was carried into the castle. Here I was tended with great care, and was sufficiently recovered the next day to take my departure. I refused to inform the poet of my name, though hard pressed by him. When taking my leave, the nurse brought the child that I had rescued, to kiss me, when I put a string of beads round her neck."

"What kind were the beads?" hastily inquired his fair listener, who heard his story from beginning to end, with flushed cheeks, and now hastily raised her hand to her throat.

"They were carved in black oak, with a small golden cross impending from the string."

"Are these they?" said she, opening her fair bosom, and placing the ornament in his hand.

"The same, by all the saints! and you are that child; and this is not the first time I have kissed you." It was not the second, nor third; but no matter. Novelists would have to extend their books to four volumes, were they to note all these things.

"Then I am the daughter of Edmund Spenser," exclaimed the girl, for she was, for the moment, more interested in her lover's story, than in his fond embrace.

"Yes, it must be so. How wonderful the dispensations of the Most High! The child whose life I then saved now lives to reward me."

"The *Poet Spenser* was MY father," said the girl, musing proudly on her parentage. "Oh! that he *now* lived! But living or dead, I would rather be his child than the heir of the proudest noble of the land. Hark you, Sir Knight, or my Lord Earl, what you have told me causes me to feel as if I were guilty of the less presumption in



becoming your bride. But what of the burning—how was that? Surely it was not your work, after partaking of my father's hospitality. Speak!"

"You judge me truly. No, not my work, or according to my will; but, notwithstanding, the work of my followers, who lodged that night beneath your father's roof. But let me explain. When I was carried within the castle, in an insensible state, my men were allowed to follow me. Feeling myself sufficiently recovered the next morning, I sent for a confidential servant, and told him to be ready for departure by the evening, and to see to it that my people did not misbehave themselves, and that they laid their *match-locks* in a safe place. 'Do you attend to this, Thomas,' said I. 'Your honour wishes I should lay the match-locks in a safe place—do you?' I *thought* he said; but it was *matches* he said. 'Of course I do,' I replied in return. 'I'll attend to that, your honour. What time in the evening will your honour leave the castle?' said he. 'Eight o'clock,' said I. 'That will be a good hour,' I heard him say to himself, with a significant nod of the head, the meaning of which I did not understand at the time. We started, according to arrangement, at this hour, and had proceeded but two or three miles from the castle, when the man of whom I speak rode up to me, and observed:—

‘I thought we’d see the blaze before now.’ ‘What blaze, Thomas?’ said I. ‘The blaze of the castle, to be sure, yer honour,’ said he; ‘if we put a match in one part of the thatch, we put them in a dozen.’ ‘What mean you, you scoundrel? Is it lighted matches?’ said I. ‘Didn’t your honour tell me to lay the matches, before we left—before eight o’clock?’ ‘There’s the blaze,’ said another of the men. Looking round, I saw the castle on fire. ‘Blaze away, and hell’s blazes to them as is within,’ said a scoundrel near me. ‘Halt!’ cried I, in fury. ‘To the castle—to the rescue!’ ‘Is your honour mad?’ said the first man. ‘Mad! you scoundrel,’ said I; ‘no—follow me: the first who refuses dies!’ and I drew out a pistol. ‘Folly! your honour—we’d folly your honour to hell! and who dar’ refuse?’ replied the man. ‘Then, away,’ said I, driving my spurs into the horse; and away we swept, like a wild hurricane, across the country, each trying to be foremost. Indeed, to do the poor fellows credit, they did their utmost to counteract the mischief. ‘Tare away, boys,’ said one, as we started, ‘or we’ll be too late.’ ‘Oh, murther, make haste!’ said another, ‘or the crathurs will be burnt to a cindher.’ ‘Will we ever be in time to quinch it?’ said a third. ‘Tare away, your sowls to blazes—tare away,’ said a fourth—the same man who wished hell’s blazes on

those within the walls, five minutes before. I saw your poor father, as our company crossed the lawn, with his face blackened and bloody, rushing hither and thither among the flames, like a maniac, crying out for his wife and child."

"Oh, my father!" exclaimed Ellen, wringing her hands at the recital of the scene.

"He was so blinded by the flame and smoke, and so confounded by sorrow, that he did not see one of the objects of his search, standing in her night-gown, at a window, to which the flames were rapidly approaching."

"Oh, my mother!" exclaimed Ellen, clasping her hands in agony.

"Yes, it was she; and I feared at first it would have been impossible to rescue her; for the window at which she stood was a considerable distance from the ground; but I resolved to try, and spurred my horse up to the wall of the castle, just beneath her. I then leaped upon the saddle, and sprung from it to the window-sill below her's, from which the flames were rushing. By the aid of the bars, I raised myself, and got a standing on the sill, but further I found it impossible to climb. Her only chance, therefore, was to let herself down from the upper window, into my arms, which she hesitated for some time to do, but at length consented."

"And you saved her?"

"Yes."

"Oh, my mother!" said the girl, as she bowed her head on the bosom of her lover; "does she live?"

"I know not."

"Oh, that my mother lived! A mother! Oh, that I had a mother!"

## CHAPTER XXI.

"But all my mother came into mine eyes,  
And gave me up to tears."

SHAKSPEARE.

"WHERE children," observes Lord Bacon, "have been exposed, or taken away young, and afterwards have approached to their parents' presence, the parents, though they have not known them, have had a secret joy, or other alteration, there-upon."

A child's love for its parents seems also a divine and holy instinct, which does not die out when it loses them, any more than does the parents' love when they lose their children ; nor does it disappear at full age, like the instinct of animals. A young infant does not understand its loss, as it does not know its parents ; it therefore clings with affection to those who perform for it a father's or a mother's part, and pours out upon them something of the same kind of love which God intended for the authors of its being. It was thus that our heroine, Ellen Spenser, as we shall now call her, loved Miss Cavendish, and her brother, the priest. But there

lay beneath all this a sealed up fountain of love, which none but a parent could open :—

“ In vain on the dissembled mother’s tongue  
Had cunning art or sly persuasion hung.”

It would seem, notwithstanding the apparent transference of affection in such cases, as if the real and true instinct lay deeply buried in the heart of the child, for when the natural parent appears, to claim it, the true filial love is brought to the surface, as fresh and unobliterated as the impressions which are found on the wax in the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Yes, there it lies, hidden from the world, in the dark chambers of the orphan’s heart. The burning lava of affliction may have flowed over it ; time may have made the surface soil of feeling so hard, that men had no hesitation in placing their feet upon it ; but if you dig down to it, you will find the impressions cut deep in the heart of the child.

If an “ infant of days” does not understand its loss, an orphan of years feels it ; and while it may not go, like “ *Japheth, in Search of a Father,*” its thoughts and its heart go out after its lost parents. I knew a dear girl, who lost her mother when an infant, who could never hear her parent’s name mentioned, or her memory referred to, without shedding

bitter tears, and it was not easy to make her weep, neither were her domestic circumstances such as to cause her to feel her loss so keenly ; but still she did feel—she felt that she wanted a mother. Nature within called loudly for the lost parent. Such were the feelings of our heroine for both her parents.

How did she feel when she found out who they were, and who she was ? She felt less desolate than she did before ; she had now some more defined image to fix her heart upon.

Her vivid imagination oftentimes led her to believe that the shades of her parents hovered near her, and watched over her. She twice or thrice thought she felt the breathing of her mother's spirit on her cheek ; and once she turned herself quickly round, to catch a glimpse of the heavenly messenger ; for she seemed to have an intuition of a spiritual presence ; but, *if ever there*, it departed without revealing any image to her eyes. Was this mere feeling ? It felt like faith. Whichever it was, she believed in a presence, and longed for some likeness on which to concentrate her affections almost as ardently as did Moses to see the image of God's glory.

A revelation was at length made to her, but not to the extent she desired. It was made through her lover's eyes, the next best medium to her own.

"You saw my parents," said Ellen Spenser to the Earl, about three weeks after the interview recorded in our last chapter. "You saw my father: what was he like?"

"He was a man of noble mien, with an eagle eye, and graceful form."

"Majestic?"

"No, not exactly that."

She seemed disappointed, but added, "I have a picture of him here."

"A picture? I will tell you if it is like."

"A picture of his mind, I mean."

"Oh! in the *Faerie Queene*, your *Psalter* or *Second Bible*: shew it me." He took the volume from her hand, and after turning over some of the leaves in silence, said: "Harken to this passage, and interpret for me:—

"One day, nigh wearie of the yrksome way,  
From her unhastie beast she did alight!  
And on the grasse her daintie limbs did lay,  
In secrete shadow, far from all men's sight;  
From her fayre head her fillet she undight,  
And layd her stole aside: her angel's face,  
As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,  
And made a sunshine in the shady place:  
Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

"It fortun'd out of the thickest wood,  
A ramping lyon rushed suddenly,  
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood;  
Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,



With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,  
 To have attonce devourd her tender corse ;  
 But to the pray when as he drew more ny,  
 His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,  
 And, with the sight amazd, forgot his furious forse.

“ Instead thereof, he kist her wearie feet,  
 And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong ;  
 And as her wronged innocence did weet.  
 O how can beautie maister the most strong,  
 And simple truth subdue avenging wrong !  
 Whose yielded pryde and proud submission,  
 Still dreading death, when she had marked long,  
 Her heart gan melt in great compassion ;  
 And drizzling teares did shed for pure affection.

“ ‘ The lyon, lord of everie beast in field,’  
 Quoth she, ‘ his princely puissance doth abate,  
 And mightie proud to humble weak does yield,  
 Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late  
 Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate :—  
 But he, my lyon, and my noble lord,  
 How does he find in cruell hart to hate  
 Her, that him lov’d, and ever most adored  
 As the god of my life ? why hath he me abhor’d ? ’ ”

“ What means he by that ?—Who is the lady there ?—Your mother,—the queen,—or some other lady ? ” inquired the Earl.

Ellen Spenser smiled, and said :—“ Will you forgive me, if I say that the question you ask me reminds me of the question which the Ethiopian Eunuch put to Philip the Evangelist ? ”

“ I cannot be offended, for I must confess myself

as ignorant of the one as the other ; so I must request you, my little Evangel, to inform me who the Ethiopian Eunuch was ; for, on my honour, I never heard of that gentleman before."

"He was the servant of the Queen of Candace."

"Oh ! I begin to understand it all now, and see in what respect he resembles me. He was the servant of the sweet Queen of Candy, and I am the servant of the Fairy Queen, who is sweeter than sugar-candy."

"I must explain the whole matter to you, for I see you are almost as ignorant as a heathen ; but you must be serious, for this is the New Testament."

"I shall be as serious and sedate as a mouse in church, till you have finished your sweet homily."

"We find it all in this book ; in the eighth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, from the twenty-sixth to the thirty-fourth verse :—'And the angel of the Lord spake unto Philip, saying, Arise and go towards the South, unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, which is desert. And he arose and went : and behold a man of Ethiopia, an Eunuch of great authority under Candace, queen of the Ethiopians, who had the charge of all her treasure, and had come to

Jerusalem for to worship, was returning ; and sitting in his chariot, read Esias the prophet. Then the spirit said unto Philip, Go near, and join thyself to this chariot. And Philip ran thither to him, and heard him read the prophet Esaias, and said, Understandest thou what thou readest ? And he said, How can I, except some man should guide me ? And he desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him. The place of the Scripture which he read was this, He was led as a sheep to the slaughter, and as a lamb dumb before his shearers, so opened he not his mouth : in his humiliation his judgment was taken away ; and who shall declare his generation, for his life is taken from the earth ? And the Eunuch answered Philip, and said, I pray thee, of whom speaketh the prophet this ? of himself or of some other man ? The prophet Isaiah was here speaking of the crucifixion of the blessed Saviour."

The Earl bowed reverently.

" But the Eunuch thought the prophet was speaking of himself, or some other man."

" Well you are a marvellous little divine ; but you say I am like this Eunuch ?"

" Like the Eunuch, as he sat in his chariot, reading the prophet Isaiah."

" Well, that itself is an improvement, but I can-

not see, as yet, any resemblance between us.”—If the truth were known, the Earl did not like the comparison. Lovers take offence at the slightest seeming reflection from the lips of those they love.

“The Eunuch mistook the meaning of the prophet, when he spoke of the blessed Saviour, and thought Isaiah was speaking of himself, or some other man.—You understand that?”

“Perfectly.”

“You, in the same way, when reading this poem, and hearing me read it, misunderstood my father’s meaning, when he was speaking of the Church under the figure of a beautiful woman, and thought he was speaking of some other woman.”

“And do you tell me that your father, in that beautiful passage, is speaking of the holy Roman Catholic Church?”

“I did not say that ; but of *the Church*, which is represented under a like figure, in the book of the Revelations of Saint John. Would you like to hear it?”

“By all means.”

“I shall read it, then :—‘And there appeared a great wonder in heaven ; a woman, clothed with the sun, and the moon under feet ; and upon her head a crown of twelve stars. And there appeared

another wonder in heaven ; and behold a great red dragon, having seven heads, and ten horns, and seven crowns upon his heads ; and the dragon stood before the woman, and the woman fled into the wilderness.’”

“ My God,” said the Earl, rising and interrupting her, “ the lady will be destroyed by some horrible——” He hesitated, and looked confused.

“ Fear not, but hearken,” said Ellen, with a smile, placing her hand on his arm, and continuing to read : ‘ And the woman fled into the wilderness, where she hath a place prepared of God.’”

“ Thank God,” said the Earl, breathing more freely.

“ I see,” said Ellen, looking with pride into her lover’s flushed face, and warlike eyes, “ that you would be a second Saint George in defence of the fair, if you had the opportunity ; and that a dragon, with seven heads, and ten horns, would not fray you.”

A grateful smile rewarded her comparison this time.

“ But oh, that the Church of God had such champions !” continued she ; after which she fell into a reverie, and by degrees her face assumed a sad and melancholy expression.

Her lover watched it in all its changes, as a boy

watches the moon passing in and out of dark clouds, till it disappears from view ; and when he noticed that her mind was wandering to a distance, he called her back by addressing her with great kindness :—

“Ellen, what sad thought has clouded thy fair brow ?”

When she looked up, he saw her eyes were suffused with tears. She replied :—

“I was thinking of my mother. The passage I have read, of the woman fleeing to the wilderness, reminded me of her. God only knows if she lives, or where she wanders.”

“Be not cast down on her account ; she, as well as the woman in the wilderness, may have a place prepared for her by God, and you may meet her yet,” continued he, with a curious smile.

“Why say you *that*?” said she, starting to her feet, and looking with a world of meaning and inquisitiveness into his face—“Why say you *that* ? Oh, say that again !”

“Ellen, I have thought much of your mother of late,” said the Earl ; “and the passage from that holy book reminded me of her, before it even struck your mind. It was thinking of *her* danger that made me start, for fear some mishap might befall her.”

The words were but just spoken, when their ears were pierced by the most thrilling screams from

the wood behind them, accompanied by the fierce baying of the dog.

The Earl, in an instant, crossed the stream between him and the wood, and disappeared in the thicket, leaving Ellen alone.

The reader, of course, expects that we should follow his example, and enter the thicket after him.

He had not proceeded far, before he saw Brian, Ellen's wolf-dog, in deadly struggle with one of the largest wolves\* which had been seen, for many years, in that part of the country. While hastening to the assistance of the noble dog, who had not yet succeeded in mastering its antagonist, or getting it by the throat, he saw his servant, Dermot, the harper, bending over the pale face of a lady, who lay fainting on the grass.

\* "Wolves," says Dr. O'Donovan, "were very numerous in Ireland at this period"—1571—"and for more than a century later. Philip O'Sullivan mentions, in his 'History of the Irish Catholics,' that after the battle of Kinsale, the hungry wolves hurried from the woods to attack the men who were weak with hunger. There was a native Irish wolf killed at Waringstown, in the county of Down, in the year 1700; and about the same year, a Cormac O'Neill is said, by tradition, to have shot the last of the wolves of Glenshane, in the townland of Sheskinnamaddy, county of Londonderry. The last native wolf of Ireland was seen in the mountains of Kerry, in the year 1720."—See *Annals of Ireland*, A.D. 1571, p. 1654; also *Memoirs of the Life of Charles O'Conor, of Belanagare*, p. 450.

"Is she injured, Dermot?" said the Earl, coming up in haste.

"No, my Lord; the wolf only frightened her."

His master then looked down on the pale face of the lady, and as he gazed, he exclaimed:—

"She is beautiful still; and how like her child! Why did you dismount before you came up to the house?" inquired he of Dermot.

"The lady chose the 'short cut' through the wood, your honour, and she said she was tired of the saddle, and that the walk would do her good; so I sent the horses round, by the *gorsoon*."

As they spoke, the strange lady opened her eyes, and said, "Oh! my Lord! Is that you? This is not the first time you saved my life; but where is my child,—where is Ellen?"

"I left her on the edge of the wood, when I heard your voice."

"But, my Lord, the wolf! the wolf!"

"Fear not for the wolf, lady," said the Earl, looking round, "for I see the dog has mastered it."

"Then carry me to my child."



## CHAPTER XXII.

“And there she knelt by that mountain rill,  
And breathed forth a prayer so sweet,  
That e’en the birds their warblings still,  
And the babbling brook at her feet.

“O Father of Heaven! the maiden cries,  
Look down on thy child below ;  
The face of my parents is hid from mine eyes,  
And I weep that it should be so.”

M. T. G.

It would be difficult to describe Ellen’s feelings when her lover left her on the margin of that stream. The strange shriek filled her soul with terror ; but there was something in the sound which thrilled through all the fibres of her heart. “Could it be possible? O God ! how my heart palpitates ! If it be she !”

Her lover’s words were significant ; the expression of his face more so. There was a mystery about Dermot’s manner before he went away, and he had been absent now, three weeks.

Her heart beat curiously ; now palpitating with fear, now bounding with joy. If she had not gone on her knees, in prayer to God, her frame could scarcely have withstood the conflict of her feelings.

What strength and solace there is in prayer !  
How it calms down the troubled mind, and says to  
distracting thoughts, "*Peace ! Be still !*"

Hearing a rustle in the thicket behind her, she turned suddenly round, and what was her surprise to see—not her mother, or her lover—but the White Knight, standing beside her.

"Lady," said Fitzgibbon, seizing her hand, "how long have I sought, and sought in vain, for this opportunity; but heaven has at last rewarded my constancy, by giving you to these arms."

"How dare you, sir ? unhand me, base knight," cried Ellen, struggling in his grasp.

"No, by my soul, fair maid ; we will not part so soon," replied Fitzgibbon, seizing her with one hand round the waist, and placing the other over her mouth.

I have here a fine opportunity of tantalizing my readers, if I had the heart to allow that *White-livered Knight*, Fitzgibbon *Blanc*, to carry off our heroine to his strong castle ; but no, sweet reader, I cannot do it; I have too much chivalry. Hang all *novel* plots !

His horse stood in the thicket, within a few yards of him, to which he bore the struggling fainting girl ; but when in the act of raising her to the saddle, he received a blow on the head, which laid him senseless on the ground.

“Ha ! ha ! ha !” exclaimed Mac Rory,—for it was he who had come to the maiden’s rescue,—  
“ha ! ha ! ha !” exclaimed he again, as he marked the effect of the blow.

When the Earl, accompanied by Mrs. Spenser, came to the brook, on the margin of which he had left Ellen, he was startled to find her gone ; but, seeing a red cap and yellow jacket through the trees, he entered, and what was his amazement to behold his betrothed bride seated near a tree, with her head resting on Mac Rory’s bosom, and his hand clasping her waist. Nor could he fail to observe that Mac Rory looked more tenderly intelligent than he had ever seen him look before.

“But how did the Earl look ?” He looked daggers !—Drawn daggers ! Thunder and lightning ! O Woman !”

But just at that moment his eye fell on the prostrate body of the White Knight. There he lay, pale and still as death, his beautiful hair dappled with blood. A thick knotty club—like that with which Cain slew his brother Abel—at his feet. The Earl hastened to Ellen’s side. “Let me there, Mac Rory ; you are a brave fellow,” squeezing his hand. Mac Rory grinned, and shewed his teeth.

“Where is my child ? Where is my child ?” cried

Mrs. Spenser, rushing in between the trees. "Ellen my child, how is this? Is she injured? Was it the wolf?"

"There lies the wolf," said Desmond, pointing to the prostrate knight.

"O my God! did he dare? Let me sit down beside her, and lay her head upon my bosom. O Ellen, my child, my long-lost child! is this you?" kissing her. "Did I think to find you thus? There, lay down your head, my darling, on your mother's heart."

Mrs. Spenser was a lovely woman, with rich golden hair and blue eyes. She was gazing down upon her child with bewitching love and tenderness, as Ellen looked up in surprise.

"Ellen, my child," said the mother, "it is I—it is your mother."

"*Mother!*" said Ellen, casting her arms around her, "oh! have I found my mother?" and she laid her head once more upon that tender bosom, and wept like an infant.

But I shall not attempt to describe the feelings of either the parent or the child, as they clasped each other to their heart of hearts. The Earl, who witnessed it, put his hand over his face, and laid his elbow against a tree, and wept his fill of tears, and drank his fill of sympathetic joy.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

“ If that thy bent and love be honourable,  
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow.”

SHAKESPEARE.

ELLEN's mother is thus described by her husband, Edmund Spenser, in his “ *Epithalamion* :”—

“ Her long loose yellow locks, lyke golden wyre,  
Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowers atweene,  
Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre;  
And, being crowned with a girland greene,  
Seem lyke some mayden queene.

“ Her modest eyes, abashed to behold  
So many gazers as on her do stare,  
Upon the lowly ground affixed are;  
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,  
But blush to heare her prayses sung so loud,  
So far from being proud.  
Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayses sing,  
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

“ Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see  
So fayre a creature in your town before;  
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,  
Adorn'd with beautye's grace, and vertue's store?  
Her goodly eyes lyke saphyres shining bright,  
Her forehedd yvory white,  
Her cheeks lyke apples which the sun hath rudded,  
Her lips lyke cherries charming men to byte.”

The appearance of Mrs. Spenser upon the field greatly puzzled Archer, the Jesuit, and his friend Mac Rory, and considerably disarranged their plans. The marriage, therefore, no longer depended on the consent of the old priest ; his period of protectorate had ceased ; the power was now in other hands. True, she who possessed it was a mild woman, but she was a *Protestant*, and one over whose mind Archer could exert no influence. They felt, therefore, under those circumstances, that to prevent the marriage they were driven back to their last wall of fortification—that was to prevent the priest from performing the ceremony ; if he refused, there was no other priest in the country who would venture to perform it in opposition to the Jesuit.

I need not inform the reader that the old priest was well pleased to be relieved, of at least a part, of the responsibility—the principal part—that of giving his consent, and not only of giving his consent, but of giving his adopted child to the Earl.

The Earl was richly rewarded, in more ways than one, for his considerate kindness in finding out and bringing to Ireland the mother of his betrothed bride. There is no purer pleasure than that which we derive from giving pleasure to others. This was his first and immediate reward,

that of witnessing the love and joy of the mother and daughter, and, I may add, that of his old friend, Mr. Cavendish, who appeared to partake of the general joy as fully and heartily as any of the party ; but the Earl reaped another advantage more exclusively his own, which I shall now describe.

It has been ordained by the Author of our being, that one legitimate operation or passion of the soul shall not interfere with another ; but that they shall rather help and aid each other. For example—our love to God in no way interferes with our love to man ; it rather strengthens it. He who loves God with all his heart and soul is the most likely to love his neighbour as himself.

The reason of this is plain ; the feelings are not the same, and therefore cannot interfere with each other. Our love for God is high, holy, reverential, and sanctified. It is like the holy incense, which the Jewish priests offered on God's altar, and which they dared not employ for common purposes. Neither does our love for our parents interfere with our devotion for our mistresses—as lady-loves were styled in former days—nor with the conjugal affection of husband and wife. All these diversified feelings in the human soul move on harmoniously together, like the large and small wheels in

a piece of machinery, when propelled by the power of goodness, and the spirit of the God of love.

The Earl—for it is time I should make an application of these remarks—the Earl observed a great improvement in Ellen's manner, after her mother made her appearance. Her mother's sanction gave her courage to express her affection to an extent that she had not dared to do before. The stamp of her mother's approval made her feel more confident of the truth of her affection. Without this, some girls feel as timid in the disposal of their hands and hearts as forgers do in the issue of false notes.

"Well," said Ellen, giving her hand to her lover in the library,—where she and her mother were seated with the Earl,—“what shall I give you, or what can I do for you, for restoring to me my mother?”

“I ask nothing more than this,” said the Earl, pressing the hand which rested in his.

“This poor hand is all I have to give ; but if it could place a crown, or your own coronet upon your brow, I feel I should not be able to repay you all I owe you.”

The mother sat by, in silence, tears of joy running down her fair cheeks.

“But when,” said the Earl, “may I expect my reward?”



"When!" replied Ellen, with a flushed cheek—"Oh, that must be decided by my mother."

"I shall leave it entirely in his lordship's and your hands, my child," replied the mild matron.

The Earl looked at Ellen, and Ellen looked at the Earl.

"Well, Ellen, what say you?"

"I should like to hear your opinion first; for your engagements are of more importance than mine." Now, the plain English of this reply was—though Ellen did not intend to speak in plain English, nor did she consider the purport of the remark—but the plain construction of the sentence was:—"I am always ready; to-day, to-morrow, or when you please."

The Earl, when asked, in this simple way, to decide, found his plans and opinions, like a great many bachelors before and since, in a very confused and disarranged state. Women, though not the first to propose, or the most pressing—at least, in appearance—to "*name the day*," are generally, when they "come to the scratch"—if my fair readers will excuse the term—in a better state of preparedness than men.

There are some men who allow themselves to fall in love, and to make proposals, without considering the consequences. I do not say our hero was one

of those ; but when asked to fix the day, a number of difficulties started up suddenly before him, the most pressing of which was to find a comfortable and safe home for his wife. He therefore replied :—

“ I shall consult our reverend friend, Father Cavendish, and let you know his opinions.”

The Earl took the earliest opportunity of seeing the old priest, and explaining to him his wishes, position, and plans for the future. His wish was to marry Ellen Spenser as soon as possible ; but his position was that of an outlaw, without a home ; his plans for the future had reference to his troops in Kerry, whom he intended to join as soon after marriage as he could tear himself from the arms of his bride. We therefore see that his case was a most difficult one ; but what will not a man, desperately in love, attempt ?

The priest removed the first two difficulties by promising to perform the ceremony, and proposing that the bride should remain where she was—indeed he could not think of parting with her ; the Earl, therefore, resolved to think no more of the third objection,—the necessity of so soon joining his followers,—but, like a wise man, and an Irishman, to let the future provide for itself. “ *Carpe diem*” was his motto ;—“ Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry

heart : let thy garments be always white, and live joyfully with the wife that thou lovest,"—his authority. When he mentioned the time—a month from that day—Ellen said it was "soon," but in the end made no objection.

We shall now leave them to prepare for the wedding, a work in which women allow no one to interfere but themselves. Men, during this preparatory period, have no more right to give an opinion, than has a malefactor to be consulted about the erection of the gallows, or the knotting of the rope with which he is to be hanged. When the day comes he will find all prepared, from the parson and prayer-book to his own night-cap.

"For shame, to close your chapter with such a comparison."

Well, so it is, dear reader, but I could not help it, for I have a wayward, vagabond imagination, which wanders where it pleases, sometimes into back lanes and "Liberties;" as picture-mongers do into old houses and dirty brokers' shops; but, in order to remove the unpleasant associations I may have called up, I shall quote for you the following lines, written by *Edmund Spenser*, the father of our heroine, to commemorate his nuptials with Ellen's mother. It is the morning

of the day on which they are to be married that he thus expresses his feelings :—

“ Wake now, my love, awake ; for it is time ;—  
The rosy mornē long since left Tithon’s bed,  
All ready to her silver coche to clyme,  
And Phœbus gins to shew his glorious hed.  
Hark ! how the cheerful birds do chaunt theyr laies,  
And carroll of Love’s praise.  
The merry larke her mattins sings aloft ;  
The thrush replyes, the mavis descant playes ;  
The ouzel shrills ; the ruddock warbles soft ;  
So goodly all agree with sweet consent,  
To this dayes merriment.  
Ah ! my deere love, why doe ye sleepe thus long,  
When meeter were that ye should now awake,  
T’ awayt the comming of your ioyous mate,  
And hearken to the birds love-learned song,  
The dewy leaves among !  
For they of ioy and pleasure to you sing,  
That all the woods them answer, and theyr eccho ring.”

## CHAPTER XXIV.

"A jealous empress lies within your arms,  
Too haughty to endure neglected charms."

DRYDEN.

"Give me leave to acquaint the world that I am jealous on this subject."

IDEM.

ELLEN and her lover were in the abbey early the next morning. She looked very pale.

"I asked you to meet me here," said Ellen, "to shew you this letter: it was handed to me last night by the 'innocent,' Mac Rory, who said a strange *gorsoon* gave it to him."

"Let me see it," said the Earl, taking the letter and opening it, but as he read, his face became scarlet, and before he had finished it, the veins of his forehead stood out like whipcord; but he remained for some time silent. The letter, which was addressed to "Miss Cavendish," ran as follows:—

"MADAM,

"I throw myself on your benevolence and noble nature, to excuse the liberty I take, and to think in charity of the revelation I am compelled,

in compassion to myself, as well as in justice to you, to make. My hand trembles as I raise the veil from my heart, to expose its weakness and sin, even to the eyes of one of my own sex ; but I believe I may rely on the nobility of your nature, not to mock, if you cannot pity.

“ But to tear the veil from my own heart, is also to expose the character of the man who betrayed me, and left my soul a ruin ; and who would now, by winding and tortuous ways, and glosing speech, tempt and deceive you, as the serpent did Eve.

“ When but a child, I was thrown into the society of the Earl of Desmond—indeed we grew up children together :—I thought him all honour and nobility, and, in my unsuspecting innocence and ignorance of guile, revealed to him every thought of my soul. Need I add, that he won my virgin affections, and had no difficulty in discovering that his image was the idol enshrined in the sanctuary of my soul. O God ! yes, I placed him there instead of my Maker. Lady, can your pure mind imagine the extent to which unruly love may carry one of our sex ? Here I must drop the veil before your pure eyes. He betrayed me, deserted me, and drove me to madness ; to commit an act which has not only blasted my every prospect of happiness on earth, but all my hopes of heaven—

*to marry one man, while I loved another.* Yes, Madam, and I love him still ; and, as the die is cast against my soul, I swear it,—yes, here on my bended knees, I swear it, before angels and demons,—*that the woman whom he marries shall be the object of my implacable hate ;* and to be revenged for my wrong, I will follow her to the death, and drive her, broken-hearted, for refuge to the grave. Lady, be warned by one who would rather be your friend than your foe.

“It is not necessary that I should subscribe this letter with my name, for the Earl, your lover, knows me, and that I speak the truth.”

“Do you know the writer of that fearful letter ?” inquired Ellen Spenser, looking up in the face of the Earl with pale and trembling anxiety.

“I do,” said the Earl, with deep and serious emphasis.

“Is it true ?” said she, laying her hand for support on his arm, like a fair victim who seeks the support of the headsman, as he is about to inflict the *coup de main*.

“No, not all.”

She raised her head like one who catches the distant cries of “pardon,” or “reprieve.”

“Are you guilty of what she charges you ?”

"No, not even in intention or thought; it is utterly false, fabricated in the madness of her jealous passion."

"Thank God!" said Ellen, laying her head on her lover's bosom, and resting her hopes of happiness on his honour, as on a rock.

"But," said the Earl, "this damnable letter requires explanation."

"Oh! not now," said Ellen, "disturb me not, I am too happy."

"And yet in tears."

"They are tears of joy."

"What a noble, sweet girl!" I think I hear one of my readers exclaim. Yes, fair reader, she was a noble girl; but if you suppose she had no anxiety to hear more of the writer of the letter, you are greatly mistaken; or, that she had no spice of womanly curiosity, you cannot believe she was one of your own sex, or had a feeling in common with you.

"Well, I think I can hear you now," said Ellen to the Earl, as they walked towards the house; "you were going to tell me who this lady is, and explain about this letter."

"She is my cousin."

"Your cousin!"

"Yes, Lady Margaret, my cousin, the daughter of my uncle, the late Earl of Desmond."



"You astonish me. I heard that she was married to——"

"To Dermond O'Connor, general of the bownoughs,\* in my army."

"A man of power and importance, then."

"Except myself, the man of greatest power in Munster, as you may judge from his getting my uncle's daughter in marriage."

"And of skill as a soldier, too, or you had not appointed him to the command of your troops."

"What you say is true."

"Is he a man of honour, and one attached to your person?"

"Of that I cannot speak with the same confidence. He was a poor man in the beginning,—possessed of no personal property,—who came here from Connaught. But of his skill as a general, and his valour as a soldier, there can be no doubt."†

\* The Bownoghs were the paid rebel forces, and were all picked and powerful men, upon whose arms the fate of the battle depended.

† "This Dermond O'Connor was a poore man in the beginning of his fortune, and not owner of two ploughlands in Connaught, his native countrie; his reputation grew partly by his wife, who was daughter to the old Earl of Desmonde, and partly by his valour, being reputed one of the most valiant leaders, and best commanders, amongst the Irish rebels. By meanes whereof he had now the command of fourteene hundred men, in his own Bonaght, and besides that,

"Is he aware of Lady Margaret's love for you?"

"He heard she had a *penchant* of the kind, before marriage; but I have been most guarded and circumspect."

"But has *she*?"

"Not, I fear, to the same extent; for she is a woman whom passion renders reckless; but I never heard that she had given him reason to believe that she repented her marriage, or that her heart was not his."

"My interest in your personal safety causes me to ask these questions, for I fear these people possess the power, if they had the will, to accomplish your ruin. I sometimes tremble lest this marriage should work you ill. My heart often reproaches me with too much selfishness in giving you my hand."

"Well, take another view of the case. Her opposition is not to my marriage *with you*, but to my marriage with *any one*. She is something like the Queen, in this affair. But would you have me—were you not even the object of my choice—to remain unmarried, to gratify her unruly whims or passions?"

"By no means; but you will be careful of your might strike a great stroke with the other, being ordained chiefe commander of them all."—*Pacata Hibernia*, vol. i., p. 65.

life ; for my sake, you will be careful ; for you have not only to contend with open foes, in the field, but with, perhaps, hidden enemies in the camp."

" It was of you I thought, and not of myself ;—but, I will not terrify you by reminding you of her cruel, threatening words."

" She will not think a poor maiden, like me, worthy her notice ;—but you have not told me of her personal appearance. Is she very beautiful ?"

" I really believe her greatest enemies must grant that she is beautiful."

" What coloured hair and eyes ?"

" Black, like the raven's wing ; and an eye sparkling with fire."

" I declare you are becoming quite eloquent in your description. Now, may I ask you, Sir Knight, how it happened you passed by this goddess of beauty, to think of poor me ?"

" In the first place, because I thought you far more beautiful."

" Well, go on, what is your second place ? I am anxious to hear, as your first is so satisfactory ; proceed."

" Well, in the second place, she is not feminine enough, *in her mind*, to please me."

"What do you mean by that?"

"That she is disposed to engage herself in affairs which are generally considered out of her sphere."

"I must take the hint: perhaps she is more the general of bownoghs than her lord and master?"

"Not only so, she is lord and master of the general himself."

"Does she possess this influence over her husband?"

"She does."

"She is, therefore, a dangerous enemy, and let me again warn you to *beware* of her."

"For your sake I shall be on my guard; but you are not jealous?"

"*Jealous!* No, but——"

"But what? What, Ellen,—in tears!"—kissing her till she smiles like the sun through a summer's shower.

## CHAPTER XXV.

“ Here treacherous poisoners urge their fatal trade.”

CREECH.

“ Yet there is credence in my heart,  
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,  
As if those organs hath deceptious functions.”

SHAKSPEARE.

OLD bachelors, be they even Jesuits, find themselves at fault in judging of human nature, as it developes itself in women ; they should, therefore, carry on their operations as independently of feminine agency as possible ; or, like the horse in the fable—who, when trying to catch the stag, allowed a man to get upon its back—they may find they have employed a power which has mastered them. The operation of a woman's mind is fully understood by woman only. It is a piece of beautiful machinery, that requires the apprenticeship of marriage to learn anything about. It is, therefore, dangerous for a bachelor to touch it. Abstract philosophy will never do here.. Were a philosopher to enter one of our modern, cotton-spinning factories, he might, by

putting his finger upon some little crank, set a number of levers moving, wheels turning, and bobbins spinning and buzzing, which it might puzzle him to stop. Away they go, "rattle-rattle,"—"buzz-buzz,"—producing a most awful noise; some moving slowly, but powerfully; others more swiftly; and the little wheels and bobbins like lightning itself. He stands confounded at the effects of his fiddling, till a factory girl, who knows all about the bobbins and wheels, comes up, and by a touch of her slender fingers, stops them, or sets them going again, at pleasure. "La ! sir, it's quite easy."

"I fear," said the Jesuit, who had overheard the conversation between the Earl and Miss Spenser, in the abbey, "I fear," said he to his companion, "that this letter of Lady Margaret's—which I made her write—will do no good, but that it may do a great deal of harm. I was not aware of the strength of her passion for him, or I would not have asked her to interfere at all. If she becomes his mortal enemy—as his marriage with this girl is likely to make her—she may work him, and our whole cause, a world of injury : in the fury of her passion she might destroy everything."

"What, therefore, is to be done ?" said MacRory.

"We must prevent this marriage. There is more necessity for doing so now, than ever."

"They propose to celebrate the nuptials in a month," said Mac Rory.

"That gives us time to arrange our plans.—I see," said the Jesuit, after a long pause—"I see but one way of preventing it."

"What is that?" replied his young companion.

"Can you not imagine? Come, it is time you should learn to plan and devise, as well as execute, and obey. It is time I should invest you with the *toga* and initiate you in the *esoterica* of our order. It is thus the parent bird encourages its young to use its wings and leave the nest. You must soon leave my wing altogether; it is, therefore, time you should try your own strength."

"As bird each fond endearment tries,  
To tempt her unfledged offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
Allured to H——! and led the way."

"What say you? What would you propose?"

"To carry off the maiden," replied Mac Rory.

"Good," said the elder Jesuit, smiling, "you shew the daring of a young eagle, which makes its first swoop upon a lamb; but something even greater is required in this case."

"To carry off the Earl?"

"Better still; but you have not yet risen to the height of holy daring which this case requires.

Besides, either of these measures, though displaying wisdom and decision, would not suit under present circumstances. Were you to lay a finger on her, he would be like a bear, as the Scriptures saith, robbed of her whelps ; and to attempt violence to his person, in the way of confinement, would be an indignity he could never forgive : you must therefore guess again."

" Carry off the priest."

" You are nearer the mark now ; yes, we must *remove* the old priest."

" Where ?"

" Where do you think?"

" I could carry him, where the Earl would never find him."

" Could you take him where he would never miss him, or look for him, or suspect us of violence ?"

" No, that would be impossible."

" There is nothing impossible to a resolute mind. There is, notwithstanding, such a place as I have mentioned ; and it is not far from where we stand."

" Where ?"

" *There !*" said the Jesuit, in a whisper, pointing his finger among the tombs.

" What ?" said the young man starting back, " would you *murder* him, and he a priest ?"



"The greater the sacrifice, the more acceptable to God, my son. But call it not murder. 'Old men *must* die,' as the proverb says ; and if by dying a little sooner than nature intended, they promote the interests of the Church, their death is to be desired. To them it is no loss, to the Church great gain. In such cases, we must neither be scared nor deceived by conventional terms, such as 'murder,' nor by the opinions of the vulgar. Do you understand me?"

"I think I do."

"You and I," continued the old Jesuit, "have both adventured our lives in the good cause, and are ready to do so again ; and the conducting of this affair will not be without danger to us both. Are you prepared, for the Church's weal, to join with me, in jeopardizing your life again? The Church requires this sacrifice. Are you prepared to offer it?"

"I *am*," said the young murderer, with all the enthusiasm of a martyr.

"You have wisely and nobly decided," said the Jesuit ; "meet me, in my room, to-night, after I retire."

Archer then gave him his hand. Mac Rory bowed low, as he received it, and was about to withdraw, when Archer called him back, and said, "You spend most of your time in the kitchen?"

“Yes.”

“Know you, therefore, if there be any one dish, of which Father Cavendish alone partakes?”

“There is.”

“That will do.”

“You propose to accomplish it by *poison*, then?” whispered the young man.

“Yes, by medical ingredients, with which you must drug his food. Think you, you can find the opportunity?”

“Leave that to me,” said the young man, licking his lips, like a young hound who has got the first taste of blood.

“Well, be careful, and I will supply you with the compounds; but you must use them in the exact proportion I point out: too large a dose might create suspicion, and we have time enough.”

“I shall be careful.”

“I know it. Farewell,” said the priest, looking proudly and kindly at his pupil, as he retired from the private conference.

Were these men acting the hypocrite, or under some damnable delusion, when meditating murder, and speaking of dying for their Church?

They were, to some extent, sincere, and, to the same extent, deceived; but they must have been conscious of practising deception upon themselves,

or of giving themselves up to the enthusiasm excited by a grand object, which seemed to justify any means for its accomplishment. Church as well as political policy—but here both were combined—often oversteps the barriers of morality, without hesitation or compunction. Conduct of this kind is too common to be curious, or to render an analysis of the state of mind of those who practise it, in any wise interesting; all men are, to a greater or less extent, practising the same kind of self-deception, while the conscience continues to “accuse or excuse” it.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

"Virgin, awake! the marriage hour is nigh."

POPE.

"Give me to live and die  
A spotless maid, without the marriage tie."

DRYDEN.

"A superior being can defeat his designs, and disappoint all his hopes."

TILLOTSON.

A FORTNIGHT after the interview between Archer and Mac Rory, the old priest called the Earl and Miss Spenser to his room, and thus addressed them:

"My Lord, I sent for you and this dear child, to speak on a matter which is now to me the dearest earthly object of my heart—your marriage. The time fixed for it is, I believe, a fortnight from to-day; would it be convenient to you to have it celebrated before this time?"

"Dear uncle, why do you ask?" said Ellen.

"It may be weakness in me, but for the last few days I have not felt as I used to do; I suspect the days of my pilgrimage are drawing to a close, and before that time comes, I should like to place your

hands together, for you would, I am sure, find a difficulty in getting another to perform the ceremony, after I am gone."

"Oh ! uncle—dear uncle, speak not so: God, will spare you to us for many years to come."

"May be so, my dear child, but I fear not, and it is best to be prepared for the will of God. Now kiss me, and go and consult your mother about the matter ; but fix on the earliest day."

"What day would you propose, sir?" said the Earl, who had not spoken up to this period, but who had kept his eyes fixed on the old man's face,—while he was speaking,—in a deep and sorrowful scrutiny.

"Would to-morrow be too soon?"

"To-morrow ! uncle."

"Yes, my dear, I should like it ; delays, you know, are dangerous, to a proverb."

Ellen stood for some minutes looking at her adopted uncle, or parent, in mute astonishment, and then escaped from the room, to give free vent to her feelings of mingled sorrow and surprise.

"What mean you, sir?" said the Earl, after Ellen had left the room—"what mean you by this?"

"I believe, my Lord, I am very near my end ; indeed, I feel *certain* I cannot live more than a few—a *very* few days. A strange change has come

over me during the last fortnight. I feel as if my vital energies were dried up, and the blood had ceased to circulate in my veins."

"I have observed a change," replied the Earl, with deep seriousness; "but you may rally, sir."

"Never, my Lord—never; my days are numbered, and the number is now few; so let me beseech you to use your influence, not to have this marriage delayed—if you wish me to perform it for you—beyond to-morrow."

"Do you think it necessary it should take place to-morrow?"

"I think so. Yes," said the old man, after a deep inspiration,—from which he seemed to draw further confirmation of his danger,—"I think so; there is no time to be lost. Let it be to-morrow, my Lord. Go now, and use your influence with the ladies."

The next day was fixed for the wedding; for the words and manner of the old priest were solemn and prophetic.

It is the bridal day. The sky is wild and tempestuous. The storm of the over-night has stripped the trees of their blossoms. The bride's cheek bears the pale pink tint of the fading hawthorn. She is dressed in white :—

“Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best ;  
So well it her beseems, that ye would weene  
Some angell she had beene.”

Her uncle, the old priest, had not yet made his appearance, which was an unusual circumstance, as he was generally the first up. The servant said: “He had been ill through the night; his usual nightly posset, a *part* of which only he had taken, had disagreed with him ; but he promised to meet the wedding party in the library, after breakfast.”

The Earl remarked that the Jesuit was paler than usual, that he waited for the report of the servant with anxiety ; for which Desmond felt gratitude, and a greater warmth of heart towards him, than he had ever before experienced.

Shortly after this report, Archer expressed his intention of being present at the marriage, which surprised the Earl the more, as he was aware of his former stern and invincible opposition.

The Jesuit observed the Earl’s surprise, and said: “I verily believe that marriages are made in heaven: they say there is a fate in those things, and that there is no use in opposing them ; as, therefore, my Lord, you are determined to marry this sweet girl, I cannot think of acting so ungraciously as to absent myself from the ceremony.”

The Earl gave him his hand, which the Jesuit cordially pressed.

"But I must go and see my old friend," continued Archer; "he should take some refreshment before this ceremony; perhaps you will have something ordered, and sent to him, and I shall make him take it: a little chicken broth, and some wine."

"I shall speak to Ellen, or her mother, this moment," replied the Earl, hastening out of the room. He then said to himself, "That man has more kindness than I gave him credit for; I shall think more highly of him after this day. He opposed this marriage for the sake of his country, and his religion; but I now see, that in doing so, he opposed the kindlier feelings of his heart. His noble motives must justify, or at least palliate, a line of conduct, which gave me very great pain."

The marriage party,—consisting of the bride and bridegroom, Mrs. Spenser, Archer, Mac Rory, Dermot, and the domestics of the house,—were assembled in the library, at ten o'clock.

Before the altar knelt the bride and bridegroom; the old priest, with his book in hand, stood in front, as pale and rigid as a statue; and seemed to be making desperate efforts to master some internal convulsion, which now and then distorted his countenance, and caused his eye-balls to pro-



trude fearfully. But the ceremony, notwithstanding, proceeded. When near the conclusion, and just as he took the hand of the bride to place it within that of the bridegroom, he was seized with a spasm which brought him to his knees ; his head falling back on the altar. Here he worked terribly, struggling with Death for *time*.—Only one minute more.—No, the hour is up.—Half a minute.—No.—Yes.—No.—Hurra ! he has it,—for that is not Death.

“He has fainted,” said the Jesuit, rushing forward.

“I shall be stronger in a moment,” whispered the brave old man ; but in so low a voice, that no one but Archer heard him.

“I have a cordial here, that will revive you,” said the Jesuit, drawing a small vial from his breast.

“Taste this, my dear friend,” putting it to his mouth.

“No,” said the priest, turning his mouth aside, with a shudder ; but some drops of the liquid had passed his lips before he spoke.

The moment after, he opened his eyes with a wild stare,—looked about him,—and seeing Ellen and the Earl before him, seized a hand of each, pressed them together, and said : “*God bless you, my children !*” His head then drooped on his bosom, like that of the dying gladiator. He has conquered ! Sleep on, thou brave old man, and take thy rest.

“How awful and mysterious all this seems, my

Lord," said the Jesuit to the Earl, as they stood beside the dead body, after the marriage party had retired.

"It may, notwithstanding," said the Earl, with a glance of fearful intelligence, "admit of a simple explanation."

"What mean you by that, my Lord?" replied Archer, with far more indignation than became an innocent and unsuspecting man—"What *mean* you by that?"

"That you gave an over dose of that vial; for he was reviving when you poured that liquid down his throat, and against his will."

"Tut! tut! no, my Lord; but did it not look like the hand of God, to prevent your contemplated marriage with this maiden?"

"*Contemplated marriage!* What! Say you that we are not married?"

"Of course not."

"Not *married!*—I defy all the Jesuits of Rome, or all the fiends of hell, to deny it."

"You need not be excited, my Lord. It is a matter easily decided: there were witnesses enough present. But I shall say no more about it, as it appears to displease you."

You, reader, were present; and I ask you, *was it* a marriage?

I ask you, ye Marriage Registrars, and Couple-beggars, who by the stroke of a pen, make a spinster and bachelor a man and wife—I ask you, *was* it a marriage?

“Well—I should say not, as the legal forms were not strictly adhered to.”

I expected no other answer from you.

I ask you, modest maidens, who turn pale at the sight of white gloves, and blush while you weave a garland of roses to adorn the bride’s fair brow, *was* it a marriage?

Ye are silent, ye lovely bridesmaids.

I ask you, pious and decorous matrons, who insist that everything of this kind should be done soberly, seriously, piously, “decently, and in order,” *was* it a marriage?

“Did he put the ring on her finger?”

No,—but *was* it a marriage?

“Well, I don’t really know what to say about it.”

But what would you *do*, if it were your case?

“Really, sir, your questions are very awkward, and very difficult to answer. What did the young lady, Ellen Spenser, do?”

I must leave you to imagine that, ladies. She did, I suppose, what you would do yourselves. Ask your own hearts what that is.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

“He then uprose  
And called for his armes ; for he would alga<sup>t</sup>es fight.  
They bene brought, he quickly does him dight,  
And lightly mounted passeth on his way ;  
No ladie’s loves, no sweete entreaties might  
Appease his heat, or hastie passage stay ;  
For he has vovd to beene avengd that day.”

SPENSER.

A FEW days after the interment of the good priest, who was laid in the abbey, the Earl received intelligence from the South, which compelled him to tear himself, in haste, from the embrace of the dear object of his choice.

“Oh ! how I hate these sudden departures,” exclaim my readers ; “could you not have left him a little longer ?”

Not another day : a true knight will start at any moment—that he hears the sound of the trumpet of war—from the arms of his ladye-love ; and the Earl was a brave soldier : duty, patriotism, honour, glory demanded the sacrifice :—

“But he, halfe discontent, mote nathëllesse  
Himself appease, and issewd forth on shore :  
The ioyes whereof and happy fruitfulnessse,  
Such as he saw she gan him lay before,

And all though pleasaunt, yet she made much more,  
 The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly spring;  
 The trees did bud, and early blossomes bore;  
 And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,  
 And told that gardin's pleasures in their carolling.

"And she more sweete than any bird on bough,  
 Would oftentimes amongst them beare a part,  
 And strive to passe (as she could well enough)  
 Their native musicke by her skilful art;  
 So did she all, that might his constant hart  
 Withdraw from thought of warlike enterprize,  
 And drown in sweete delights apart,  
 Where noise of armes, or vew of martial guize  
 Might not revive desire of knightly exercise."

But duty, gentle reader, demanded that he should leave this garden of delights.

"Stuff and nonsense. What do we read of Ulysses? That 'he preferred his old wife to immortality' (*vetulam suam prætulit immortalitati*); and surely your hero should think more of his *new* wife than Ulysses did of his *old* one."

"*Old one!*" I wish my wife, or Penelope heard you. I see you have not read "*John Anderson my Joe*."

"Nor you your Bible; for that allows a newly married man to stay at home from the wars with his wife, a whole year."\*

\* "When a man hath taken a new wife, he shall not go out to war, neither shall he be charged with any business, but he shall be free at home one year, that he may cheer up his wife which he hath taken."—DEUT. xxiv. 5.

Well, I will not argue with you, as you are going to quote Scripture ; but our hero thought the separation inevitable ; and that being the case, the more expeditiously it was arranged the better. A speedy and unexpected departure shortens the period of sad misgiving and sorrow which anticipates the leave-taking.

The Jesuit proposed to accompany the Earl ; to which he could make no reasonable objection, although he felt a strong repugnance to the presence of this man, ever since the morning of the marriage. The old harper, Dermot, also insisted on going with his master to the field. The Earl wished him to remain with Ellen and Mrs. Spenser, but Ellen pressed for his being allowed to go. Mac Rory, the innocent, was left with the ladies. Archer strongly recommended this arrangement.

Why did the Jesuit recommend that his coadjutor, Mac Rory, as we shall still call him ( I have a reason for not mentioning this young gentleman's real name), should be left behind with the ladies ?

For two reasons : first, to prevent the possibility of Ellen's joining her husband, should any unexpected casualty or change of circumstance require it ; in which case, he would, of course, acknowledge her as his wife. Secondly, Mac Rory was left as a spy, not so much on *her*, as on him : not, of course, on his

person, but on his correspondence. Archer felt that he had, to a great degree, forfeited the Earl's confidence ; and that his most private thoughts and feelings would, for the future, be breathed only into Ellen's ears through the medium of his letters. Through this source, and by Mac Rory's vigilance, he hoped to be made acquainted with Desmond's plans and purposes, almost as soon as they were conceived. When Mac Rory heard of the decision,—that he was to remain as a spy on the lovely young Countess of Desmond,—a thrill of pleasure shot through his heart.

Archer, who made the communication to him,—as they walked up and down one of the dark passages of the old abbey,—saw him start, looked up in his face, and asked the cause.

“The rat,” replied Mac Rory,—“it ran across my foot.”

It was not a rat, Father Archer ; but that young man is disposed to *rat* from his allegiance to you. I warn you to keep an eye upon him, or else——

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

"I heard of battles,  
And longed to follow to the field."

NORVAL.

THE day before the Earl left his sweet retreat, he received, through the Jesuit, the following letter :—

"TO THE EARL OF DESMOND, GREETING :—

"Damnation, my good Lord and cousin ! what the devil has caused you not to be present with us for the last two months, that your men have been waiting for you, and desirous to be led forth against the new President of Munster ?

"Heard ye of my battle with Captain Flower and Captain Bostocke, before the arrival of the President ? Captain Flower is a pretty man, and a good soldier, but, believe me, my Lord, I put him to the pin of his collar ; but Bostocke is a *bosthoon*.\* The Commissioners sent Captain Flower and Bostocke to make a prey in Carbery ; they were twelve hundred strong, and a hundred horse ; they burned and

\* *Bosthoon*, a stupid fellow.



spoiled all before them, and got the heads of thirty-seven of our bravest men, which they were carrying away with them, of which, when I heard, I advertised Dermond O'Connor, and we collected together the provincials and bownoughs in strong force, and waylaid them betwixt Cork and Kinsale. We lay a long while in close ambush, on the north side of the River Awneby, hiding in a glynne, among the scrubby wood, near the river ; but as the enemy came up to the river, they espied the morions in the ambush, and gave the alarm ; but, damnation, we were on them before they could say *Paddy Blake* ; and sent a goodly number of them to hell, without a word of prayer. They had all gone there, if it had not been for Captain Flower, who formed a counter ambush, that gave us a check ; he also rode up, with pike in rest, to encounter Dermond O'Connor, your general of bownoughs, and discharged a pistol, which lighted on his target, whereby he received no harm. Between ourselves, *I have my suspicions of Dermond* ; but the rest when we meet.

“ Damnation—write soon, and say when we may expect you in Cork.

“ Your loving Friend and Cousin,

“ FLORENCE MAC CARTHY MORE.”

The following was the Earl's reply to his friend's "*damnation*" letter :—

“ Accept, my dear Lord and cousin, my hearty congratulations for your victory over the men sent by the Commissioners to prey in your country. I hope we shall soon be able to break the cruel and bloody yoke of our enemies from off the necks of our people. I understand the President intends a journey to the county of Limerick. I shall lose no time in gathering my best forces, to resist their wicked designs. I have written to Redmond Burke, who is bordering on the confines of Ormond, to be prepared with all his forces. I also pray you, good cousin, slack not time, with your best force and provisions of victuals, to persecute the enemy in the rear, as you respect me, love your religion, and the ease of your country. I look for no excuse at your hands, when you may further the service, and you will find me, with all force, to second you at your need. I have retained for Dermond O'Connor, in Kerry, two hundred soldiers, besides the Clanshillies and other bownoughs, with the rising of my country, so I think I shall make up sixteen hundred or seventeen hundred strong, well-appointed men, together with the force of Redmond Burke. Thus, for lack of further novelties, I commit you to the blessed guiding of God.

"I have just heard you have had a conference with the new President, which much surprised me. He is a wily statesman. See to it, that you be not caught in his net. I rely on you not to be deceived by him. Expect to meet me in a few days.

"Your most assured Cousin,

"JAMES DESMOND.

"*To Florence Mac Carthy More.*"

Ah, Florence Mac Carthy! Florence Mac Carthy! if only the half that Sir George Carew says of you, in his *Pacata Hibernia*, be true, you must have been one of the biggest "rogues," "liars," "blasphemers," "deceivers," and "Machiavellian ambidexters," that ever your fair country produced—and it has been fruitful in lying and deceiving scoundrels, as well as in great men. But, to do you justice, Florence Mac Carthy, I believe, like your Kerry cousin, Daniel O'Connell,\* you loved your country and religion; and, I may add, were a true rebel at heart, and as faithful to your friend, the Earl, as your nature would allow you; but to keep faith with infidels or Queens' Presidents, I think I hear you say, "*I'd like that.*" Oh, no: you were true to your cognomen, "*The Two-hearted*

\* The O'Connells claim kindred, or Kerry-cousinship, with the Mac Carthys More.

*Mac Carthy.*" You had a hand and a heart—that is, a heart on your palm—as we see in some heraldic devices—for your foes; and a heart in your "busum" for your friends. You might pledge Presidents your sacred word, and sacred oath, and say "Here's my hand on it;" but, to do you justice, you would rather, at any time, be giving them your fist than your palm; and you had a big fist; and by size, as well as descent, had a fair claim to the title of "*Mac Carthy More.*"

## CHAPTER XXIX.

“The rebels they are up,  
And put the Englishmen unto the sword.”  
SHAKESPEARE.

THE state of the Province, which the Lord President of Munster,—whom we must now follow with our hero to the County Cork,—had to govern, or I should rather say subdue, and pacify,—before he could write his “*Pacata Hibernia*,” or have these two words inscribed on her Majesty’s tomb,—is thus described by Sir Henry Power, who was sole Commissioner of the Province after the death of Sir Warham St. Leger :—

“I know not how more fitly to describe unto your honor the estate of this Province, than by comparing the same to a man that is diseased of a languishing, and almost incurable sicknesse, the head so sore, and the heart so sicke, that every member refuseth his natural office; in so much that I dare boldly affirme, that since the conquest of Ireland, this Province of Mounter was never more distempered then now it is; for all the inhabitants of the country are in open and actual rebellion,

except some few of the better sort ; who, though themselves, in their owne persons, attend the state, yet all their tenants, friends, and followers, yea and for the most part, either their sonnes or brothers publickely professed in the devilish action ; as for example the Lord of Cahir, Cormocke, Mac Dermond, Lord of Muskry, Gerald Fitz-James, Lord of the Decies, Mac Cartie Keugh. The computation and number of the rebels, how many they are, enpecially of the Province—by reason that they are dispersed in so many severall countries, and commanded by so many heads—we can gieu no certaine iudgement; but for strangers, (meaning Connaght men that reciuie bonnaght amongst them,) we are certainly advertised from divers, that are well acquainted with their affaires, that they are enlist fiae thousand men; which strength, added to the rebels of that Province, doeth make them absolutely masters of the field. And Her Majesty's Forces heere garrisoned in the cities and walled townes for their safetie, (by reason of their weaknesse before your coming,) were in condition little better than besieged. Furthermore, all this might seem more tollerable, if the cities and walled townes were (in these times of extremitie) a safe and well assured retreat for them : but all of them are so besotted and bewitched with the Popish Priests,

Jesuits, and Seminaries, that for fear of their cursings and excommunications, they are ready, upon everie small occasion, to rise in armes against them, and minister all under-hand ayde and succour unto the rebels : so that considering the generaltaie of the inhabitants that are in open rebellion, the infidelitie of those that pretend subjection, the multitude of Connaght men, that defend the action, and the little confidence that may be reposed in cities, (by reason of their contrary religion,) wee may very well conclude, that the estate of this Province is like a man sicke of a most dangerous and desperate disease."

The daily experience of the President fully realized the foregoing description. The intelligence which he almost hourly received, of some new act of violence and rebellion, was almost enough to distract or madden a man who came to the country with peaceable propensities, and who hoped to arrange everything by conciliation or intrigue. He needed the patience of Job, to bear with equanimity the sad tidings which every new messenger brought in.

The 25th of April he heard that "John Fitz. Thomas, the Earl's brother, accompanied with one hundred kerne, or thereabouts, came into the Lord Barry his countrie, near Castle Lyons, and there

tooke from him, and his tenants, a prey of three hundred cowes and ten horses.

“ The morrow following, being the twentie-sixth, intelligence was brought from Cormocke Oge Carty, called by the English Charles Carty, sonne to Sir Cormocke Mac Teg, that the arch-traitor Tyrone had sent letters to Florence Mac Carthy, to encourage both him and his adherents to persist in the action ; assuring them that within one moneth, namely, in May next, he would be with them again in Munster, and for that journey his munition victuals were already prepared.

“ The twenty-seventh, (as Dermond Odwire informed the President by his letters,) Redmond Burke, with six hundred men, entred into his countrie, to burne and prey the same, which to effect, he divided his forces into three sundry parts. Odwire having assembled as many men as that short warning would permit, fell upon one of the divisions afore mentioned, which consisted of two hundred foot ; of them he slew one hundred and twenty, and many hurt ; in revenge whereof Redmond Burke, upon the sixth of May following, having gotten as many men as he could assemble, entred the second time into the aforesaid countrie, where he slew man, woman, and child, burnt all the houses (castles ex-



cepted), and drove away all the cattle of the country."

Sir George said to his council the first day he met them, "I very much doubt that any good success can be suddenly expected; yet remembering the old proverb, *ardua virtutis est via*, and relying on the justness of my measures rather than on the number of my forces, I am resolved to try to the uttermost, my wit and cunning, before I commit the matter to the hazard of war."

Such calm, resolute language, in the face and teeth of such reports of daily risings, burnings, and taking of preys, was well calculated to inspire men with confidence in the new Lord President of Munster. It was hearing daily such reports as this, that had half maddened the poor Earl of Essex, and caused him to run out of Ireland, as from a burning house.

It is said that a certain gentleman, whom we need not mention, should get his due meed of praise or blame, as well as every other gentleman. Acting on this fair-play principle, we cannot but award to Sir George Carew his due meed of praise, for patience, resolve, and calm determination; but——

Yes, Sir George, there is a "*but*"—the but exceptional—for I cannot allow you to flaunt these feathers like a noble knight, to which title you can

lay no claim ; or even allow them to droop gracefully from your helmet, like the "well-done-good-and-faithful" praise of a Christian soldier, which you profess to be. No, Sir George ; *you* were not maddened, or distracted by these daily reports of "burnings" and "taking of preys," like that true-hearted knight, and noble lord, the Earl of Essex ; nor had you a spark of the noble daring of Sir John or Sir Thomas Norreys. Your motto was, "*Serpens nisi serpentem comederit non sit draco.*" Your patience, Sir George, was that of a great serpent, boa, or "draco," which can lie in its den, for months, without food, and then glide noiselessly out, seize upon, and swallow down some noble prey,—having previously covered it with the slime of its lips.

You may truly say "*ardua virtutis est via,*" for you found it so : the path of virtue was, indeed, too straight and difficult for you to walk in : open war, which you repudiate, would have been honourable compared with the "wit and cunning" of which you boast.

But you chose the latter. Why ? From cowardice ? No, I call you not coward. Let Sir George, as well as the personage already referred to, get his due : you were not wanting in personal courage ; though I believe—as I have already

stated—you were more distinguished for *caution* than courage. But, from *what* resulted your repugnance to war? Was it from a distaste to the shedding of human blood? Oh! no, it was not this: this could never be received as a plea, from the knight who hired an assassin to shed the noblest blood in Ireland. Heard ye ever of a man named *John Nugent*, Sir George? Ah! his is a name,—or perhaps I should rather say,—*yours* is a name, to make the ghosts of all noble knights start, and tremble in their shrouds:—

“*Ghost*:—Hear me!”

“*Hamlet*:—I will.”

No, you shan't; *you* shall hear, Sir George. “Though dead, he yet speaketh.” He lives in his *Pacata Hibernia*; an immortal monument of his own infamy.—Shall I call him up?

“Do.”

Perhaps we had better give him time to prepare for his defence, while we look after *John Nugent*; and that black scoundrel, the White Knight.

## NOTES.

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### NOTE A. Page 34.

"THE sayd Jurors being duly sworne, doo finde and presente that Mannors, Castell, Towne, and Lands of Mallow, in the Countie of Corke, containing ——\* acres of land, have been granted in fee farme, from the late Queene's Majestie unto Sir Thomas Norreys, Knight; after whose death the same descended unto the Ladie Elizabeth Norries, the daughter and heyre of the said Thomas, and nowe wyefe unto Sir John Jepeson, Knight, who is now seized thereof in right of his said wyefe, as aforesaid."—From the copy of an "*Inquisition or Search, in the Rolls Office of His Majesty's High Court of Chancery in Ireland.*" Dated the "7th day of August, 1611."

### NOTE B. Page 34.

The Four Masters, who state that Sir Thomas Norreys died in *Kilmallock*, give the following account of the matter:— "Thomas [Burke] alone, of all his people, was on horseback; he had nearly one hundred Irish soldiers along with him. When the President saw him, he made a determined and dexterous attack upon him, and about twenty of Thomas's people were cut off on the occasion; and more would have been slain, were it not that the President was so soon mortally wounded, for he received a violent and venomous thrust of a

\* There is a blank here, in the original paper, from which I copied.

pike where the jaw-bone joins the upper part of the neck. When his people saw him thus wounded, they collected around him, and carried him back to *Kilmallock*, where he remained on his sick bed, under the care of physicians, when he died, in the month of July precisely." O'Sullivan Beare says he died in *Mallow*; and Dr. O'Donovan says, "O'Sullivan is probably right, for he appears to have been better acquainted with the affairs of Munster at this period than the Four Masters."—See *Annals of Ireland*, A.D. 1599: Hodges and Smith, Dublin.

NOTE C. Page 35.

The poet Spenser writes in the following strain of Sir John Norreys:—

"Most noble Lord, the honor of his age,  
And Precedent of all that arms ensue;  
Whose warlike prowess and manly courage,  
Tempred with reason and advizement sage,  
Hath fild sad Belgicke with victorious spoile;  
In Fraunce and Ireland left a famous gage,  
And lately shakt the Lusitanian soil."

O'Donovan, the learned commentator of the *Annals of Ireland*, calls "Sir John Norris [Norreys] a most distinguished general, who settled the crown of Portugal on the Royal House of Braganza."

NOTE D. Page 41.

Hugh O'Neill is described by Irish historians as about the middle stature, well made, and of great personal activity and strength. He was a "warlike, valorous, predatory, enterprising lord, endowed with wisdom, subtlety, and profundity of intellect." He was styled a man "of brilliant speech and rapid sword." For an example of his ability in speech-

making, I beg to refer the curious reader to the following example, from Cucogry O'Clery:—"Brave comrades, be not dismayed or frightened at the English; at the foreign appearance of their array, at the strangeness of their armour or arms, at the sound of their trumpets, tabours, and warlike instruments, or of their numbers, for it is absolutely certain they shall be defeated in the battle of this day. Of this, we are indeed convinced, that ye are on the side of truth, and they are on the lie; fettering you in prisons, and beheading you, in order to rob you of your patrimonies. We have a high expectation that this very day will distinguish between truth; as Morann, the son of Maen, said in the celebrated proverb, '*There has not been found, there never will be found, a more veritable judge than a battle-field.*' Moreover, it is easier for you to defend your inheritance against a race of strangers, than to win another's, after being expelled from your own."

NOTE, E. Page 79. BATTLE OF THE PLUMES.

"The English writers make no mention of this attack by O'More; but O'Sullivan Beare says that five hundred of Essex's army were killed by O'More, in a defile called *Bearna na gCleti*, i. e., the Gap of the Feathers. This name is now obsolete, nor has any evidence been yet discovered to prove the exact situation of the place."—See *Annals of Ireland*: Hodges and Smith, Dublin.

END OF VOL. I.

